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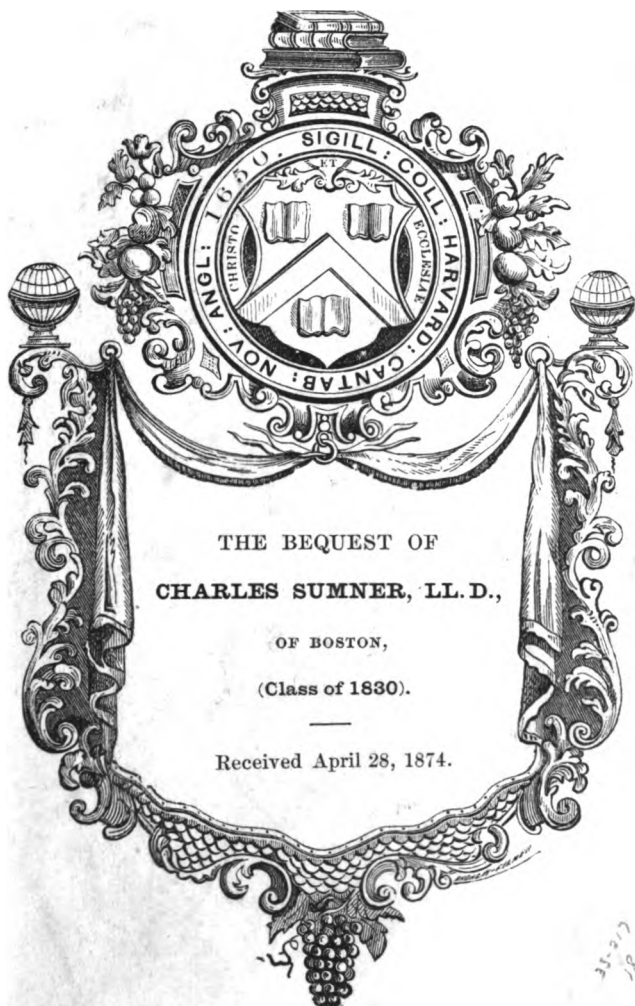
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Charles Sumner
from his friend
the Author

HISTORICAL STUDIES.

HISTORICAL STUDIES:

BY

GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE,

LATE UNITED STATES' CONSUL AT ROME.

αἰσχρὸν τοὶ δῆρὸν τε μένειν κενεὸν τε νέεσθαι.

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A TRIBUTE
TO TALENT NOBLY EMPLOYED,

TO
FRIENDSHIP LONG TRIED AND NEVER FOUND
WANTING.

P R E F A C E .

I CAN offer no better apology for the republication of the following papers than that there are some things in them which I wished to preserve ; and in thus grouping them together under the name of " Historical Studies," I have given them the title which seemed best suited to their nature and their origin. They are a record, too, of pleasant hours, and of studies to which I had fondly looked for fuller and better results. The extensive plans which I had once formed for a history of Italy may, perhaps, never be accomplished. The partial loss of sight and the want of books are serious obstacles in an undertaking which requires a full command of both. But though I would not willingly renounce my hopes of the future, yet with such reasons for looking towards it doubtfully, I may not, perhaps, be held altogether inexcusable for clinging so tenaciously to the past. There is always some strength to be drawn from early associa-

tions, and memory may sometimes be taught to supply the place of hope.

The last paper in this volume was never published before. The others have appeared at long intervals in the *North American Review*. When I first ventured to treat these subjects most of them were comparatively new in our periodical literature, and though more or less has been written upon them since, I have, with the exception of a few verbal corrections and a few additions to the papers on Petrarch and Verrazzano, allowed them to stand as I first printed them. There is little to be gained by recasting materials like these, and if unity of thought should be found wanting in the first sketch, no subsequent efforts will ever atone for the deficiency. The article on Libraries was, I believe, one of the earliest efforts to call the attention of our countrymen to this important subject. It was written at the suggestion of the late Richard Henry Wilde, and I have given it a place in this volume as a tribute to one who long encouraged me by his example, who cheered me by his friendship, and whose memory will ever be associated with that of the best and brightest days of my life.

The "Hopes of Italy" was written in 1847, immediately after my return to the United States. Subsequent events seemed to call for a few additional explanations, and these I have attempted to give in a supplementary paper. It is not without serious misgivings

that I venture to publish this hasty outline of a great movement, upon which it would be easier to write a volume than an essay. But the subject is one upon which I feel too deeply to be silent, and I was unwilling to let the occasion pass without saying at least one word for the vanquished, and recording, at this moment of despondency and doubt, my unwavering confidence in the final triumph of freedom.

Brown University, January 19, 1850.

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P E T R A R C H . *

Frauncels Petrark, the laureat poete,
Highte this clerk, whos rhetborlike swete
Enlumined all itaille of poetrie — .

Clerke's prologue.

— quel dolce di Calliope labbro
Che Amore, in Grecia nudo e nudo in Roma,
D'un velo candidissimo adornando,
Rendea nel grembo a venere celeste.

Fuscolo I Sepolcri.

THE political state of Italy during the early part of the middle ages, although highly favorable to the development of mind, offered no advantages for secluded study. The war of the Investitures had been closely followed by the invasion of Frederic Barbarossa, and the war of the league of Lombardy. It was during this last, that the minds of the Italians, actively engaged in the defence of their rights, received an impulse and development, whose influence continued long after the freedom in which they originated had been madly sacrificed. But these exertions were accompanied by scenes of horror,

* Francisci Petrarchæ Florentini, Philosophi, Oratoris et Poetæ clarissimi, reforescentis literaturæ, Latinæque Linguae, aliquot Seculis horrenda Barbarie inquinatæ ac pene sepultæ, Assertoris et Instauratoris, Opera quæ extant omnia, etc. etc. Basileæ, per Sebastianum Henrichetri.

which chill the blood even at the distance of seven centuries ; and the domestic life of the leading men of those times presents a picture of which we, surrounded by all the delicacies and comforts and securities of a maturer civilization, can form no adequate idea. *

Still the literary spirit of the age continued its train of constant, though slow advancement. The love of study spread by degree from the convent to the court, and at length penetrated the retirement of domestic life. Amid the exciting cares of conquest, and even in the gloom of a prison, princes sought relief or relaxation in the cultivation of science ; and private individuals, borne away by the same enthusiasm, neglected their more lucrative professions, for the enjoyment of intellectual pursuits. †

The human mind seems at first to have assumed a new form of conception, and the poetry which could not find full and permanent expression in the rude phrases of an unformed dialect, embodied its conceptions in the beautiful and sublime of a noble architecture. Then arose the daring dome, the frowning battlement, the dark pile of the cathedral, in which wild imagination and bold design mark out so clearly the epoch of their formation. ‡

* Among the protectors of literature during the fourteenth century, we find men not less remarkable for their vices than for their ambition. So that the zeal which they displayed, seems to have proceeded more directly from their love of magnificence, than from their love of letters ; a proof, however, of the general esteem in which literature was held.

† A remarkable instance of this is related in one of Petrarch's letters. V. *Mem. pour la Vie de Pétrarque*, Tom. ii. p. 486. ap. Tirab.

‡ V. *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, Vol. XVI. Discours sur l'état des Beaux Arts au treizième siècle.

The poetry of language soon followed and lingered for a time in the song of the Troubadours, and the minstrels of Sicily. Then suddenly passing into the nobler tongue of Tuscany, it became once more the language of nature, the expression of the overflowing feelings of the heart, the embodying of the bright and glowing forms that float before the eye of fancy. Foremost in the train we meet the daring genius of Dante, and the tones of his lyre have hardly died upon our ear, when we catch the soft strain of the lute of Petrarch.

The defeat of the Bianchi party of Florence in 1302 was followed by the banishment of its leading members. * Among these were Dante and the father of Petrarch. For a long time they indulged the hope of a recall, and they seem to have first sought a refuge in the vicinity of Florence, either with a view to assist the efforts of their friends, or to avail themselves of them, if successful. It was probably this circumstance which led them to Arezzo, and it was here that Petrarch was born in the second year of his father's exile. On the very night of his birth, the banished party attempted to force an entrance into Florence. The effort failed, and so far from increasing their chances of return, it completely alienated the affections of their few remaining friends. Still the father of Petrarch lingered around Florence with all an exile's fond-

* V. Tirab. Vol. V. p. 443. et seq.

Petrarch de orig. et vit. passim.

Squarzacchi, vit. Fr. Petrar. Petr. oper. edit. Basl.

Mém. de l'Académie des Inscriptions, Vol. XV. p. 746. et seq. XVII. 390. et seq.

Besides these professed biographies, there are many highly interesting facts scattered through the letters of Petrarch and some in his Dial. Cont. Mund. and in other parts of his works.

ness, and it was not until the bitter experience of seven years had forced upon his conviction the vanity of his hopes, that he was able to tear himself from his native land. He then retired to Avignon, where the residence of the Papal Court had drawn immense crowds of the ambitious or discontented of Italy. He there engaged in the profession which he had originally pursued in Florence; and, unable to educate his son in the crowded city of Avignon, he placed him at the school of Carpentras, a small town in its neighborhood. Petrarch here not only followed the usual course of elementary studies, but soon completing his grammar and rhetoric, advanced to the higher classes of Latin. His fondness for study and readiness in learning led his friends to form great expectations of his success, and, accordingly, as soon as his age would permit, his attention was directed to the study of law, as the surest path to wealth and honor. But fortunately for posterity, Petrarch had already acquired too strong and decided a taste for polite letters, to permit his mind to engage with any degree of pleasure in the subtle distinctions of the codes.* It was not surprising, therefore, that although placed first at the school of Montpellier, then at that of Bologna, and allured by some interesting points in the study itself, he should view it with aversion, and seize the first opportunity of quitting it forever. The death of his father, which is placed by some writers about the year 1326, is supposed to have been the immediate cause of his return to Avignon; and there, having no guide but his

* One of his biographers attributes this passion to an emulation excited by the writings of Dante, which were then beginning to attract the notice of the learned. — Squarzacchi, vit. Petr. p. 2.

own inclination, he abandoned every study for his favorite pursuits. But unhappily for the freedom of his choice, his small inheritance had been shamefully wasted by his father's executors, and he soon found it necessary to direct his thoughts to some additional source of revenue. With this view he assumed the clerical robe. But the path of ecclesiastical honors was hardly more attractive to his gentle spirit than that of the law, and although he enjoyed the protection of the Colonnas, he never advanced far in the dignities of the church.

This portion of Petrarch's career has been enlarged upon by all who have undertaken his history; and some of his biographers seem to have believed that the passion for Laura was almost the only important event of his life. In one point of view it is undoubtedly interesting; for it exerted a powerful influence over his tastes and character, and gave rise to the Italian poems by which he is chiefly known. It is difficult to conceive the warmth and constancy of this passion, and were there no other evidence of its reality, than the testimony of his verses, we could almost pardon those who view it as a poetic fiction. But the same tone of feeling which characterizes the *Canzoniere*, extends to his letters and dialogues, and a large portion of his other works. We have not at present any means of ascertaining with what feelings he first met its approach. But he was not long in perceiving that it was destined to prove destructive of his peace; and the unsettled state of his mind, the alternate mixture of hope and fear by which he was constantly tormented, are evident as much from the manner of his life, as from the tone of his

verses.* It was not, however, by a weak abandonment of his duties that the power of his passion was manifested, for he pursued his studies and continued the cultivation of his mind with unrelaxing industry. But the constant change of residence, the frequent attempts to tear himself from Avignon, where, however, he constantly returned, the tender strain of thought which ran through all his writings, were clear indications of a "heart ill at ease."

The first of his tours was made in company with his friend and patron James Colonna, to the Bishopric of Lombes.† After passing a summer in that place, where the solitude of the situation was enlivened by the society of his friends Lelius and Socrates, he again returned to Avignon. There he remained tranquil for nearly three years, eagerly embracing every occasion to extend his information, not only by means of books, but of the society that was constantly gathered around his patron. He thus became acquainted with Richard of

* Readers who are desirous of re-examining this oft-examined question, will find one of the prevalent opinions strongly supported in the *Mém. de l'Acad.* cited above. In another, (we believe the 16th vol. of the same work,) the opinion of the Abbé de Sade is supported in a very ingenious essay upon Laura. The Abbé's opinion (v. *Mém. pour la Vie de Petrarque*) has been adopted by Tiraboschi and other celebrated critics. But early in the present century it was violently attacked by Lord Woodhouselee. We have not been able to procure his essay, but from a few extracts that we have seen, we should suppose that his lordship knew more of the spirit of Petrarch, than of that of Petrarch's age.

† It has been asserted that it was during this tour that Petrarch first became acquainted with the Provençal poetry; but his long residence in a part of France not far distant from the seat of Provençal literature, could hardly have left him in ignorance of a poetry that had already spread throughout Italy itself.

Bury, tutor and ambassador of Edward III., and with many other distinguished men, whose correspondence long continued to form one of his greatest pleasures. The conversation of these friends may perhaps have concurred with the unsettled state of his mind in forming a taste for travelling, which nothing but the infirmities of old age could ever overcome.

About three years after his return from Lombes, he made a tour through the north of France, the Netherlands, and along the Rhine, and while absent communicated to his friends the course and events of this journey, in letters which now form one of the most interesting portions of his correspondence.* He next directed his steps towards Italy, and the true feeling of Italian pride breaks out in the delight with which he says, that wherever he wandered and whatever he saw, he found nothing to make him ashamed of his native land. For a time his passion for travelling was satisfied, and, purchasing a small cottage at Vacluse, in the neighborhood of Avignon, he arranged his library there, and established himself in that solitude.

He now engaged in his studies with the ardor of youth. He was at a distance from the world, and received no interruptions from the cares of society, while the monotony of solitude was cheered by the occasional visits of his friends. Every hour was a succession of delightful occupations. He turned from the grave composition of his moral treatises, to study his eclogues or epistles. The retirement of the closet was relieved by the fresh air of the valley, and the thousand

* V. Famil. Lib. I. ep. 3, 4.

thoughts and images, that rose from his peculiar situation, and from the sweet aspect that nature wore around him, were recorded upon his tablets, and at length formed into the tender verses of the *Canzoniere*. Here he composed the greatest part of his early sonnets and odes. Many of his letters were written from here, and beside the Latin dialogues and moral treatises, he here commenced his great epic, the poem of Africa.*

Thus far the reputation of Petrarch, although not confined to the immediate circle of his friends, had been an indefinite expectation of future excellence, rather than the fruit of some superior production. For it should not be forgotten that the sonnets and odes by which he is chiefly known in modern times, were but little esteemed by the grave and learned of the age for which he wrote. Not so with the younger portion of society, and especially with those who felt, or wished to feel,

* The letter from which we obtain these facts was written in reply to a friend, who had attempted to dissuade him from returning to Vacluse.

After several observations, he adds the following:—*Quod idcirco dixerim, ne quis dubitet, me illius rus non spernere, quod mihi, meisque rebus aptissimum semper inveni, ubi sæpe curas urbanas, rustica requie permutavi, quod non tantum electione ipsa, sed agrestibus muris et (ut spero) solidiore cemento, verbis atque carminibus illustrare pro viribus studui. Illic, juvat enim meminisse, Africam meam cœpi, tanto impetu, tantoque nisu animi, ut nunc limam per eadem referens vestigia, ipse meam audaciam et magna operis fundamenta, quodammodo, perhorrescam. Illic et epistolarum utriusque styli, partem non exiguam et pene totum Bucolicum carmen absolvi, quam brevi dierum spatio si noris, stupeas.*—*Fam. Lib. VIII. ep. 3.*

Another writer goes still further:—*Illic denique quicquid fere omni ætate composuit aut præfecit aut incepit, aut scribere cogitavit, eo fuit in loco.*—*Vergerius apud Squarzac. p. 3.*

the passion which he has so truly depicted. They were also spreading rapidly through the lower classes, changing, it is true, and losing a part of their original polish and beauty, as they passed from mouth to mouth among a rude peasantry, but silently forming for their author that far-spread and flattering reputation, which seems to be the peculiar lot of Italian and Grecian poets.

But the poem of Africa, in which he was engaged, raised the expectation of his contemporaries to the highest pitch, and upon this he also for a long time placed his hopes of permanent reputation. The first verses were hardly known, when the attention of the learned, and of the patrons of learning, became wholly directed to the valley of Vaucluse,* and long before the work was completed, the Senate of Rome sent him an invitation to receive the laurel crown upon the Capitol. While he was yet agitated by the joy of this unexpected honor, a letter from a friend in Paris urged him to accept the same high reward from the university of that city. He hesitated for some time between these two invitations, but the advice of his friend Colonna concurring with his own veneration for the Roman name, at length decided him in favor of the former.†

* The wonder and admiration, which the mere intention of writing a poem excited among the scholars of that age, will seem strange to an age like ours, so well accustomed to the appearance of heroics, that number volumes instead of books. But according to Tiraboschi, this was not the case with our unfortunate forefathers. — Un poema, says he, a quell' età era una cosa sì rara che doveva destare ammirazione verso l'autore in chiunque udivane il nome. Quindi appena ne corse la fama mentre Petrarca non aveane fatta che piccola parte, e appena vedute le altre Latine poesie da lui composte, egli divenne l'oggetto dell' universale maraviglia e per poco non fu creduto un uomo divino.

† Op. Tom. III. p. 3. Tirab. V. p. 455.

It was a glorious moment, not for him alone, but for the literature, the genius of all ages, when the Roman Senate, renewing for a moment its long associations with all that is noble in genius or daring in enterprise, placed the wreath of laurel upon the brow of Petrarch. The dark clouds which hung so thickly over the moral and political horizon, seemed for an instant to break away, and the shout of the thousands who crowded around the Capitol, and filled the avenues of the Forum, might have seemed the voice of reviving Rome: reviving, not to roll the dripping wheels of the triumphal car along the steep of the Capitol; not to suspend a new shield or lance at the shrine of Capitoline; but to place upon the bloodless brow of genius the reward of victories, gained in the pure field of intellectual exertion, over the ignorance and wildness of a barbarous age.

From this time Petrarch resided more constantly in Italy. His reputation procured him the friendship of princes and republics, as well as of men of letters.* There was hardly a court that did not seek to allure him by the most favorable offers. The republic of Florence endeavored to engage him in her new university by the proffer of any chair that he might deign to fill; the Emperor Charles IV. favored him with his correspondence, and sought to establish him at his court. He was invited by Innocent VI. to become apostolic secretary, a post to which he had been previously called by Clement VI. This pontiff had also held out for him the additional allurements of ecclesiastical advancement. But, too fond of his freedom to submit to the confinement of public employment,

* V. Tiraboschi, Vol. V. Lib. I. cap. 2, *passim*.

he passed from city to city, and from court to court, — now simply seeking to gratify his private attachment, and now charged with the embassy of some Italian prince.* Twice he attempted to act as mediator between the rival republics of Genoa and Venice; he averted the impending wrath of Charles IV. from his friend and protector the Visconti, and by his eloquent expostulations, he partly prevailed upon one pontiff to remove the papal chair to Rome, and contributed powerfully to prepare the mind of another for the same change. Were we to follow his history through all the details of this period, we should be led from court to court, we should be obliged to enumerate all the literary enterprises of the age, the search and restoration of ancient manuscripts, the spread and cultivation of Greek letters, the introduction of pure taste into the study of antiquity, the application of reason and criticism to the examination of ancient monuments, and descending to minuter details, the history of many inferior undertakings, of which he was the origin and the soul. We must, however, confine ourselves for the present to a single anecdote, which illustrates in a very forcible manner, the estimation in which Petrarch was held by his contemporaries.†

While he was receiving his public examination at the court

* It is worthy of remark, that many of the principal Italian scholars were employed in the most important embassies. Without counting Machiavelli, who was a professed politician, Dante alone is said to have been fourteen times ambassador.

† There is a curious statement in a letter of Petrarch, written in reply to the invitation to become Secretary to Innocent VI., by which we learn that while he received almost divine honors from some, he was thought little better than a magician by others. Vid. *Rer. Sen. L. I. Ep. 3.*

of King Robert of Naples, a school-master of Pontremoli, blind and enfeebled by age, hastened to Naples in order to see him. Petrarch had already started for Rome, but the report of so extraordinary an occurrence spread rapidly through the city, and soon reached the ears of the king. It was natural that so great a lover of letters should be struck with this burst of enthusiasm, and after having received a confirmation of the story from the lips of the old man himself, he supplied him with some conveniences for his journey, and urged him to hasten towards Rome, where he might, perhaps, be in time to satisfy his curiosity. But here also, the poor old man was too late, for Petrarch had already started for France. He returned to Pontremoli almost broken-hearted with his disappointment, but had hardly reached home, when he was told that Petrarch, instead of returning to Avignon, had stopped at Parma. Not discouraged by his former disappointment he again set out to seek him, and crossing the Apennines through snow and cold, with no support but the arm of his son, and of one of his scholars, he at length reached the house in which Petrarch was lodged. It would be impossible to describe the rapture with which he embraced him, listening with ecstasy to every word that he uttered, and alternately kissing the hand that had written, and the head that had composed such noble verses.* After having passed three days in the enjoyment

* *Et quotiens putas, sed quid loquor, praesens rebus intereras, quotiens filii et discipuli alterius, quo pro filio et quibus ambobus pro vehiculo utebatur, manibus sublati, meum caput osculatus est, quo illa cogitasset, quotiens hanc dexteram qua illa scripsissem, quibus se diceret vehementissime delectatum. Rer. Sen. ut sup.*

of his society, the old man returned home joyful and contented.*

The mind of Petrarch had always been open to religious impressions, and even in the earlier periods of his attachment to Laura, he seems to have sought relief from his sorrows in the offices of devotion. As he advanced in age this feeling continued to gain strength, and many letters, composed during the last years of his life, bear witness to the resigned and tranquil mind with which he viewed the approach of death. His studies at this period were divided between the Greek and Roman classics, and the works of the fathers; for his strong mind, while deeply impressed with the truths of religion, was raised far above the narrow bigotry which can see no traces of its Maker in the productions of a Pagan. His application to study was never relaxed while he had strength to bear the exertion. To borrow his own words, he hastened his steps as he drew nearer to the goal, and believing that much still remained to be done, while his increasing infirmities reminded him, from hour to hour, how small a space remained for labor, he allowed to sleep and relaxation only that time which the weakness of nature imperiously demanded. He arose at midnight, to pray and study, and divided the day between religion and literature. But his debility and disease daily increased. Frequent fevers slowly undermined his strength, and his body seemed to sink under him from hour to hour; but still his mind grew brighter and brighter, and his imagination purer

* This anecdote is related by Petrarch himself in a letter to one of his friends, in which he attempts to prove that the love of letters does not pass unrewarded in their age. Vid. Rer. Sen. Lib. XV. ep. 7.

and purer, as sense faded within him. At length, on the morning of the eighteenth of July, 1374, he was found dead in his study, seated in his chair, with his head reposing as in meditation upon the pages of a book.*

The Italian poems of Petrarch can never be correctly estimated, until some poet shall arise, who, possessing the same depth and purity of feeling, can transfuse into the most harmonious form of his native language, the grace and sweetness of the original verses. Until then, the enjoyment of the *Canzoniere* must be confined to the native Italian, and to the few who enter enough into the spirit of the language, to catch the feeling of the original as well as its sense. The perfect simplicity and pure nature of its imagery, the variety and richness of its diction, and the arrangement and structure of the verse, corresponding so fully to the general character of each piece, — now moving with pensive gravity, now chiming to the brisk flow of gayer thoughts, like music, that harmonizes by its measure to the feelings that its tones have awakened, — these are beauties which must escape the observation of the early scholar. But every step in the language brings him nearer to their spirit. Beauties insensibly arise where he had thought all was vain expression, truth of feeling breaks forth from passages that at first seemed stiff and artificial, until, losing sight of the book and the writer in the thrilling responses of his own heart, he is borne irresistibly onward by the flow of the thoughts and of the verse that embodies them.

* A very good account of Arqua, where the house of Petrarch, the chair in which he died and several other relics are preserved, may be found in the notes to the fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*.

We have already observed, that the value which Petrarch and his contemporaries attached to the Canzoniere, was far from that enthusiastic admiration with which it has been commented on and studied by posterity. And this arose, not so much from their insensibility to its beauties, as from their exclusive admiration of the manner of the old classics. His odes and sonnets were regarded as the light, although elegant relaxations, in which a scholar might unbend his mind without derogating too far from the dignity of his profession, while his claims to the admiration of posterity were supposed to rest almost exclusively upon his Latin works.* But this very circumstance may have contributed to the real excellence of the former. For although the one was labored with greater care and formed after the pure models of antiquity, the others have caught the real movements of his heart more truly, and breathe an unlabored and almost involuntary sweetness; as the harp, when touched by the passing breeze, will utter tones of unearthly minstrelsy, which the most perfect science can never draw forth.

The amatory portion of the Canzoniere possesses two distinct characters. During the life-time of Laura, the poet's mind has a gayer or rather brighter range of imagery. The

* But Petrarch himself seems, at a later date, to have perceived and acknowledged the superiority of his Italian poems over all his other works. — Paulus Vergerius scribit habuisse a Calutio Salviato, qui dicebat ab ipso Petrarcha audivisse, melius se omnia quæ scripserat facturum præter ejus in lingua vernacula scripta, ubi ingenue fatebatur se ipsum in illis vicisse. Verger. apud Squarraf.

And in one of his own sonnets Petrarch says, that had he believed his poems would prove so acceptable, he would have increased their number and given more polish to the style. Sonn. 253, 2d part.

charms of her person float constantly before him. Her "loved idea" is mixed with every object, from the soft hue of the evening sky, to the deep brown of the rustling forest, from the gale that fans his feverish brow, to the stream that lulls by its gentle murmurings. All the varying emotions of his soul are fully recorded.* We now find him flushed with joy at some simple mark of favor, now deeply dejected by some act of unusual harshness. At times he laments the fatal destiny that has condemned him to days of hopeless complaint, to nights of watchful agony. At others he seems to rejoice in his chains, and although fully sensible of the hopelessness of his passion, to cherish with anxious solicitude the flame that feeds it. And throughout the course of these feelings, the flow of the verse chimes sweetly to the thoughts they record; moving like music at night amid the stillness of some lonely lake, now floating softly over the unrippled water, now lost amid the rush of the rising breeze, now broken by the voice of the awakened echoes.

Laura dies; and here the tone of his sorrow is changed. She is no longer an earthly beauty, whom he can hope to bend by his tears, but a spirit of heaven, who has wiped away the dross of earthly passion, but still cherishes that pure affection

* *Itaque per os meum flamma cordis erumpens, miserabili sed (ut quidam dixerunt) dulci murmure valles, cœlumque complebat. Hinc illa vulgaria juvenilium laborum meorum cantica, quorum hodie pudet æ poenitet, sed eodem morbo affectis (ut videmus) acceptissima. Fam. Lib. VIII. ep. 3.*

E certo ogni mio studio in quel temp'era
Pur di sfogare il doloroso core
In qualche modo.

Sonnet, 253.

by which man is sometimes drawn back to the image of his Maker. She then visits him in dreams, and amid the still watches of the night, rebukes his vain and sinful sorrow. She bids him weep for himself and not for her; she shows him by bright glimpses of heaven, the inexpressible bliss of the state to which she has passed, and bids him look with anxious anticipation for the day in which he may be permitted to follow. There is something exceedingly touching in this communion with the dead whom we have loved, in this affection which even from heaven can look back upon the sad footsteps of the dear ones left behind, and cheer by friendly words and soothing visions the grief which none but itself can feel to be vain.

The style also of the second part seems to have changed in accordance with the feelings of the mourner. The movement of the verse is solemn and slow; a softer and purer strain of lament swells up from the heart; we are led to the solitary grave; we seek in vain for the form that was once so lovely, but which is now mingled and lost amid the common dust at our feet; at times a voice from heaven breaks in upon the stillness of night; a heavenward aspiration arises from the lone and stricken soul; while the imagery, shaded with the same deep coloring, softens and deepens and harmonizes the whole.

But these expressions of feeling, although beautiful from their illustrations and truth to nature, never approach the penetrating analysis of the mind, which may be found in some later schools of poetry. They are brought before us in a few rapid sketches, not drawn in the fulness of their fear-

ful reality ; entwined around some lovely object in nature, not chilling the heart by their lonely despair ; we see the heaving, the agitation of the waves on the surface, but cannot discover the mighty arm that stirs them up from the foundation. Hence we rise from the Canzoniere, with a soft tinge of tender melancholy, but never oppressed by the weight of sorrow ; with a tear glistening in the eye, or stealing in silence down the cheek, but never with the heart wrought up to that fearful excitement, which follows the reading of the Robbers, the Corsair, or Werther. In the most touching complaints of Petrarch we find, if not a gleam of hope, at least, the melancholy smile of resignation ; the utterance of his feelings seems in a measure to relieve him from their pressure, and even when he calls upon death as his only friend, we feel, that although grief may hasten its approach, the sufferer will never anticipate the blow.

It will be evident, even from this imperfect sketch, that the chief merit of the Canzoniere must lie in the choice of imagery and expression, and in the adaptation of its verse to a natural flow of tender thought. Elegance of expression, which is so important a part of all poetry, is peculiarly essential to lyric verse. The short compass of an ode or sonnet will not admit of the compression of many ideas, much less of their full development. It is only by seizing some pleasing thought, and adapting to it the embellishment of appropriate imagery, that the poet can fix our attention. However beautiful the leading idea, it is far from being the principal object in the piece. It is in its connection with some beautiful object in natural scenery, with some lovely form of the poet's fancy, in its power to

touch some hidden chord of our own sympathies, that the force and interest of the sonnet consist. Hence it must be the expression of our passing feelings, flowing almost spontaneously from their own deep sources, taking its tone from the impulses within, seldom exciting deep emotions, but sometimes mastering the heart, by a few bold images and vigorous expressions.

The illustration of these remarks may be found upon every page of the Canzoniere. As far as propriety of expression depends upon the choice and arrangement of words, Petrarch is a remarkable instance of pure taste.* Receiving the language almost immediately from the rough but vigorous pen of Dante, he contributed greatly toward giving it that sweetness and harmony, which have so long been considered its leading characteristics. And there is no fact more remarkable in the whole compass of literary history, than that scarcely two obsolete words can be found in his Italian poems;† so truly did he judge the genius of his native tongue, and so exquisite was the taste with which he selected, arranged and polished its copious vocabulary.

* It should be remembered that the merit of Petrarch does not consist simply in the proper use of a vocabulary, already formed and fixed by polished usage, but in the selection of appropriate expressions, from the variety of an unsettled language. One proof of his superior taste in this respect is his rejecting the custom of mingling foreign words with those which are purely Italian, a custom universal among his contemporaries and predecessors in the literary world. V. Crescembeni della Volg. Poes. Vol. I. p. 363.

And though perhaps the *tante* is somewhat too strong, Monti was unquestionably the best judge of the two.

† Asserted by Denina Vic. della Letterat, denied by Monti. — Dial. V. I. p. 125 — *tante ne morirono del Boccaccio, tante piu del Petrarca.*

In judging of epithets and expressions, however, we should always bear in mind that this, of all the beauties of speech, is the most exposed to the influence of time. A phrase may be vigorous or beautiful in one age or one country, from the peculiar circumstances in which it arose, while at a short interval either of time or space its beauty becomes unintelligible, or its power is lost. True excellence of thought will always bear the rigor of critical examination, but many of the beauties of expression are strictly conventional, and thus are soon worn by familiar usage. Hence we pass over many delicate images which the quick imagination of the poet has connected with particular words, and read with comparative coldness many elegant phrases which use has made familiar to our minds, although when first employed in the verse before us, they shone with all the freshness of youthful beauty.

The Italian scholar will find a beautiful specimen of propriety of language combined with strength and richness of diction, in the ode supposed to have been addressed to Cola di Rienzi.

Spirto gentil che quelle membra reggi.

The same qualities will be found, although in a less degree, in the following sonnet. The movement of the verse is remarkably full and grave, corresponding with the loneliness of the heart it so beautifully describes.

Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi
Vo misurando a passi tardi e lenti;
E gli occhi porto per fuggire intenti
Dove vestigio uman l'arena stampi.

Altro schermo non trovo che mi scampi
 Dal manifesto accorger delle genti,
 Perchè negli atti d'allegrezza spenti,
 Di fuor si legge com' io dentro avvampi.

Si ch'io mi credo omai, che monti e piagge
 E fiumi e selve sappian di che tempre
 Sia la mia vita ch' è celata altrui.

Ma pur si aspre vie, ne si selvagge,
 Cercar non so, ch'amor non venga sempre
 Ragionando con meco ed io con lui.

" Alone and pensive, the deserted strand
 I wander o'er with slow and measured pace,
 And shun with watchful eye the lightest trace
 Of human foot, imprinted on the sand.

I find, alas! no other resting-place
 From the keen eye of man; for in the show
 Of outward joy, it reads upon my face
 The traces of the flame that burns below.

And thus, at length, each leafy mount and plain,
 Each wandering stream and shady forest know,
 What others know not, all my life of pain.

And love, as through the wildest tracts I go,
 Comes whispering in my ear his tender strain,
 Which I with trembling lip repeat to him again."

The same idea is finely enlarged upon in one of the sweetest odes of the Canzoniere. And it may here be observed, that the longest of Petrarch's pieces are generally the best. His feelings seem to gather strength as he warms with his subject, and ideas which at first rise coldly and singly in his mind, flow onward, warming at every step, gathering new strength from every object, drawing in imagery from every

source, until the mind and heart of the writer himself seem to roll on with the full current of collected thought.

The following verses, with which the ode commences, will show with what richness of expression and imagery he gives the charms of variety to ideas that his own verses have rendered familiar.

Di pensier in pensier, di monte in monte,
 Mi guida amor, ch'ogni segnato calle
 Provo contrario alla tranquilla vita.
 Se'n solitaria piaggia rivo o fonte
 Se'n fra duo poggi siede ombrosa valle ;
 Ivi s'acqueta l'alma sbigottita :
 E come amor l'invita,
 Or ride, or piange, or teme, or s'assicura :
 E'l volto, che lei segue ov'ella il mena,
 Si turba e rasserena,
 E in un esser picciol tempo dura :

'From thought to thought, from mount to mount,
 Love guides me on ; each beaten way
 From life's calm tenor leads astray.
 But if I meet a lonely stream or fount,
 Or 'twixt two gentle slopes a shady vale,
 My troubled spirit finds relief,
 And there, obedient to its chief,
 Now weeps, now smiles, or hopes or trembles now ;
 While o'er my face, which still her will obeys,
 Or joy, or sorrow plays,
 Fast changing with the thoughts that move below.'

The following verses exhibit a beautiful contrast between the bright aspect of nature and the solitude of the heart ;

hues that glow, charms that pass brightly before the physical eye, but which cannot penetrate the frozen sources of feeling within.

Zefiro torna e'l bel tempo rimena,
 E i fiori, e l'erbe sua dolce famiglia;
 E garrir Progne, e pianger Filomena;
 E primavera candida e vermiglia.
 Ridono i prati, e'l ciel si rasserena;
 Giove si rallegra di mirar sua figlia;
 L'aria, e l'acqua, e la terra è d'amor piena:
 Ogni animal d'amar si riconsiglia.

Ma per me, lasso, tornano i più gravi
 Sospiri, che dal cor profondo tragge
 Quella ch'al ciel sene portò le chiavi.
 E cantar angellette, e fiorir piagge,
 E'n belle donne oneste atti soavi
 Sono un deserto e fere aspre selvagge.

'The soft west wind returning, brings again
 Its lovely family of herbs and flowers;
 Progne's soft twitter, Philomela's strain,
 And the gay dance of springtide's rosy hours.

And joyously o'er every hill and plain
 Glows the bright smile that greets them from above,
 While the warm spirit of reviving love
 Breathes in the air and murmurs from the main.
 But tears and rending sighs, which gushingly
 Pour from the secret fountains of my heart,
 Are all that spring returning brings to me;
 And in the modest smile, or glance of art,
 The song of birds, the bloom of heath and tree,
 A desert's rugged tract and savage forms I see.'

There is no species of poetical embellishment that requires

so pure a taste, and such sound judgment, as the introduction of the stream and the forest and the bird that warbles in its shade, to a share of our own feelings. When the heart is cold and the fancy unexcited, such images seem extravagant and lifeless. We catch not the tone of feeling which gives life to whatever meets the eye. It is like the soft strain of a pensive air in an hour of revelry, or the thrilling notes of the clarion when exhausted nature is fainting for repose. Yet every one, who has associated a strong passion with some favorite scene, will feel that this is the natural language of the heart. The thought of a dear object will be dearer amid the scenes that she has loved, and the wind that has "breathed through her lattice" will come softer and sweeter to the brow. How naturally does imagination, when warmed by the view of some venerable ruin, spread over its barren walls the rich drapery of other days, and summon up the forms and awaken the voices with which it was once enlivened. It is but a step further to call upon the mossy stone for the tale of its youth, or to believe that the air around you is still warmed by the breath of those whose memory makes it dear.

But even this is extravagant, if we view it only through the cold medium of judgment. The air cannot breathe, the stone cannot speak, and the ivy drapery of the walls cannot be exchanged for their original embellishments. But for such an eye there is no form of beauty in the evening sky, no soothing voice in the whispered hymns of the forest. It is useless to scan the poetry of passion with the cold eye of unimpassioned reason. Our moments of truest poetic feeling are those of deepest excitement; not always of an excitement

that arouses the energies of the mind, and acts upon its profoundest sensibilities, but of one which sometimes speaks in low tones to the softer senses of our nature, and stirs with a gentle touch the deep sources of passion.

Now we are too apt to forget, that the poetry of feeling is the language of this excitement, — a language that flows naturally and freely from the depths of the soul, although a chill often spreads over it from the unmoved sympathies of the reader. What the true poet writes with feeling he has often felt in agony, and although, when he calls upon the grove and the stream to witness his sufferings, it may seem to us the language of embellishment, it is for him the warm expression of real emotions.

We find repeated examples of this imagery in the verses of Petrarch, varying, however, according to the nature of his own feelings; sometimes pursuing the rapid current with envious eye, at others seeking with jealous haste, the solitude of the desert; now linked with some beautiful form of natural scenery, now responding to the soft notes of the melancholy nightingale; while every image that arises in the mind receives the coloring of that mind, its warmth, its purity, and its tenderness.

While passing near the sources of the Rhone on his way to Avignon, the sight of a stream, whose waters would flow from his eye to murmur around the footsteps of Laura, called forth the following sonnet, — light and easy in its movement, although not characterized by any great depth either of thought or of feeling.

Rapido fiume; che d' alpestre vena
Rodendo intorno, onde'l tuo nome prendi,

Notta e di meco desioso scendi
 Ov' Amor me, te sol natura mena ;
 Vattene innanzi : il tuo corso non frena
 Nè stanchezza, nè sonno : e pria che rendi
 Suo dritto al mar ; fiso, ù si mostri, attendi,
 L'erba più verde, e l'aria più serena.
 Ivi è quel nostro vivo e dolce sole,
 Ch' adorna e'nfiora la tua riva manca ;
 Forse, (O che spero !) il mio tardar le dole.
 Baciale 'l piede, e la man bella e bianca :
 Dille : Il bacciar sia'n vece di parole :
 Lo spirto è pronto, ma la carne è stanca.
 ' Swift current, that from rocky Alpine vein,
 Gathering the tribute to thy waters free,
 Mov'st joyous onward night and day with me,
 Where nature leads thee, me loves tyrant chain ;
 Roll freely on, nor toil nor rest restrain
 Thine arrowy course ; but ere thou yieldest in
 The tribute of thy waters to the main,
 Seek out heaven's purest sky, earth's deepest green ;
 There wilt thou find the soft and living beam,
 That o'er thy left bank sheds its heavenly rays ;
 If unto her too slow my footsteps seem,
 (While by her feet thy lingering current strays,
 Forming to words the murmurs of its stream)
 Say that the weary flesh the willing soul delays.'

The following verses have a far sweeter flow, with a deep
 tone of tender melancholy. They were written after the death
 of Laura.

Quel rosignuol, che sì soave piagne
 Forse suoi figli, o sua cara consorte,

Di dolcezza empie il cielo e le campagne
 Di tante note sì pietose e scorte;
 E tutta notte par, che m'accompagne,
 E mi rammente la mia dura sorte.

'Yon nightingale, whose melancholy strain
 Laments his tender young, or partner dear,
 Pours sweetly through the mellow air and plain,
 His thousand notes, so mournful and so clear:
 And through night's lonely watches flowing near,
 They wake the buried memory of my pain.'

This also is full of grace and that tender melancholy which
 was so natural to him.

Sweet little bird that slowly passing on,
 Weepst the memory of thy morning pride,
 With night and chilling winter at thy side,
 And all the joyous months of summer gone:
 O if my breast, its deep set sorrows speaking —
 Like thine own sorrows — could reveal to thee,
 With gentle wing this mournful bosom seeking,
 Thou'st come to share thy sad lament with me.

* * * * *

But falling leaves and twilight's gathering gloom,
 The thought of sweet and bitter hours recalling,
 Invite my spirit to commune with thee.

The following piece is purely devotional.

I vo piangendo i miei passati tempi,
 I quai posi in amar cosa mortale
 Senza levarmi a volo, avend'io l'ale,

Per dar forse di me non bassi esempi.
 Tu, che vedi i miei mali indegni ed empì,
 Re del cielo invisibile, immortale;
 Soccorri all' alma disviata e frale,
 E'l suo difetto di tua grazia adempi.
 Sicchè s'io vissi in guerra ed in tempesta,
 Mora in pace ed in porto; e se la stanza
 Fu vana, almen sia la partita onesta.
 A quel poco di viver, che m' avanza,
 Ed al morir degni esser tua man presta;
 Tu sai ben, che'n altrui non ho speranza.

'In tears I trace the memory of the days,
 When every thought was bent on human love,
 Nor dared direct its eager flight above,
 And seek (as heaven designed) a nobler praise.
 O, whilst thine eye my wretched state surveys,
 Invisible, immortal king of heaven!
 Unto my frail and erring soul be given
 To gather strength in thy reviving rays.
 So that a life, mid war and tempest past,
 A peaceful port may find; and close at last,
 On Jesus's breast, its years of vanity.
 And when at length thy summons sets me free,
 O may thy powerful arms, around me cast,
 Support the fainting soul, that knows no trust but thee.'

Mingled with the amatory verses of the *Canzoniere*, there are a few noble odes, which breathe a purer feeling, and flow in a more elevated strain than individual love can ever inspire. These are the tributes to the sad state of his beloved Italy; verses in which the love of country speaks boldly and fearlessly, while the pride of ancient power weeps bitterly

over the bleeding remains of the Empire. There is a boldness in the tone with which he addresses the rulers of his country, a confidence in the purity and elevation of his views, which give to every word the weight of an oracle. We listen to him, as to the sighs of a favorite child beside the tomb, that is closing over the lifeless remains of his parent. Whatever affectation of feeling he may have been guilty of in other pieces, there is surely none here. Every word comes warm from the soul. Every thought seems to rise up from the swelling heart. The imagery itself seems to be the resource of an excess of feeling, which plain language is too feeble to express. And the truth of observation, the sincerity of conviction with which he describes the wrong, and points out the remedy, correspond to the general warmth of his expostulations. The noble ode, which he composed upon the approach of the emperor, should be engraven upon the mind of every Italian. It opens with an address to Italy, and an invocation to the Saviour.

‘ Mine own Italia, although words be vain,
The deadly wounds to heal,
Which scattered o’er thy lovely form I see,
Yet some relief my bleeding heart may feel,
In forming such a strain
As all thy trembling sons expect from me.

Ruler of heaven, I turn to thee :
O may the love, that led thee once to earth,
Turn to thine own beloved land, thine eyes ;
See where she lowly lies,
See from what trivial cause, what cruel wars have birth.
And o’er each hardened soul

In Mars' stern fetters bound,
O spread with gentle hand thy soft control,
And feebly tho' it sound,
Pour thro' my humble voice thy holy spirit round.'

Then addressing himself to the divided rulers of Italy, he describes in a few energetic words, which we know not how to translate, the miserable condition to which their own divisions and the intervention of foreign power had reduced them. He points to the Alps, the barriers which nature had raised for their protection, but which their own short-sighted ambition had broken down, and with a deep burst of indignation turns back to their former trophies of victory won from their present rulers. There is nothing more beautiful in the whole range of lyric poetry, than the melancholy flow of the verse, in which, speaking of the 'collected flood of deserts strange,' * he asks, what hope there can be for those who are thus sinking under the blows of their brethren. Suddenly turning from the contemplation of these miserable divisions, and of the clouds that cast their dark shadows over the future, he breaks forth in a most touching appeal to the home of his birth, the last shroud of his parents, by which, at least, although every other inducement should fail, the spirit of ancient Rome

* O gathered flood
Of deserts strange —
Our lovely fields to overflow —
If our own hands
Such ruin bring,
Who shall escape, or who arrest the blow ?

should again be aroused to cast off the fatal load that bows it to the earth.* The last stanza, flowing in a less animated, but noble and dignified strain, is an exhortation to the emperor to hush the busy spirit of hatred and envy, and devote to the worthier end of securing the peace and union of Italy, that time which is too often passed in the selfish gratification of individual passion.

In so large a collection of poems, chiefly devoted to the expression of one absorbing feeling, it would be unnatural to suppose that all parts should be uniformly perfect. Our feelings are not all equally fitted for expression, and the language that should clothe them not always at our command. The poet must sometimes feel deeply where he can find no adequate expression for his feelings, and the mind glow with thoughts that grow cold in the utterance. Accordingly, we find many cold verses and frigid conceits mingled with true bursts of feeling, and even some entire pieces remarkable only for skill of versification. Happily, however, they bear a very small proportion to the true expressions of nature. No clearer proof of this can be required, than what is furnished by the influence, which the Canzoniere has always exerted upon Italian poetry. Few literary histories record a greater variety of striking revolutions, than the literary history of Italy.

* Is not this the sod
Which first my infant footsteps trod ?
Ah ! is not this the downy nest
Where life's first years were sweetly nurst ;
My native land — my weary spirit's trust :
A mother ever tender, ever mild,
On whose kind lap my father — mother rest !

Commencing at the birth of the language, with the wild and vigorous poem of Dante, the occasional roughness of versification and irregularity of diction were polished and corrected by the purer taste of Petrarch. Here, as the natural consequence of causes, whose origin we shall soon have occasion to observe, the taste of men of letters again turned back to the Latin classics. During the long interval of nearly a century, that elapsed between the death of Petrarch and the manhood of Lorenzo de' Medici, the progress of Italian poetry had ceased, and the cultivation of native literature given place to the schools of philosophy, and an unsuccessful imitation of Latin verse. With Lorenzo the taste for Italian poetry again revived, and together with it were revived the honors of Petrarch. The *Canzoniere* began once more to pass from mouth to mouth, and to dispute the palm with Horace and Catullus. After a long and glowing period of noble productions, ushered in by the classic taste of Poliziano, enlivened by the irregularly beautiful descriptions of Ariosto, and stamped at last by the solemn impress of the Jerusalem, the pure spirit of poetry yielded before another foe, the fanciful conceits and studied antithesis of the Secentisti. And here Petrarch again disappears from the stage, but at the first dawn of reviving taste, the poets of Italy return once more to the father of lyric verse, to seek in his pages purity of style, chaste elegance of imagery, with all the simpler graces of natural thought. And never have they returned to this model, without a correspondent change in the character of their productions. Nature and feeling again resume their place at the side of the *Canzoniere*; the heart is again thrilled with the language

of true patriotism, and the eye once more wet with the tear of unaffected sensibility. *

The *Trionfi* of Petrarch are not generally so much admired, as the sonnets and odes. They are a sort of poetical vision, in which the praises of Laura are blended with the triumphs of Love, of Chastity, of Death, of Fame, of Time, and of the Divinity; a species of composition, which is supposed to have originated among the Provençal poets. They are written in terza rima, often less polished than the verses of the *Canzoniere*, but sometimes approaching the vigorous diction of Dante. † The long catalogue of names collected from ancient history and mythology is highly characteristic of the period in which the work was written, but is wholly unsuited to the taste of our own. Yet some of these are accompanied by bold sketches of character,—verses in which a prominent trait is made to represent the whole person, while a few vigorous expressions form a perfect painting to the mental eye. The passages in which he describes the characteristics of love, the nature and play of his own feelings, or where his imagination is warmed by some scenic description, which, as he writes, grows clearer and brighter to the eye of fancy, are among the best, if not decidedly the best, of his poems. Nothing, indeed, can be more beautiful than the last half of the third *Capitolo* of the *Triumph of Love*, and the whole of

* V. Crescembeni De' Comment. int. alla Stor. della Volg. Poes. Vol. I. pp. 118, 119, 120.

Denina Vic. della Lett. Parte III. pass.

† The occasional roughness of the *Trionfi* is not to be attributed to the taste of Petrarch; but to his death, that left them incomplete. Squarzac. Vit. Pet. 7.

the Triumph of Death. But the chief qualities of these poems, (except that they possess greater vigor of conception and force of expression) are the same as those of the Canzoniere; the same tenderness of feeling, the same quick perception of the delicate sympathies between the external world and the world within, the same richness of expression and brilliancy of fancy.

The following verses are from the *Trionfi della Morte*, Cap. 1.

Where are their treasures, where their honors now?
The jewelled sceptre and the glittering crown,
Or purple glories of the mitred brow?
O wretched! when on human joys alone
We found our hopes! and yet who builds not there?
Tho' disappointment chill and reason frown?
O blindly bent on unavailing care!
Drawn one by one to your maternal clay,
Your very names have vanished light as air.
And of the thousand toils that marked your way,
Let him, who best those cares and toils hath known,
Find one that doth not each fond hope betray.
What though all nations to your will bow down;
For you their tributary treasures fill,
Whose eager will their ruin urges on?
When the wild tumult of the strife is still,
And land and treasure by your blood are won,
Far sweeter seem the gently flowing rill,
And humble hut each peasant calls his own.

We have thus far followed the course of Petrarch, through the productions which he seems to have composed in obedience to the promptings of his own genius; we must now (al-

though with a hurried pen) trace his footsteps along the path to which his judgment and his reason directed him.

It should not be forgotten that the spirit of his age was directed to the study of philosophy and the Latin classics, rather than to the cultivation of a native literature. Nor is it unworthy of remark, that the first who gave this impulse to modern taste, were among those whom we now venerate as the fathers of modern literature; not indeed¹ for a successful imitation of the classics whom they admired so highly, but for productions formed in the style of their own age, and breathing its wild, irregular spirit.

A passion for Latin literature was closely connected with Petrarch's first attachment to letters. While his companions at Carpentras were following the beaten track of the minor Latin writers, he had already overcome the chief difficulties of the language, and was learning to enjoy the beauties of Cicero and of Livy. The study of law, far from supplanting this taste, did not even retard its development. While his instructors supposed him engaged in the codes, he was secretly bending over the more congenial pages of Cicero; and even the allusions to old manners and monuments, which he met in his legal studies, served as new excitements to the cultivation of his natural taste.

A taste so strong and decided, combined with the most aspiring ambition, found unusual incitements to exertion in the peculiar state of Latin literature. Although great veneration was felt for the classics by those who knew anything of their works, yet even the literary men of the age had fallen into some singular mistakes concerning them. Petrarch carried on

a correspondence in the name of the Bishop of Lombes, with a celebrated professor of law, who, not content with his legal reputation, aspired also to the name of scholar. In this he ridicules the anachronisms and gross errors of every description, into which his correspondent was constantly falling. Even the wise King Robert was not wholly free from the erroneous views of the age, and he was long suspicious of the character, and neglectful of the works of Virgil. When scholars and their patrons are led into such errors as these, it is clear that the means of correcting them are very rare. And in fact, the works of most classic writers, contained in scarce manuscripts, and seldom found united, were in themselves an object of eager research. A tract of Cicero might be found entire in a library of Italy, a few orations in some city of Flanders, a portion of Quintilian or Livy in some convent of France or Spain : but to unite and compare and correct these scattered fragments, and give them the form and convenience of a regular collection, was a task that required not money and leisure alone, but indefatigable industry, and an indomitable zeal in the pursuit of letters.

Petrarch engaged in this research with all the energies of his soul. He spared no expense in securing the assistance of others, for money was of no value to him when it could be exchanged for books. He employed professed copyists ; he sent into different countries for particular works, not always, indeed, with the hope of finding them, but generally with the expectation of obtaining some important manuscript. No friend was ever permitted to leave him for a tour, or for business, or even to return to his own country, without a charge

to remember the wants of his collection, and particularly to search for the writings of Cicero. By his influence, many were induced to engage in the same pursuit, and whether co-operating with his views, or consulting more directly their private interest, they all contributed to the preservation and multiplying of the copies of classic authors. Nor was it by words and exhortations alone, that Petrarch animated his friends in this pursuit. His own activity in collecting and copying, was a bright example to his most zealous followers. During his various journeys, he kept constantly in view the discovery of his favorite manuscripts. While on a journey to Rome, he discovered a part of the works of Quintilian, and in a letter from Flanders, he complains that he could hardly find in the rich city of Liege, a little yellow ink to copy a few orations of Cicero. A manuscript of Virgil of his copying, is still preserved in the Ambrosian library of Milan; and in the Laurentian of Florence may be seen two beautiful copies of Cicero's Epistles, one of the Familiar Correspondence, the other of the letters to Atticus, — both written by the same indefatigable hand.*

But the task of copying formed a very small part of his labors. The ignorance and presumption of former copyists had introduced gross corruptions into the texts of many authors, and disfigured them so much, that, according to Petrarch, the writers themselves would have been at a loss to distinguish them. The labors of the editor have been so long familiar to modern readers, that they no longer come before us sur-

* In this department Petrarca had been preceded by the celebrated Lanfranc. V. Gingueni. *Hist. Lit. d'It.*, t. 1, ch. II. p. 126-7.

rounded with bewildering perplexities ; but for Petrarch, the path was new and encumbered with every species of obstruction. There were no fixed principles, no established canons, no standard in short, that he could follow, but the dictates of his own taste and judgment. The dignity of the laborer increasing in proportion to the difficulty and importance of his task, most writers have looked upon this as one of the proudest monuments of Petrarch's glory. The fourth letter of the second book *De Senectute* contains a fine specimen of his critical skill, — not, indeed, such acuteness and strength of argument as would command the attention of a modern scholar, but a degree of thought and observation, almost wholly unknown to his credulous contemporaries.

A passion for history was the natural companion of such researches. And the fondness with which Petrarch pursued this study, would be evident from his letters alone, had we not the clearer testimony of his own compositions. In this study, also, he was distinguished by the judgment with which he weighed the conflicting testimony of ancient writers, forming his opinion according to the authority of the historian, and the probability of his narrative. Nor was he content with the testimony of books alone ; the ancient monuments, which have proved so useful to modern historians, were at an early period studied by him as sources of historical evidence, and the first collection of medals, of which we find mention in literary history, was that which he presented to the Emperor Charles II.*

We dwell with pleasure upon this portion of Petrarch's history, for it is the clearest record of his bold and energetic

* Tirab. V. 104.

mind, qualities willingly conceded to him, it is true, by all who have studied the literary history of his age, but which hundreds who can repeat the story of Laura, would never think of attributing to her lover.

We possess a curious proof of the poetical enthusiasm which Petrarch carried into the driest part of his researches, in the letters which he addressed to Cicero, and Homer, and others of the old classics. The feeling itself, the desire to hold some direct communication, some interchange of thought, with those from whom we learn to think and to express our thoughts, has undoubtedly been shared by every enthusiastic scholar. But, there are few, we believe, who have thus overleaped in imagination the bounds of time, and attempted to form, in the silence of their own studies, a communion with the dead. The number of these letters is small; the edition before us contains only five, two to Cicero, one to Seneca, one to Livy, and one to Varro; but there are others in manuscript in the European libraries, and some have been already published by the Abbé de Sade.

We are not aware that any proof of Petrarch's progress in Greek literature, is to be found in the influence of this study upon his own writings. But we find the clearest evidence of the ardor with which he engaged in it, in various parts of his works,* and especially in some letters in which he laments the loss of his instructor Barlaamo, by which he was left upon the very threshold of the study.†

It would, however, be unjust to confine within these narrow bounds of research, the course and the fruits of Petrarch's

* Opere, p. 346.

† Var. Epist. 20.

classical studies. The pure and harmonious diction of his Italian poems, of which the language of his age contained no model, must be in part attributed to his constant study of the most correct and harmonious of the Latin poets. While an extensive correspondence bears witness to the social qualities of his heart, a long series of laborious Latin compositions amply testifies to the unwearied vigor of his mind. But authors are generally judged by those productions which possess a permanent interest, without regard to the views or opinions of their contemporaries. And thus many works of Petrarch, which display in the clearest light his profound research, his union of the study of man with the study of books, and the rich moral qualities which adorned his heart, are wholly lost to the greater part of modern readers.

A full examination of these works would carry us too far for an essay. We shall therefore conclude with a brief sketch of them in the order in which they are arranged in the edition of Basle. The first that we meet is the *Epistle to Posterity*; a short and, we believe, one of the earliest specimens of autobiography. The simple and modest style of a part of these pages, would remind the reader of the beautiful sketch by Hume, but there is an occasional elevation of tone and conscious dignity of reflection, which could be better compared with the more pretending memoir of Gibbon.

De remediis utriusque fortunæ.

A moral treatise in two books, in which many questions that relate to human happiness are discussed in a series of dialogues.

De vita solitaria. Libri duo.

In this work Petrarch indulges in very free remarks upon the vices of the great; and on this account, during his life, he communicated it to only two of his most intimate friends.

De otio Religiosorum. Libri duo.

De vera Sapientia. Dialogi duo.

De contemptu Mundi. Dial. 3.

These three dialogues pass between Petrarch and St. Augustine. They throw great light upon many of his opinions as well as upon some points of his history.

In speaking collectively of these moral Treatises, Tiraboschi observes, that although they contain many ascetic reflections, and particularly the *De cont. Mund.* which seems to be an imitation of the sincere and humble confessions of St. Augustine, yet they bear strong marks not only of a diligent study of the works of the old philosophers, but of the richer volume of human nature. And it may be added, that the reader will find in these many of the ideas and opinions which dignify the pages of more modern productions.

Psalmi poenitentiales. 7.

De Republica optime administranda.

De officio et virtutibus imperatoris.

Rerum Memorandarum. Lib. 4.

In this work he follows the manner of Valerius Maximus, selecting a quality or habit and illustrating it by examples from ancient and modern history. In the first chapter of the first book, he describes the manner in which many distinguished men passed their leisure hours. In the second he treats of study and learning. In the first chapter of the se-

cond book, he has collected many remarkable instances of great memory — in the second of genius, and thus he continues throughout the work. Many of these illustrations are interesting, and they are occasionally interspersed with a valuable remark or beautiful idea.

Vitarum Virorum illustrium Epitome.

This consists of sketches and traits of character rather than exact narrations. It was left incomplete by Petrarch, and a large portion was added after his death by Lobardus Srichius.

The remaining pages of the first volume contain several orations and small treatises, which it is unnecessary to enumerate here. We must however be allowed one exception in favor of the *Itinerarium Syriacum*,* in which the course of the Pilgrim to Jerusalem is traced through the most remarkable cities and scenes of southern Europe and of Asia. The catalogue of cities and coasts and islands is accompanied with an occasional sketch from history or mention of the remarkable objects which each contains, and the whole is interspersed with beautiful descriptions of scenery and situations. The style is at times elevated and powerful. The following is a

* Petrarch thus speaks of the origin of this work in the opening paragraph. *Poscis ergo, vir optime, quoniam me non potes, comites habere literulas, in quibus, quae oculis ipse tuis mox videbis, ex me, qui ea certe nec dum vidi omnia, nec unquam forte visurus sim, audire expetis, mirum dictu, nisi quia passim multa quae non vidimus, ignoramus.* — Op. p. 557.

The name of this friend has, (as in all cases where there is any room for dispute,) given rise to some controversy. Tiraboschi upon the authority of a manuscript edition preserved in the Estensian Library, supposes that it was addressed to Giovanni de Mandello, a magistrate of Piacenza. — Tirab. V. 112.

part of the description of Genoa. After remarking that his friend has never seen that city, he says :

Videbis ergo, imperiosam urbem, lapidosi collis in latere,
virisque et moenibus superbam, quam dominam maris illius
aspectus ipse pronunciat.

* * * * *

You will see, therefore, upon the side of a rocky hill, the lordly city, proud of her inhabitants and her walls, and bearing in her very aspect—mistress of the seas.

Speaking of the sail along the coast—*Hinc digressus ad laevam totum illum diem, ne oculos a terra dimoveas caveto, multa enim illis occurrent, quæ multo facilius tibi sit mirari, quam cuiquam hominum stylo, amplecti. Valles amœnissimas, interlabentes rivulos,* colles, asperitate gratissima et mira fertilitate conspicuos, et auratas domos quocunque te verteris videbis sparsas in littore, et mirabis urbem talem decori suorum rurium delitiisque succumbere.*

Starting from thence and coasting all day along the left, you should not lose sight even for an instant of the land before you. It will be far easier for you to follow with your eyes the rich variety of scenery, than for me to describe it. You will see on every side pleasant valleys, with rivulets flowing between, hills conspicuous by their pleasing wildness and wonderful fertility, gilded mansions scattered along the shore, and you will be surprised that the magnificence of such a city should be surpassed by the charms of the surrounding country.

*Did Pope have this in mind when he wrote 'The wandering streams that shine between the hills?'

The second volume contains his correspondence.

Epistolarum de rebus familiaribus. Lib. 8.

Epistolarum ad viros quosdam ex veteribus illustriores.

Epistolarum sine titulo.

Epistolarum de rebus senilibus. Lib. 16.

Epistolarum variarum.

All readers, we presume, will readily class these among the most interesting of Petrarch's Latin works. For they not only contain the unlabored picture of the writer's heart, which is necessarily formed in the course of a free correspondence, but occasional traits of contemporaneous character, and lively and animated descriptions of the men and manners of his own age, which secure our confidence the more readily, as they were not prepared for posterity alone, but for the eye of those whose own experience and observation could best decide concerning their truth.

De suispius et multorum ignorantia.

The cause of this tract was the zeal for the doctrines of the Arabian philosopher Averroé, whose disciples had ventured to attack the principles of the Christian religion. Nothing could be more shocking to the piety of Petrarch, and he could scarcely restrain his indignation while listening to the weak assertions and ridiculous arguments of the philosophers. Tiraboschi calls it a severe criticism upon his own age, (the 18th century,) and indeed the comparison between the Infidels of the fourteenth century and those of the eighteenth would but show how willingly and easily the men of all ages are deceived by the pretensions of their fellow men.

Apologia authoris contra calumnias Galli.

In medicum quendam invectivarum. Lib. 3.

When we consider the science of his age, we shall look upon this last, as a proof of sound judgment and strength of mind, which deserves to be classed with his contempt for Judicial Astrology.

The Latin poems of Petrarch consist of twelve Eclogues, the Epic of Africa in nine books, and three books of Epistles.

We fear, however, that we may have already gone too far for the general reader. The life and writings of Petrarch would be a fitter subject for a full volume, than for a limited essay. We have but touched upon the most prominent features of his life and character — the reader who would study them to advantage, must seek them in his own works — the Latin as well as the Italian. *

* In 1722 there had been 134 editions of the Canzoniere. V. Quadrio, V. 11, p. 182.

The commentators of Petrarch began their labors, according to Crescimbeni, at nearly the same time in which they began to illustrate Dante. One would hardly suppose that such productions as the sonnets and odes of the Canzoniere, would admit of such dispute and conjecture or require such explanations as they have received. A list of these formidable foes to true poetry may be found in Crescimbeni. Stor. della Volg. poes. 11. 2940. One would suppose that the various readings might all be compelled to submit to the authority of the manuscript which is still preserved in Petrarch's own hand. But it is no easy task to set bounds to the rage of correcting.

Besides the comments upon the whole Canzoniere, several pieces have been selected as the subjects of particular study. One sonnet alone was subjected to the scrutiny of ten different lectures. It will be remembered that the sonnet consists of fourteen lines. Besides being commented Petrarch has been several times burlesqued — and in 1536 a Venetian editor ventured to publish a *Petrarca spiritualizzato* — Petrarch spiritualized. Cresc. Vol. 11, p. 302.

MACHIAVELLI.*

Quel grande
Che temprando lo scettro a' regnatori,
Gli allor ne sfronda, ed alle genti svela
Di che lagrime grondi e di che sangue.

I Sepolcri.

NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI was born at Florence, on the fifth of May, fourteen hundred and sixty-nine, of an ancient and noble family.† His father, Bernardo Machiavelli, traced back his ancestry to the middle of the ninth century, where it became mingled with the race of the ancient Marquesses of Tuscany. His mother was descended from the Counts of Borgo Nuovo of Fucecchio, whose name may be found in the annals of Tuscany, as early as the tenth century. The honor

* 1. Opere di Niccolò Machiavelli, Cittadino e Segretario Fiorentino. X. Vol. Italia. 1826.

2. Machiavel, son génie et ses Erreurs, II. Tom. Par A. F. Artaud. Paris. 1833.

† The greater part of Machiavelli's history is contained in his familiar letters and official despatches. The most voluminous of his biographers, M. Artaud, has been contented with translating or condensing them. But they still open a rich field, which, with the additions and illustrations that careful research might derive from other sources, would yield an enviable harvest to the diligent historian.

of both families had been supported by a long line of republican dignitaries, and a right to some employment in the service of the state, had become almost hereditary in them. It is probable that the attention of Niccolò, was early directed to a similar line of duty, and that his habits and tastes were carefully formed for public life. But the meagre and indistinct records, that have been preserved of his youth, throw but a feeble light upon this portion of his history; and all that can be gathered from his own writings, consists of a few brief allusions to his dependence and poverty. *

The disadvantages of this situation must have been compensated, in part, by the peculiar prosperity that was enjoyed at Florence, during the most important portion of this period. He was born in the last year of the mild administration of Piero de' Medici, and the various tumults and struggles, occasioned by the party, that sought to prevent the succession of Giuliano and Lorenzo, had terminated in the unsuccessful conspiracy of the "Pazzi," before he had completed his tenth year. The remainder of his youth was passed under the popular government of Lorenzo the Magnificent, one of those rare and brilliant epochs, in which the genius of the prince encourages the development of mind, while his power is still too feeble to allow him to restrict its freedom. Thus all the influence which can be attributed to a general and elevated taste for literature, when combined with the highest degree of mental activity, may be justly supposed to have acted upon the early character of Machiavelli, and to have concurred,

* *Nacqui povero, ed imparai primo a stentare che a godere.* Lett. al Vettori. Opere, Vol. X. p. 99.

with his natural disposition, in forming those prompt and energetic habits of thought, by which he was so much distinguished during the whole of his career. At the same time, the brilliant festivals and splendid games, with which Lorenzo endeavored to divert the active minds of his fellow-citizens, from too closely observing the course and tendencies of his government, cherished in Machiavelli the fondness for gayer amusements, which served, in his graver years, as a relaxation from public duty, and, during the cloudy decline of life, consoled and cheered the weary moments of languid inaction.

But the first years of his manhood were hardly passed, when the death of Lorenzo de'Medici, at the most critical moment of his country's fortunes, again exposed Florence as a prey to internal jealousies, and an aim for foreign ambition. The nobler qualities of Lorenzo were soon forgotten under the puerile administration of his son, and even the wisdom and judgment which had given solidity to his own power, contributed, by contrast, to diminish the authority of his imprudent successor. The rapid invasion of Charles VIII., with the long continued woes, that it drew down, not only upon the devoted object of his ambition, but upon the whole of Italy; and the promptitude with which the Florentines seized this occasion of throwing off their wearisome yoke; the timid and vacillating conduct of Piero de'Medici, and his cowardly abandonment of the interest and dignity of his country, are facts with which every reader of Italian history is familiar. If our readers, therefore, will carry back their minds to the state of Florence, at this period, both in its internal and its

external relations, they will readily perceive that Machiavelli could not have commenced his political career, at a moment that imposed more arduous duties, or required a greater share of energy and skill. *

His first essay in political life, was made under the direction of Marcello di Virgillio, about the year 1494: but the commencement of his active career must be carried forward nearly five years, to the 19th of June, 1498. This is the date of his first public employment, and some idea may be formed, either of his popularity or of his promise, from the circumstance of his having been chosen from among four competitors, to the office of Chancellor of the second Chancery of the Signoria. During the course of the following month, he received from the "Ten of Liberty and Peace," the appointment which has preserved for him, with posterity, the title of "Secretary of the Florentine Republic."

He seems to have considered this office as a school of practical politics. The intimate relations that subsisted between Florence and the principal powers of Europe, required in its government a greater degree of activity than we should be prepared to expect from so small a state, and gave rise also to many delicate questions that called for the greatest prudence and sagacity in all those to whom the arrangement of them was entrusted. Machiavelli was employed on many of these

* A satisfactory account of Florence from this period until the death of Machiavelli, may be found in Pignotti, *Storia della Toscana*, Lib. V., or in Guicciardini, though with more detail of the general history of Italy. Of the Florentine historians of this period, Nardi is the most esteemed.

occasions,* and the rapid development of his political genius may be easily traced in his extensive correspondence with the

*He was employed in twenty-three foreign embassies, among which were four to the court of France, and two to the Emperor. In addition to these duties, he was charged, on various occasions, with private missions, within the state, and others of still greater importance to the armies of the republic.

No part of Machiavelli's political career has given rise to so much misrepresentation, as his embassy to the Duke Valentino, on the occasion of his rupture with Vitellozzo, Oliverotto and the Orsini. The reader who confines his examination of this period to the narrations of Roscoe and some other modern historians, will be led to concur in the darkest views of the character of Machiavelli. An attentive perusal of the original documents, will lead to a very different conclusion. The perilous situation of the Florentine republic exerted, at this moment, a peculiar influence upon her policy; and the friendship of Borgia and of Alexander, instead of forming a question of general interest or of probable advantage, was one of those points which easily decide the destruction or preservation of a state. It was under such circumstances that Machiavelli was despatched to the court of Borgia. The history of his embassy is fully detailed in his official correspondence; but the master-piece of treachery, by which Borgia secured his vengeance upon greater villains than himself, is related in a separate letter, which, originally either formed a part of the despatches, or was prepared, like the other historical fragments, to be interwoven in the continuation of the *Florentine Histories*. That Machiavelli, far from assisting to devise the treachery of Borgia, had no knowledge of his intentions with regard to Vitellozzo and his associates, is evident from the whole course of his letters. It appears from these, that the Duke never confided his plans even to his favorite counsellors: that his probable conduct was, on this occasion, a subject of general conjecture: Machiavelli gives his own, and inclines to suspect the seeming reconciliation of Borgia and his enemies. It appears also that Borgia, instead of seeking the advice of Machiavelli, never admitted him to an audience except when new despatches from Florence rendered it impossible to refuse, and the conversation at these interviews is fully related. V. the Leg. al Duca Valent, particularly from the letter of the 23d of October, to the end of the Legation.

They who blame him for not having returned immediately upon the discovery of Borgia's crime, apart from the new principle which they

heads of his government. The numerous letters of which it is composed, may be justly classed among the most instructive portions of his writings. Embracing an extensive range of topics, and prepared in various and widely different situations, they are marked with all the peculiarities which distinguish the character of the author. His political judgment seems gradually to extend from simple and faithful description, to skilful details and sagacious conjectures. As he advances in the practice of his duties, his descriptions acquire greater force, and we meet, from time to time, brief and powerful generalizations, that discover the increasing vigor and range of his thought. Circumstances, events, characters, assume a new life under his pen, and the scenes and interests of the age, with all the doubts and hopes and anxious conjectures, which agitated hearts that have long been cold, seem to return like the cares and feelings of the present hour. It was in the exercise of these, more, perhaps, than in that of any of his other duties, that he acquired the art of selecting from the mass of mingled events, the particular facts that give form and feature to history.

establish for ambassadors, fall into two errors: they forget that he had repeatedly solicited a recall, and been ordered to remain, — V. pp. 189, 192, 231, of *Leg. al D. Val. Opp.* Vol. VIII.; secondly, that the state of the roads and country rendered all passing difficult and dangerous, — some of his own despatches were lost, — pp. 274, 286. There was no possibility of his escaping to Florence. For general accounts, v. Guiccard. Vol. III. p. 78, ed. of Pisa, 1819. The note at the bottom should be compared with Roscoe, *Leo X.*, V. I. pp. 446, 454. Roscoe had evidently never read Machiavelli's letters. Whatever he says of him must be taken with great deductions for his glaring prejudice.

Ginguené's observations should be compared with his own embassy at Turin. — V. *Botta Storia d'Italia*, dal 1789, Lib. XV.

The confidence and favor, with which Machiavelli was viewed by his government, are evident from the free recourse that was had to his services upon all important occasions. Scarcely was he returned from one embassy, when he was directed to prepare for another, and the most delicate negotiations with foreign powers were followed by difficult and confidential commissions within the territories of the republic. During the whole course of his public life, his duties required a constant state of activity and preparation, that would have exhausted the energies of any common mind. It was only while within the walls of Florence, that his situation seems to have been ill adapted to his character. But even there he found a compensation, and the familiar knowledge that he acquired of the nature and relations of the government, and of its adaptation to the character of the people, prepared his mind for the clear and vigorous views of the Florentine histories. Society, also, had many charms for his hours of occasional leisure, and poetry, "filled up each languid pause with the finer joys" of a rich and classic imagination.

In this succession of active duties, fourteen years of his life passed rapidly away; and although he never advanced so far as to acquire any direct share in the conduct of the public councils, his sagacity and judgment were constantly employed in all important emergencies and difficult negotiations. But at length, a new storm began to gather above the devoted walls of Florence, and the timid and vacillating policy of a single chief,* again drew down upon his country

* Piero Soderini, who had been made Gonfaloniere for life.

and himself the ruin that firmness and energy might have easily averted. The government, by which Machiavelli had been employed, was overthrown by the arms of Spain, and the family of the Medici, like the Bourbons of our own days, returned to their native walls, under the protection of a foreign ally.

No sooner was the new government firmly-established, than it commenced the usual train of persecutions against the partisans of the old. Three decrees were passed against Machiavelli, within the course of ten days. By the first two he was deprived of office, and condemned to a year's banishment from the city, though he was required to reside within a specified district of the Florentine territories: but the third, as if proceeding upon maturer deliberation, or procured under the influence of more friendly feelings, exchanged the sentence of banishment to a simple prohibition from entering the "Public Palace." Fear and suspicion followed the secretary into his retirement, and his faithful adherence to the republic was considered as a proof of hatred against her new rulers. Notwithstanding his thorough knowledge of the character of his enemies, he knew not how to adapt himself to his change of situation. He had studied public events too long, to withdraw his eyes, at once, from this favorite subject of contemplation, and he continued his observations with the same boldness and freedom, that he had indulged during his own official career.*

* Even after his imprisonment, he writes thus to his friend, Francesco Vettori: *Pure se io vi potessi parlare, non potrei fare che io non vi empiessi il capo di castellucci, perchè la fortuna ha fatto che non sapendo ragionare nè dell'arte della seta, nè dell'arte della lana, nè de' guadagni, nè delle perdite, e' mi conviene ragionare dello stato, e mi bisogna bormi di star cheto, o ragionar di questo.* — Opp. Vol. X, p. 102.

The jealous apprehensions, which a more guarded line of conduct might have easily allayed, were strengthened by this ill-timed boldness ; and when, in the course of the following year, an extensive conspiracy was accidentally discovered, he was immediately arrested as a fitting object of suspicion. The torture was, at that period, indiscriminately employed in all cases of arrest, and the condemnation, that a free and open course of justice would have failed to procure, was often wrung from the agonized confessions of an innocent victim. Six* shocks of the cord were inflicted upon Machiavelli, with fruitless cruelty, and not a word escaped him in the bitterness of his agony, that could be wrested into a confession of guilt, or serve as an accusation against others. Unable to convict him, they could still torment ; and, buried in the depths of a loathsome dungeon, his lacerated body closely bound with chains, and his mind distracted by the cries of misery and degradation, that reached him from every side, he was left to the slow torture of solitude and suspense. Here, also, his fortitude remained unshaken, and his noble power of patient endurance baffled the snares of his adversaries, and wearied their malignity. Even the sonnets, which he addressed to Giuliano de' Medici, for the avowed purpose of exciting his interest, breathe an elevated and independent tone, and contain a degree of humorous expostulation and description, which could not have proceeded from a mind broken or humbled by misfortune. The friends, whose affection he had gained, during the days of his prosperity, gave, in these moments of trial, the surest testimony to his worth and their own sincerity ; and several

* Con sei tratti di fune in sulle spalle, etc. Sonn. a Giuliano de' Medici.

lucky circumstances combining to favor their exertions, he was restored to freedom, after a short but rigorous confinement.*

It was not, however, to return to his favorite occupations, that Machiavelli issued from his dungeon. A long course of bitter trial still awaited him; poverty, with its anxious schemes and depressing cares, the excitements of hope, the bitterness of repeated disappointment, and more than all, the restless movements of a mind that nature had formed for active exertion, and long habit had rendered incapable of repose. But the resources that his fortune denied, were, in part, supplied by his own efforts. Anxious to open a way of return to public life, on which he depended not only for enjoyment, but for the means of support, he composed and presented to Lo-

* It will not be uninteresting to observe the manner in which Machiavelli speaks of these events, for it shows, both how he prized his Roman fortitude, and that the simplicity with which he relates the remarkable events of history, was a part of his character.

To F. Vettori, he writes: Io sono uscito di prigione con letizia universale di questa città. Nè vi replicherò la lunga istoria di questa mia disgrazia; ma vi dirò solo che la sorte ha fatto ognicosa per farmi questa ingiuria, pure per grazia di Dio ella è passata. Spero non c'incorrere più, sì perchè sarò più cauto, sì perchè i tempi saranno più liberali e non tante sospettosi. — Opp. Vol. X, p. 97. In another letter: E quanto al volgere il viso alla fortuna, voglio che abbiate di questi miei affari questo piacere che gli ho portati tanto francamente che io stesso mene voglio bene e parmi essere da più che non credetti. — p. 99. To a friend who complained of his long silence: A che ti risponde, che io ho avuto dopo la tua partita tante brighe che non è maraviglia che io non ti abbia scritto anzi è piuttosto miracolo che io sia vivo, perchè mi è suto tolto l'ufizio e sono stato per perdere la vita, la quale, Idio e l'innocenza mia mi ha salvata; tutti gli altri mali e di prigione ed'altro ho sopportato, pure io sto con la grazia di Dio bene e mi vengo vivendo come io posso, etc. — p. 121, ubi sup.

renzo de' Medici, the "Treatise of the Prince," in which he had endeavored to embody the results of his observations upon the governments of his own times, and of his study of the political doctrines of the ancients.* The object for which he had written failed, but a nobler end was obtained. He had entered upon the train of thought which was to lead him to the discovery of so many important truths, and his active mind could not rest on the threshold of the temple that it had opened. Step by step he was led on to a more attentive examination of his principles, new truths were discovered, some erroneous views were brought out in their true light by wider application and more exact comparison, and the undertaking which had originated in a strong desire for public life, became the chief source of his enjoyments, and was continued with regular and progressive improvement until the last moment of his existence.

These studies, however, were not sufficient to furnish constant occupation for a spirit like his, and the intervals of severe labor were partly filled up with the composition of his comedies, his translations, and various lighter pieces, both in prose and in verse. But much time still remained, which, for a mind that sought relief in a variation of duties, rather than in actual repose, was a wearisome blank in existence. In such moments his spirit seemed to break, and his fortitude to forsake him, and it is impossible to read his expressions of pas-

* This long disputed fact is placed beyond all doubt by a letter to F. Vettori, which was unknown to the early editors.—V. Op. V. X, p. 149. It is also published in Pignotti, *Stor. della Tosc.* V. Vol. p. 269. In all but the latest editions of Machiavelli, it is wanting.

sionate discontent,* — complaints that had never been suffered to escape him in prison and in torture, — without feeling how much easier it is to face the bitterest persecutions, than to support the long trial of ingratitude and neglect.

At length, the gradual progress of his literary reputation began to prepare the way for a return to public life. His correspondence with Vettori, the Florentine ambassador at Rome, had been communicated to Leo X., and that Pontiff, a liberal if not a judicious patron of learning, had, from time to time, encouraged the solitary labors of Machiavelli, by various marks of his favor. He caused him to be consulted upon many important questions, and drew from him, through the medium of Vettori, many admirable views concerning the most interesting events of the period. At last, throwing aside the veil under which he had covered his communications with Machiavelli, the Pope invited him to prepare a plan for the government of Florence. This was shortly followed by a mission,† of but little moment in itself, but of great importance to him, as the earnest of his recall to his favorite occupations. But another blow seemed to await him at the first revival of his hopes, and before any fixed establishment had assured him of the permanence of his restoration to public life, Leo X. was suddenly cut off in the prime of his career. Thus deprived of a protector, who although slow to grant him confidence, had been ready to acknowledge his

* See, for example, pp. 171, 196, Vol. X.

† His correspondence with Guicciardini, during this mission, presents a very amusing picture of these grave historians. V. M. Op. Vol. X, pp. 199, to 207, inclusive.

merit, Machiavelli remained for a short time in the greatest uncertainty. Another mission, however, of a more important nature, was soon confided to him by one of the principal corporations of the city, and while engaged at Venice in the negotiations for its fulfilment, he received the welcome tidings that his name had been once more inserted among those of the citizens that were held eligible to office.

The successor of Leo did not long continue to enjoy his dignity; and upon his death, the Cardinal de'Medici was elevated to the papal chair, with the title of Clement VII. In him Machiavelli found a firm and constant protector, and the most important portion of his political career now opened before him. The experience of his early life had been matured by a long course of study, and he returned to the field of his youthful exploits, with a skill perfected by assiduous labor, and an influence strengthened and extended by the splendor of his literary reputation.* It is not without regret, that we pass over the details of this period; for the profound judgment, the quick perception, the thorough knowledge of human nature, which distinguish the character of Machiavelli, appear in his later negotiations united with an unvarying boldness of purpose and energy of mind, which show how well he was formed by nature to govern the mighty movements, which fortune had condemned him simply to contemplate and record. Melancholy, however, was the scene on which he was employed: war and unbridled barbarity without, the horrors of a destructive pestilence, with terror and contention within. But

* — Che vedi quanto onore fa a me un poco di virtù che io ho. Lett. al figlio. Op. Vol. X, p. 257.

the fulness of these calamities was hidden from his view, and before the half of his dark anticipations had been realized, he sunk a prey to the united efforts of disease, exhaustion, and grief, on the 22d of June, 1527.

None of the political writings of Machiavelli were printed during his life;* but the copies which had been prepared for the use of his friends, or of the patrons to whom particular portions were dedicated, had been freely circulated in manuscript both in Florence and in Rome. Within a few years, however, after his death, all his larger works were printed, and obtaining extensive circulation, soon gave rise to that violent controversy which has been continued, with very little increase of judgment, or diminution of virulence, during the course of three centuries.† The first to commence this warfare against the supposed doctrines of Machiavelli, was the celebrated Cardinal Pole, who, in his conversation and in his writings, assailed with great vehemence the principles of the "Prince." This attack was followed, in a few years, by a violent dissertation of the Bishop Caterino Politi. A French protestant, Innocent Gentiletto, next entered the lists, and undertook, in an extensive latin treatise, to refute the obnoxious doctrines one by one. The warfare, thus commenced, was continued with a virulence of which it is difficult to find the parallel; and men of every class and of opposite principles, princes and their subjects, statesmen and theologians, the

* The *Arte della Guerra* was printed by the Ginnti 16 Aug. 1521.

† A very able sketch of this controversy, may be found in the learned preface to the edition of Machiavelli, to which we have referred above. A full and satisfactory history is given in the second volume of Artaud. p. 287, and seq.

blindest partisans of absolute power and the most enthusiastic champions of freedom of opinion, have united in the reproach, and confirmed the condemnation.

Amid the violence of controversy there is little room for the calmer decisions of judgment. The contest for truth can hardly be carried on without awakening the pride of human reason; and no sooner does this feeling become excited on either side, than the antagonists, like foes, at the decisive moment of battle, lose every other sentiment in the eager desire of success. Thus, in the Machiavellian controversy, what was first advanced as a sincere opinion, was at last maintained as a point of character. Each successive writer readily adopted the assertions of his party, and enlarged them with comments and deductions of his own. Detached sentences, idle rumors, the vile inventions of party spirit, usurped the place of historical documents, until the mass of falsehood and calumny became accumulated to a degree that almost baffled the honest exertions of patient research.

It was impossible, however, that some should not be found among the higher intellects of every age, who were able to understand and appreciate the genius of Machiavelli. By some, many of his views have been silently adopted, without any acknowledgment of the source from which they were drawn; others have been contented with a passing comment, while a few have boldly advanced into the arena, and warmly engaged in the defence both of his writings and of his character. But unfortunately for the success of these last, they seem to have thought it necessary for his vindication, that some mystic reason should be assigned for the composition of the Prince,

and have thus been led to form contradictory and improbable theories, which they have supported with all the force of argument and the zeal of controversy. Some have discovered in the Prince a bold and faithful picture of a tyrant, prepared, not to guide the steps of a monarch, but to enlighten the minds of his subjects.* To others it has seemed a cunning and deep laid snare, coolly formed for the destruction of the Medici. While a few, struck with the evident discordance between some parts of the Prince and the other works of Machiavelli, and exaggerating the satirical cast of particular portions of his writings, have supposed him to have been a disappointed spirit, whose pictures of life were shaded with the darkness of his own misanthropy.

All these opinions seem equally extravagant, and have little foundation either in the character of Machiavelli, or in the common principles of human nature. A picture prepared for the people, would hardly have been consigned to the custody of a single individual, and least of all, to that of him who would have the most to apprehend from its publicity. A long life devoted to some single and distant object, with views extending into futurity,—toils and snares, prepared to act at some far off and uncertain period,—these may be far more easily found in the dreams of romance than in the sober annals of actual history. The last theory,—the supposition that his works contain a satirical picture of life,—although grounded

* Rousseau, — Cont. Soc. Oeuv. Tom. V. p. 204. D'Alembert seems to have thought the same form of apology necessary, in order to explain some parts of the Spirit of Laws, Vol. Anal. de l'Esp. des Loix pour servir de suite à l'éloge de Mons. de Montesq. Oeuv. Tom. I. p. 104.

by its advocates upon his character and the cast of some of his writings, is fully refuted by the general features of both. Rarely, indeed, will it be found, that subtle theories can be applied to the motives of human action.

But, at last, the moment arrived which was to furnish a surer guide to his real views, and the defence was to proceed from the best interpreter of the feelings and motives of every man,—his own correspondence. The diligence and zeal which have always characterized the scholars of Italy, had never been directed to an examination of the manuscripts of Machiavelli, and, as if the ingratitude that embittered his life had not sufficed, the only pieces which could afford a full refutation of the calumnies of his enemies, were suffered to moulder in neglect, while dusty codices, and even whole libraries, were searched to discover a new reading, or establish a disputed passage in the *Decameron*. The first of his inedited essays that was brought to light, was a small dialogue upon the Italian language, which was published by Giovanni Bottari, in 1780. After an interval of thirty years, the discourse addressed to Leo X. upon the government of Florence, with several letters of great interest and importance, were discovered in the Gaddian library, and published in the city of Lucca. Other discoveries soon followed, and shortly after the publications at Lucca, his official despatches to the Florentine government were recovered, and his important services as a faithful and confidential ambassador of the Republic, were, for the first time, established upon full and incontrovertible documents. These writings, so important to the character of their author, and so interesting in a country where literary curiosity is

carried to an extent that can hardly be conceived in America, excited the attention of the Florentine literati to the highest degree, and gave rise to a careful preparation of a new edition of his works. This was partly accomplished in 1782; but new discoveries in the following years led to a more exact collection by the same editors, and it was not until the beginning of the present century, that the presses of Italy began to multiply fuller and more correct editions of the works of the greatest of their philosophers. *

Nothing could be more striking than the aspect in which Machiavelli now appears; the dark coloring with which calumny had surrounded him, has passed away; he comes before us as the dignified and faithful ambassador of his country, the innocent and unbending victim of arbitrary power, the versatile genius, who, by the energies of his own mind, reopened the path, which an unrelenting destiny had closed before him. We seem to have met with some familiar friend, who brings us into the privacy of his domestic life, and while he amuses our curiosity with characteristic anecdotes, discovers

* This work, however, is still incomplete. A large number of manuscripts, composed of familiar and public letters, were treacherously sold to an English nobleman and are still preserved in England. Niccolini, who had seen some of them, previous to their removal from Florence, has assured me that there are pieces among them which place the domestic character of Machiavelli in a new and highly interesting light.

Other manuscripts together with the letters addressed to Machiavelli by the Florentine government, are preserved in the Palatine library of Florence. A complete edition of them had been projected by Molini and Montani — the death of the latter and retirement of the former from his post of librarian to the Grand Duke, prevented the accomplishment of this important undertaking.

at every step the excellence of his heart and the fervor of his affections.

But one of the most important consequences which results from these discoveries, is the view which they give of the writings of Machiavelli, as a series of connected studies, and of principles progressively formed, illustrated and corrected. * Conjecture and theory concerning the motives which guided him are thus rendered comparatively useless, and the question becomes reduced to a simple examination of the principles which he professed in the maturity of his judgment. No man can be condemned for errors, which he is the first to reject, or accused of teaching doctrines, which are at variance with the whole tenor of his writings. It would be easy to prove by detached passages that Gibbon was a Christian and Hume a Liberal, and yet we should hardly trust the 'Decline and Fall' to a mind whose convictions were not strong enough to find within itself an antidote for the sophistry of the great historian, or recommend the 'History of England' to a reader who was wavering between progress and conservatism. The development of the individual, like that of the mass, is progressive, and it is not the adoption of error but the adherence to it that calls for condemnation. The 'Prince' was Machiavelli's first work — the earliest and most imperfect result of his inquiries into the science of government. It contains important truths, but it also contains dangerous errors. The former have been developed, the latter, in a great measure, corrected in his later works. With what justice then, can we

* Artaud was the first to perceive this connection.

take this alone for the true standard of his doctrines? * The Prince, then, must resume its place as the earliest and most imperfect result of his studies, while the Discourses and Florentine Histories, in which he has retracted the greater part of what was false in the Prince, become the true standards of his character and of his principles.

A full justification, therefore, of the character of Machiavelli would require an extensive examination and accurate analysis of all his writings. The limits, however, of the present article will only admit of an imperfect sketch of his three principal works.

The first in order of time, is the treatise, which commentators and editors have distinguished by the improper title of the Prince, but which was indiscriminately called by its author, *A Treatise of monarchical governments, — of Princes, or simply of the Prince.* † His object in this treatise, was to describe the nature and resources of some of the common forms of absolute monarchy, in the same manner in which he afterwards described in the Discourses the character of republican governments. The commencement of the work shows with sufficient precision, the point of view under which he proposed to consider his subject.

He divides monarchies into different classes, according to the nature of their origin. Some are hereditary, — others the

* Stewart in his 'Progress of Ethical and Political Philosophy' speaks of this as the latest and maturest of Machiavelli's writings.

† Disputes concerning titles are seldom worthy of much attention, — but the editors seem, in this instance, to have adopted the title which favored most the idea so strongly supported by some, that this work was designed as a model for tyrants. Vide Artaud.

fruit of conquest. Here, also, we find a new division, for the conquered territory may be an addition to an original patrimony, or it may be the first step of an ambitious leader towards absolute power. In either case, the conquest is the effect either of arms, of fortune, or of individual talent, according as the people over whom it is made have been accustomed to a free or to a monarchical government.

From these original distinctions arise peculiar relations between the prince and the subject, which, in turn, require from the prince peculiar modes of government, varying in difficulty according to the origin of his power.

Having thus explained the ground of his classification, he enters into a full examination of the distinctions that he has made; he explains the nature and degree of the difficulties against which princes have to contend, in each situation; he shows how they may be avoided, or in what manner they may best be overcome, and illustrates his observations by clear and animated sketches, from ancient and modern history.

He next examines with equal fulness of detail, the modes of offence and defence, which are common to these different forms of government. He, here, first assumes as an undeniable truth, that good laws and good arms are the principal foundations of every state, and then proceeding to explain the nature of the different kinds of troops, he describes in powerful language the destruction that inevitably follows all reliance upon mercenary or auxiliary power. Few men of the present day will deny the justness of his conclusions, or refuse their admiration to the warmth with which he traces the destructive progress of the power of the *condottieri*, and the abandonment

of a citizen soldiery ; but every reader familiar with the military history of Italy, will perceive that in these chapters, Machiavelli was contending against one of the strongest prejudices of his age.

The remainder of the work, with the exception of a few pages, is devoted to an examination of some of the personal qualities of a prince. True morality will unhesitatingly condemn two of the principles that he admits, — dissimulation and a disregard of faith, when its observance is opposed to the true interests of the state ; but the practice of every government, not only in ancient but in modern times, and even in our own golden period of moral profession, presents a striking commentary upon the text of Machiavelli. Most of the other principles of these chapters are above all reproach. A prince should be economical, for economy not only contributes to his means of success, but preserves him from the necessity of becoming the oppressor of his subjects. He should be severely just, for although rigid justice is often mistaken for cruelty, it is still the surest path to mercy. If compelled to choose between the fear and the love of his subjects, he should guard against their hatred, by a cautious observance of their rights, and by never departing from the laws of the strictest justice ; but, in all cases, he should constantly remember, that the love of the people is the only protection of the ruler. He should preserve respect for religion, should cultivate boldness and decision of character, — should studiously avoid the corruptions of flattery, and labor to secure the free advice of wise and experienced counsellors. Enterprise and industry should be encouraged ; the development of genius should be promoted

by a wise distribution of rewards and privileges ; and, finally, by the institution of public festivals and games, the ruler should endeavor to diffuse throughout his dominions, a spirit of gaiety and contentment.

The Discourses on the first Decade of Livy, which followed the composition of the Prince, after the interval of a year, were written, partly in order to develop the author's views concerning some principles of republican government, and partly in compliance with the request of his friends, Buondelmonti and Rucellai, in the latter of whose gardens they are said to have been recited to the young men of Florence. They are divided into three books, with a subdivision of chapters. In each book, the most interesting events of the first Decade are considered under a particular point of view. The first book is devoted to an examination of the domestic government of Rome ; the second, to that of the means by which the power of the republic was extended and preserved without the city ; while the third passes in review, one by one, particular actions of private individuals, in order to examine their influence upon the progress of power, and upon the moral character of the nation. In each chapter of these books, some fact of the first Decade is treated with more or less fulness of detail, according to the degree of its importance, and in most of them the author endeavors to establish some principle of practical utility for the governments of his own times. The most important of these principles are supported by parallel facts of contemporaneous history ; and throughout the whole work, he labors to prove that the revolutions of power in every age have depended upon causes

which were similar in themselves, although variously modified by circumstances peculiar to the nation or the period. His deductions are, in most cases, strictly logical, and the conduct and development of his arguments, clear, rapid and strong. New ideas arise at every instant under his pen, and he scatters over the mind, as he advances, the seeds of vigorous and active thought. The reader, whose study of legislation has been confined to the works of later philosophers, will be surprised to meet in the Discourses many principles and observations, the acuteness and profundity of which, he has been accustomed to attribute to a very different source.* The extent and variety of the subject naturally lead to a review of some of the doctrines of the Prince, and a careful comparison of both works will show how far the views of the author had changed concerning some of the principles that debase the former. A few, but a very few, were too deeply rooted in the character,—might we not say, in the necessities of the age?

In neither, however, of these works, does Machiavelli attempt to give a full treatise of legislation. They contain important developments of particular principles, which he possessed neither the leisure nor the means to combine, and by filling up the vacant spaces, and nicely adjusting the separate parts, to form into a complete and regular system. Such a work would undoubtedly have given a different character to his earlier writings, and secured him, in part, from the deep obloquy under which his name has so unjustly lain. But it

* Historians also have found this a convenient foraging ground, and more than one modern classic shines in the plumage of Machiavelli.

cannot be supposed that a perfect system of legislation could have been formed even by the noblest genius of such an age.* The progress of society, the development of civilization in the sixteenth century, afforded not the facts upon which such a system could be founded. The principles of constitutional monarchy, the great laws of individual right were unknown. The government of France, so highly commended by some writers of that period, was little better than a division of arbitrary power, in which the interests of the many were sacrificed to the caprices of the few. The constitution of England was slowly forming amid the jealousies and struggles of contending parties; but what contemporaneous eye could discern, in the shapeless fragments of the sixteenth century, the beautiful fabric which became the admiration and envy of the eighteenth? Political truths are the results of the study and analysis of past events. Every age contributes, more or less, to the collection, in proportion to the degree of its advancement in civilization. Constitutional monarchy was the legacy of the seventeenth century; constitutional republics, on the broadest scale, were the discovery of the eighteenth; political economy, the doctrines of criminal law, are daily advancing toward perfection, and who can tell what seeds of unknown truth may be ripening with them, amid the comparative peace and tranquillity of our own age? It was no greater step in France, from the iron sceptre of Lewis the Great, to the constitutional throne of Lewis Philip, than

* Le plus rare génie est toujours en rapport avec les lumières de ses contemporains et l'on doit calculer, à-peu-près, de combien la pensée d'un homme peut dépasser les connoissances de son temps. De Stael — De la Littérature. Tom. I, p. 93.

from the present state of political science, to some degree of perfection that we know not of. Where, then, will be the vaunted systems of our own days? Where the discoveries of our philosophy? Mingled with the mass of earlier systems, where each, divested of its imagined perfection, will contribute its respective share of truth, to swell the progressive science of ages.

Viewing this subject as we do, it is for us, rather a source of congratulation than of regret, that the attention of Machiavelli was confined to particular portions of political science. The politics of his own age are thus explained, with clearness and precision; the received opinions of antiquity are connected with those of the earlier periods of modern civilization, and while the utility of some parts is limited to the light which they throw upon history, others are filled with those great and permanent truths, which are addressed to the statesman of every nation and of every age.

It was not until several years after the termination of the Discourses, that Machiavelli entered upon a new field, in his Florentine Histories. A great portion, however, of this interval was employed in the studies and observations, that were essential to the accomplishment of his design, and his former labors, both as an author, and as secretary to the republic, had prepared him to engage in the task with bolder and more elevated views than had guided the steps of any preceding historian. His original design was confined to the history of Florence, from the rise of the power of the Medici, until his own times; but an attentive examination of the works of the earlier historians of the republic, convinced him that the most

important portion of its history had not been treated with that accuracy and fulness of detail, which it deserved.* The external wars of Florence contained, in his view, none of the important lessons which make history the surest school of wisdom. It was in the detail of the civil feuds and domestic revolutions of his country, that he sought the secret of her prosperity, and the cause of her decline; it was only, therefore, by a full and faithful delineation of these, that he could accomplish the great end which he proposed.

Accordingly, departing from his original plan, he first traces, in a rapid and animated narrative, the revolutions which followed in swift succession throughout every part of Italy, from the reign of Theodosius, until the termination of the papal schism at the Council of Constance. The history that he is preparing to relate, is thus connected with the history of the fall of the Empire, and by following the progress of the states, which are so intimately connected with Florentine history, we are enabled to understand the causes of many peculiar features in the character and revolutions of the latter.† He then retraces the ground over which his predecessors had so carelessly trodden, and describes, with well apportioned fulness of detail, the domestic history of the republic, from the foundation of the city, until the rise of the Medici, in fourteen hundred thirty-four, interweaving with his narration such portions of external history as serve by their connection, to throw a clearer light upon the events that he was relating. From this last period,

* Vide Prefazione alle Storie Florentine — pass.

† This form of introduction is supposed to have suggested to Robertson, the idea of his beautiful introduction to Charles V.

both the internal and external history are united in a full narrative, which extends to the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent, in fourteen hundred and ninety-two.

The merit of acute and vigorous thought, which characterizes all the productions of Machiavelli, is enhanced, in the *Florentine Histories*, by the skill with which he arranges his subject and conducts his narrative. The transitions are generally easy and natural, and the charm of the story is preserved by the peculiar art with which he interweaves his generalization with the facts from which it proceeds, and sometimes even with the sentence that records it. For the most important, however, of these remarks, a particular place has been reserved at the commencement of each book, where they serve as a general introduction to the portion that follows. Some of the most interesting questions are here treated with an energy and justness of thought, which surpass anything in even the best chapters of the *Discourses*, and with the peculiar and powerful logic, which distinguishes all the works of Machiavelli. If it were possible to judge a mind like his by detached passages and fragments of his general train of thought, no part of his writings could be selected with so much propriety, as the introductions to the books of the *Florentine Histories*.

No work, if we except the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, has exercised upon Italian prose, the same degree of influence as this. But while Boccaccio, misguided by his veneration for the Latin, labored to form his style upon the arbitrary inversions and periodic sentences of the Roman classics, Machiavelli, with a juster appreciation of the genius of the Italian, adopted

a simpler and more pleasing course, equally free from the inversions of the fourteenth century and the gallicisms of the eighteenth. The language of the purer writers of Italy has continued to our own times, as it was left them by Machiavelli, and his works possess nearly the same freshness of expression, which characterizes in our own language, the prose of Dryden and of Addison. *

The Art of War was composed before the completion of the Florentine Histories. Like many of the works of the ancient philosophers, it is written in the form of a dialogue, in which the principles of the science are developed by the chief interlocutor, while an air of easy vivacity is spread over the whole piece, by the questions and remarks of the others. The merit of this work has been placed in a clear light by the letters of Count Algarotti, and when we reflect that they were written at the court of Frederick the Great, by a man cherished and honored for the brilliancy of his own genius, we shall ask no higher testimony to the military genius of Machiavelli.

It is a singular step from the gravity of the historian and the profound reasonings of the statesman, to the airy dreams of poetry and the keenness of comic wit. But were anything more than a general outline compatible with the plan of the present paper, we should now be called to trace the steps of

* Aveano fissato la lingua;—mentre sono appassiti tanti scrittori, anche assai a lui posteriori, lo stile di Machiavelli si mantiene dopo circa a tre secoli fresco, come nacque, e le frasi di cui fece uso, sono quelle che ancora si adoperano. Pignotti Sto. della Tosc. Vol. VI, p. 18. This observation, which ought only to have been hazarded upon the authority of an Italian, has since been confirmed to me by Botta and Niccolini.

Machiavelli in these new and difficult paths. Poetry was for him both a solace and a recreation, and many of the productions of his muse are strongly marked with the feelings that inspired them.* He sought relief in his lyre from the stings of envy and the relentlessness of persecution, and when wearied with deeper and graver thought, refreshed his mind and restored his strength by the cheerful creations of fancy. In comedy he continued, under another form, his favorite study of man, and although the subsequent progress of the art has given greater perfection to the development of plot and to the general management of character, no writer has ever surpassed him in comic power and in faithfully portraying the follies and vices of his age. Nor is the original cast of his mind less evident in these portions of his writings, than in his graver and more elaborate productions. Energy, vivacity and profound knowledge of human nature are still his most striking characteristics, whether we consider him as a poet, as a dramatist or as a statesman.

The style of Machiavelli is of a kind, of which foreigners can in part, perceive and appreciate the beauty.† Uniting

* ——— il viver mal contento
 Pel dente dell' invidia, che mi morde,
 Mi darebbe più doglia e più tormento;
 Se non fusse che ancor le dolci corde
 D'una mia cetra che soave suona,
 Fanno le muse al mio cantar non sorde.

Capit. dell' Ingratitudine, Op. Vol. VII, p. 372.

† This style, however, so easy and natural in appearance, was the result of assiduous labor and repeated correction. Some highly interesting conjectures concerning his method of study, may be formed upon the historical fragments. They consist of a continuation of the Florentine Histories; the narrative is clear and closely connected, the events of

the excellencies of clearness and concision, with great vigor of expression, and perfect harmony of arrangement, it conveys the ideas of the writer with a precision and force which make the deepest impression upon the memory, while they leave no room for misapprehension. His words and phrases are peculiarly appropriate, and have that graceful elegance which always results from a skilful use of idioms. There are no labored expressions, no nicely wrought sentences, but the whole moves on, plain and concise in argument, clear and animated in description, nervous and powerful in declamation, warming with the feelings of the writer, and reflecting every shade of his thoughts.

His descriptions are rich and varied. They are at times perfect pictures, in which every detail is carefully wrought up, with appropriate distinctness and keeping; at others, brief sketches, in which a few prominent circumstances selected with the instinctive delicacy of genius, form a perfect outline of the most important parts, and seem to indicate the rest. In every

each year are described with distinctness and precision, but the style is marked with all the haste and negligence of a first draft. The sketches of character, which are so beautifully polished in the Histories, form separate fragments and seem to have been prepared with greater care. It is more than probable, that the description of the death of the Orsini and their associates was also written to be inserted in a further continuation of the Histories.

It would seem, therefore, that he first prepared a general sketch of his works, confining his attention to the collection and arrangement of his facts: that the sketches of character and most important descriptions were often composed separately from the first draft of the body of the work, and interwoven with it in the course of correction; and finally that the simplicity and graceful elegance which give such a charm to his style were, as generally happens, the effect of close attention and frequent revisal.

case they carry the mind forward with constantly increasing excitement, and produce the peculiar and powerful agitation with which we always draw nigh to the termination of some great catastrophe.

He seldom indulges in declamation, but whenever his feelings become particularly excited, his thoughts and images flow with a warmth and energy which show how well he was qualified to excel in this species of eloquence. He describes the events of history, whether marked by great virtues or debased by glaring crimes, with a clearness and truth, which reproduce the whole scene in the mind of the reader. But all comments upon the moral character of the event, all expression either of blame or of approbation are repressed, or, if admitted, are expressed in brief sentences or in short comments connected with the narration of the fact. The same manner may be observed in his reasoning: the subject is stated with clearness and precision, his arguments and illustrations follow in rapid succession, but all passing remarks, all amplification and declamation are left to the imagination of the reader.* Many critics, without observing that the same peculiar simplicity is invariably used in speaking of his own interests and misfortunes, have thought that it indicated, in the mind of the writer, a total indifference to good and evil. But this moral insensibility in the highest order of intellect, is more frequently imagined than found. The volume, from which we arise with a stronger inclination to the practice of virtue, a warm admiration for the noble and lovely in moral

* This, of course, is applied to his usual manner, for several beautiful exceptions might be pointed out.

excellence, and a profound abhorrence of the sacrifice of the interests of many to the pleasure of an individual, can hardly have been produced by a mind wholly blunted to moral feeling. As different minds have different forms of expression, so have they different ways of conveying their lessons of virtue. The moral feeling that arises from the reading of Machiavelli, lies far deeper than the surface of his narrative; it is produced by an attentive study of the whole, instead of being gaudily painted on each single part: it breaks not out in frequent and loud bursts of applause, but winds itself slowly and surely among the secret places of the heart; and the reader, although frequently unconscious of the impression that he has received, finds it mingling, like the first lessons of youth, with the whole course and character of his subsequent reflections.

Some also, have supposed, that Machiavelli had studied in preference the dark policy of his own times. We will not now stop to examine in what degree the writers of every age are influenced by the peculiar character of their own, or how far it is important for a public man, who seeks to be useful, to conduct all his researches with a direct view to the nature of the materials upon which he is to act; but we believe that a careful examination of the writings of Machiavelli, will show that his favorite school was in the best ages of ancient history. The most eloquent passages of his writings are those in which he describes the effect of free institutions and virtuous example upon the character of a nation. Take for example the short description of the sunny days of the Anto-

nines : * how bright the colors, how strong the contrasts, how warm and glowing the whole design ! It is the outbreathing of a pure and virtuous soul, forced from its path of cold reason, by the remembrance of bright days, and glowing amid the images that its own fancy has revived. Compare this, with the account of Borgia, † — a clear, cold, but powerful analysis, with a warm burst of enthusiastic feeling : — the one a detail of crimes supported by greater crimes, — the vices of a demon, triumphant over the vices of petty fiends, — the other a touching sketch of sweet days of peaceful virtue, whose heavenly influence his own dark age had never felt. Machiavelli's favorite character was Scipio, and he seems to contemplate his virtues with an unvaried and exhaustless delight. Cæsar, on the contrary, he boldly condemns as a selfish tyrant, whose great genius can only render his treachery more hateful. Clearly and strongly indeed, has he marked the line between those who have employed their talents and opportunities for the establishment of their own power, and those who have obeyed no other guide than their duty to their country.

Many works convey no idea of their author. The writer is lost in the story that he relates, or has nothing sufficiently peculiar in his cast of thought to impress the image of his mind upon its own creations. But Machiavelli, although he seldom speaks of himself, is constantly before the reader ; his spirit accompanies us through every page ; at every step, we feel the presence of an observant and superior power, that will call us to account, for every thought and feeling that we indulge.

* 2. Op. Vol. IV, p. 60, et seq.

† 2. Op. Vol. V, p. 215, et seq.

Every action that he relates, contains a lesson, in every event swell the germs of some important principle: the mind is excited to constant and active exertion, and the reader must think as he reads, or cease to read.

Throughout the whole course of his life * he was a constant disciple of the ancients. Their precepts were, in many points, the guides and directors of his actions, and their works the companions and consolation of his solitary hours. It was thus that he was enabled to give to his own writings the same species of charm, which distinguishes all the productions of ancient art.

As a student of the most important and interesting truths, he pursued a method, incapable, perhaps, of leading to the extensive discoveries of later philosophy, but free also from the subtleties and abstractions that have caused so much misery in modern Europe. Led both by natural disposition, and by the character of his studies, to the observation of individual acts and particular examples, he reached not the broadest principles of general legislation, but close, cautious, and correct, in his reasoning, he seldom failed to establish some important truth of easy and universal application. Born in an age that

* His veneration for literature was occasionally manifested in a very singular manner. During his long residence at his villa, after his release from prison, he usually devoted a portion of the day to the duties and amusements of the country, freely engaging in its sports, and sharing the disputes and conversation of the neighboring rustics. But on his return at evenings his rustic dress was thrown aside, and, arraying himself in the more dignified robes of the courts, he entered his study and the presence of the philosophers and historians of old, with all the care and preparation which he had been accustomed to use in presenting himself to princes and ministers.

had given free license to every species of corruption, and called, by duty to his country, to observe from a close point of view the darkest features of crime, the terrible reality that surrounded him left no room for the brighter dreams of imagination, and he has painted man as he had found him, and life as he himself had proved it, amid disappointed hopes and torture and exile. The duties of his station compelled him to fix his view upon the probable termination of every event, and hence he sometimes appears to have lost sight of the means, in an eager anticipation of the end; but it should be remembered that his mind was of that class, which, seeing with great clearness and deciding with perfect promptitude, pass rapidly over the comments and explanations, of which they cannot discover the importance. He united the keenest comic wit with the profoundest philosophical reflection,—the skill of the satirist with the gravity of the historian,—the warmth of poetic feeling with the shrewdness of political sagacity, and bringing into actual life the same versatility and apparent contradiction of character,—the pliant skill of an Italian diplomatist with the virtues of a faithful citizen, and the tenderness of an affectionate father and friend. In short, whether we consider him in his life, or in his works, we shall be constantly struck with the peculiar and strongly marked character of both, and be prepared to acknowledge that, if the “mind of man be indeed the proper study of mankind,” few volumes contain a richer store of varied wisdom, than the life and the writings of Machiavelli.

THE REFORMATION IN ITALY.*

Fast drey Jahrhunderte sind verflossen, seitdem jene Veraenderung begann ; ihre Folgen haben sich in allen ihren Haupttheilen entwickelt ; der Nebel der Vorurtheile und Leidenschaften, der, anfangs ueber die Zeitalter groszer Revolutionen schwebend, den Zeitgenossen die freye Ansicht verbietet, ist jetzt lange zerstreut ; und der beschraenkte Blick des Beobachters traegt billig allein die Schuld, wenn er es nicht vermag die weite Aussicht zu umfassen, die sich ihm darstellt. — *Heeren. Politische Folgen der Reformation.*

 Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes rose
O'er all th' Italian fields.

Milton.

THE history of the Reformation is naturally divided into several distinct branches, which vary in interest and in importance according to the literary, or religious, or political influence subsequently exercised by the nations among which they extended. While the pious ardor of Luther found support in the political interests of a portion of Germany, the free principles of Swiss government favored the reception and extension of the doctrines of Zuinglius. And while the brutal passions of Henry were affording an opening for the

* History of the Reformation in Italy. By T. Macrie, D. D. Edinburgh. 1827.

introduction of Protestantism into England, the seeds of religious liberty were, in despite of royal persecution, taking root throughout the whole of France. Nor was the spirit of reform confined to those nations, among which its success has proved permanent; but in Spain, where the supremacy of Catholicism might have seemed least likely to be disturbed, and in Italy itself, the seat and strong hold of papal power, the doctrines of Protestantism spread for a while with a progress both sure and rapid, and long withstood the combined attacks of secular and inquisitorial violence. In each of these countries the rise of the new opinions was marked with all the peculiarities of national character; and even long after the great dispute had been irrevocably decided, the political movements of each continued to be more or less influenced by the feeling developed during their respective struggles for reform.

But notwithstanding the extent and variety of this subject, and the rich harvest which it affords of all the lessons which render the study of history important, one of the most interesting portions of it has been strangely neglected, and its real character alternately exposed to the satires of ignorance and the misrepresentations of calumny. The attention of most writers, and even of those from whom we derive the clearest and justest views of this epoch, has been confined to those nations in which the first efforts at reform were followed by a full and permanent religious independence; while the fate of others, whose struggles in the same cause were pursued with equal devotion, and attended with an equal degree of intellectual development, has been passed over in silence. So true

is this, that a distinguished writer of the last century hesitated not to assert, that the Italians, devoted to intrigue and pleasure, had no part in the trials of the Reformation; and this too of a period, in which hundreds were wearing out an agonized existence in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and the snows of the Alps were stained with the tracks of multitudes of others, who blessed an exile that secured them from torture and the stake.*

The blame of these errors, however, does not fall exclusively upon those, who traced the history of this dreadful period. The historian must be guided by his materials, and his search of these is for the most part directed by the views of writers contemporary with the events that he attempts to describe. Facts, therefore, whose importance was not understood by those who witnessed them, are long hidden from posterity by the short-sightedness which first represented them under a false point of view, and the subsequent negligence which failed to place them in a truer light while their proximity rendered the undertaking comparatively easy. But when in the course of time the accomplishment of some great change, or the development of some important principle, calls the attention of the philosopher to the causes by which it was produced, and the circumstances under which it originated, it becomes necessary to follow back the current of history with slow and cautious steps, and unite the distant occurrences and

* This is not exaggeration; the dungeon of the Inquisition in Rome overflowed to such a degree, as to require the erection of new prisons, and in Locarno upwards of two hundred persons of both sexes and all ages were compelled to abandon their homes and cross the Alps for shelter.

apparently trifling manifestations of the character of different periods, which alone can lead us to the real source. A vast field is thus opened not only for research, but for disputation; systems are formed; schools are established; and the mind which was in the onset animated by the desire of establishing the truth, is, in the end, too often heated by the passion of acrimonious controversy.

But it was not by ordinary causes alone, that some portions of the history of the Reformation were rendered obscure. Various concurring events exerted a strong influence, not only upon the Reformation itself, but upon the materials which contained its history. Ecclesiastical history is less a narrative of actions than a record of opinions. Its revolutions are changes in doctrine and creed, accompanied by a greater or less approach to purity of manners, in exact proportion to the influence of the true spirit of Christianity. But it comprises few of those great occurrences, which excite attention by their direct action upon the physical or political condition of the human race; and its progress can only be traced by the writings of the men who took part in the corruption or reform of each epoch. During the course of the Reformation, the attacks of the Catholic Church were directed no less against the works than the persons of the reformers; and the flames, which could not always be extended to the unhappy object of persecution, were fed with the volumes from which his heresy had emanated, or to which his forbidden researches had given rise. Thus while the Reformation itself was effectually checked, the records of its existence were destroyed; and the scanty materials for history which escaped this war of

extermination, were scattered, like their authors, throughout distant parts of Europe, and often lost by a neglect no less fatal than persecution itself. * The history of the progress of the Reformation, in those countries where the Catholic Church still retains its supremacy, can only be formed by a long and minute study of scattered documents, differing widely both in character and in form, and often less calculated to lead to clear and satisfactory conclusions, than to bewilder by the obscurities and perplexities with which they abound. Directing our attention more particularly to Italy, we find that the same causes which led to the suppression of the Reformation, and of the works by which it was recorded, continued to act, although in various degrees, upon the native historians, and either mislead their judgment or check their pens whenever they approached this delicate part of their subject. Allusions, sketches, and insulated facts are scattered through their works; the progress of the reform is acknowledged with more or less hesitation; but the independent rank which it deserved in the annals of Italy, has never been fully accorded it by the Catholic, nor till lately claimed by Protestant historians. The conduct of the former is easily accounted for; but it is impossible to refrain from astonishment at the neglect of the latter. They were bound by every species of motive to claim for their Protestant brethren of Italy, the respect and

* To these causes must be added the jealousy, with which many precious documents are still withheld from the public eye by their suspicious guardians; and we have before us at this moment additional proofs of the ridiculous timidity, which endeavors to conceal from view what can at the utmost be considered as but an additional confirmation of facts irrefragably established.

the commiseration of the rest of the world. They were bound by the principles of interest, which forbade them to let pass so strong a proof of their favorite assertion, that their cause was universal and universally felt. They were bound by the principle of morality which bids us judge, as far as we can, by motives and efforts, not by actions and appearances alone. They were bound by the principle of true philosophy, which teaches us that almost as much is to be learnt by studying the causes that have prevented, as those that have secured success.

But, notwithstanding the motives, which might have been supposed sufficiently powerful to attract toward this important subject a share, at least, of that attention, which has been assiduously devoted to inquiries of far less general interest; it was not until towards the middle of the last century, that it began to be studied upon a scale somewhat better suited to its real importance. The first circumstance (at least as nearly as we have been able to ascertain) which excited the general attention of the students of ecclesiastical history to the progress made by the Lutheran Reformation in Italy, was the publication of the documents relative to ecclesiastical and literary history collected by the learned Schelhorn, near the middle of the last century. The controversy which followed this publication not only served to awaken the curiosity of the historical inquirer, with regard to this subject, but wrested from the defenders of the Catholic cause much curious and precious information relative to the points at issue. The *Specimen Italiae Reformatae* of Gerdes contained a still more extensive collection of facts, and was the first effectual step

towards a complete history. Many facts and circumstances, which had, till then, been passed over in silence by those who undertook to treat the general history of Italy, were from that time necessarily made the subjects of at least passing remark; and the difficulties, which had encumbered this field, were thus gradually lessened or removed. At last after the interval of half a century from the appearance of the work of Gerdes, Macrie, whose name stands at the head of our paper, gave to the world in one body, a full and laborious history of the rise, the progress, and the fall of the "Protestant Reformation in Italy."

Without entering into a detailed examination of this work, it will be sufficient to observe, that while we respect the zeal with which Macrie engaged in this difficult undertaking, and the patient courage and unwearied industry with which he has examined the innumerable and scattered documents which form his materials, we feel deeply his deficiencies in that enlarged and candid philosophy, without which no one can fulfil the part of a liberal and eloquent historian. In many places the tone of his work would be more becoming to a martyrology than to a dignified history; and, as often happens, his skepticism with regard to the testimony of Catholic writers, is more than counterbalanced by the credulity with which he receives the statements of their adversaries. Some facts of a remarkable character seem to have wholly escaped his attention, and the sympathy which we would gladly grant to others, is checked by the tone in which he demands it. We are willing to acknowledge that truth, abstractly considered, admits not of division; but it is a sad though common mis-

take to suppose, that all the members, or even the majority of one party, are guilty of hypocrisy and deceit, because the other is in the right. These defects, however, for the most part do not extend beyond the general tone of the work; and though they detract greatly from its interest, and require a great degree of caution in the reader, it must still be considered a learned and instructive history of the great events which it records.

We confess that we feel no ordinary interest in this history. We have studied it not as an insulated fact, but as a continuation of the spirit of that period, when Italy, though torn with discord, was free from the stranger, and was cherishing, in the turbulent existence of her republics, those seeds of freedom and political wisdom, which she, and she alone, first planted in Europe. It has been for us a connecting link with the boldness and daring of her first glorious dawn of literature; and as we look around upon the apparently torpid inhabitants of her lovely fields, we see the same spirit strengthened by long patience, chastened by long suffering, nerved and formed for action by the long and bitter experience of four centuries of foreign subjection, ready to arise with the irresistible energy of union and patriotic devotion, and realize the provident design with which nature

“dell' Alpi schermo

Pose fra lor e la tedesca rabbia.”

We trust that we have not been misled by our own interest in this subject, in supposing that a brief sketch of this remark-

able portion of Italian history would prove acceptable to our readers.

The origin of the Reformation in Italy extends far beyond the proper limits of modern history.* The valleys of Piedmont were occupied from time immemorial by the Waldenses, whose simple worship and purity of manners were a constant reproach to the pride and pretensions of the church. It was from hence, if the supposition of some modern writers be correct, that the first advocates of reform derived their doctrines; which while they excited the wonder and admiration of other nations, had long been familiar to the simple inhabitants of the Piedmontese valleys.† But however this question may be decided, it cannot be denied that the pretensions of the Church of Rome nowhere encountered a more bitter opposition than within the limits of Italy, and that too at a period when the other nations of Christendom received its commands with implicit submission. The independence of the bishopric of Milan was long maintained in open violation of the doctrines of Rome, and the decrees of Hildebrand were found inefficient until supported by the arms of Estimbold. But although no physical opposition could be formed, of sufficient strength to resist the forces which the Popes of that age could bring to their assistance, yet no efforts could effectually check the growth of that spirit which prepared the way for the re-

* Botta, *Storia d' Italia*. Vol. I, p. 368, et seq.

† "Serbavano e tuttavolta serbano i Valdesi insin dai primi secoli della chiesa opinioni conformi a quelle che ora turbavano il mondo. Giovanni Huss e Viclefeo già le avevano abbracciate; Lutero stesso non fece altro che ripetere quello che i Valdesi già da molti secoli indietro publicavano." — Botta, *Storia d' Italia*. Vol. I, p. 368, et seq.

ception of the Reformation, and, under more favorable circumstances, might have accomplished it. When the different churches of Italy had been united by art or by force under the more immediate dominion of the Roman See, the vices and arrogance of the latter were assailed by weapons of another description, and the wounds which it received, though less apparent in the commencement of the struggle, continued to wear upon the debilitated system until the fatal blow was given by the arms of Luther. These adversaries were the Troubadours and the early poets of Italy; a class whose enmity is the more to be dreaded, as its attacks are unrestrained by the usual checks of time and of place. The volume of controversy may be forgotten although supported by the soundest reasoning, but the song of the satirist continues to circle in constantly extending bounds, until the spirit that animates it has become familiar to every mind.

The first place in point of time belongs to the Troubadours, and the manner in which their poems were composed and made public must have contributed greatly to the extension and effect of their satires. With the song of love and hymn of triumph, were mingled reproaches against the luxury and power of Rome, and the same lyre that responded to the description of female loveliness, kept time to the details of priestly corruption. However elevated the notes of triumph, however soft and winning the strain of love, the verse of the Troubadour seems to flow with greater warmth and redoubled energy, when the vices of the church become his theme. "If God," says Raimond de Castlenau, whose verses we must beg leave to give in nearly literal prose, "if God saves those

whose sole merits consist in loving good living and handsome women, if Friars, the black, the white, and Templars and Hospitallers win the joys of Paradise, great fools, in sooth, were St. Peter and St. Andrew, who suffered so much for what these men win so easily." *

No less bitter was the language of the great father of Italian poetry. Without adopting the theory of Rossetti, the opinion in which the Roman court was held by Dante, is clearly apparent even to the most superficial reader of his great poem. † Not contented with placing some of the highest dignitaries of the church among the hopeless wretches of his *Inferno*, he goes beyond the simple bounds of satire, and, mingling theological interpretation with the fictions of verse, describes Rome as the predicted Babylon of the *Apocalypse*. ‡

* Raynouard, *Choix des Poésies orig. des Troubadours*, Tom. IV, p. 383.

† This is, as far as we know, the most recent theory upon the plan proposed to himself by Dante in the composition of the "*Divina Commedia*." The ingenious commentator supposes Dante to speak, not of the kingdom of the dead but of the living; that by a bold but complex allegory he has represented the Emperor in the Deity, the Pope in Lucifer; that life signifies the Ghibelline faction, and death the Gueff. The Emperor, chief of the Ghibellines, is the protector of Italian liberty, and the Pope, head of the Gueffs, its oppressor. A part, however, has been evidently borrowed from other writers.

‡ The nineteenth canto of the "*Inferno*" contains a very striking illustration of Dante's manner of interpreting some parts of Scripture, as well as of the light in which he viewed the Roman Church. He makes a clear distinction between the church of Christ and the vices of his "vicars upon earth," and seems to have wished for the species of reform which has been so ardently desired by many excellent Catholics of different times. For he would seem to seek rather to limit and reduce the Papal power, than subvert it. And while he points out some Pontiffs as those "*di cui s' accorse 'l Vangelista*," yet here and elsewhere he expresses his "*rivèrenzia delle somme chiavi*."

This doctrine, indeed, so fondly adopted by all Protestants, is said to have been anterior even to the age of Dante, and to have been supported in the eleventh century by extensive comparison and direct application. But this circumstance becomes still more striking, when the severe and inflexible spirit of Dante is found reflected in the verses of the mild and pious Petrarch. Member of the ecclesiastical body, intimate and favored resident of the Papal court, bound by the ties of interest and gratitude to some of the most distinguished prelates of the age, the vices and corruptions of the church were laid open to his observant eye without the slightest hesitation or veil. The effect of this scene upon his mind was deep and lasting. Ambition, although more than once awakened, friendship, though all-powerful over him in every other situation, even love itself, whose control over his whole life is so closely connected with every portion of his history, were unable to bind him to a spot, where he saw the crime of religious usurpation heightened by the open abandonment of every moral virtue. From his retreat in the valley of Vaucluse, his revered and dreaded voice was raised against the corruptions of the "impious Babylon." The first of his sonnets in which his views of the Roman church are clearly recorded, commences thus :

'From impious Babylon, from whence all shame
Hath fled, and every good is gone,
Mother of errors, dwelling-place of grief,
I 've fled this fragile being to prolong.'

Still stronger are the 105th, beginning :

'May flames from heaven upon thy tresses fall !'

and the 106th, which contains a vehement prophecy of the fate of the offending city :

‘ Her idols on the ground shall scattered be,
And her proud towers.’

But of all the Italian poems directed against the church of Rome, the following sonnet, the 107th of Petrarca’s *Canzoniere*, is, perhaps, the most bitter :

‘ Fontana di dolore, albergo d’ ira,
Scola d’ errori, e tempio d’ eresia,
Già Roma, or Babilonia falsa e ria;
Per cui tanto si piagne e si sospira :
O fucina d’ inganni, o prigion dira;
Ove ’l ben more, e ’l mal si nutre, e cria;
Di vivi inferno ; un gran miracol fia,
Se Cristo teco al fine non s’ adira.
Fondata in casta ed umil povertate,
Contra tuoi fondatori alzi le corna,
Putta sfacciata ; e dov’ hai posto spene ?
Negli adulteri tuoi, nelle mal nate
Ricchezze tante ? or Constantin non torna ;
Ma tolga il mondo tristo, che ’l sostiene.’

‘ Fountain of sorrow, dwelling-place of ire,
O school of error — shrine of heresy.
Once Rome, now Babylon the false —
For whom so many weep, so many sigh.
O forge of treachery, O prison dire,
Death-place of virtue, nurse of every ill,
Hell of the living, great the miracle,
If Christ rouse not at length his tardy ire.
Founded in chaste and humble poverty,

Thy very founders have become thy scorn.
 Unblushing wretch! what hope remains for thee?
 In thy adulteries, riches evil born?
 Think not another Constantine to see!
 But on the world that bears them may thy deeds return.'

The sentiments thus uttered with the warmth of verse are confirmed by the energy with which he inveighs against the same vices, in his familiar correspondence;* and the supposition which might otherwise have arisen, that they were but the exaggerations of poetry, is thus fully and satisfactorily contradicted. To these illustrious names others might be added of almost equal weight, were any other testimony required, to show that the clear minds of the Italians were, as in every thing else, foremost in discovering and laying bare the vices and corruptions of the church.

Neither are there wanting proofs of another and perhaps even stronger kind, to show how the pretensions of the Holy See were estimated by those who, from their vicinity to Rome, were most exposed to its aggressions. The history of Italy abounds with instances of a bold and independent conduct towards the church, and a resolute contempt of its censures, when employed in merely political contests.† Nor were

* "Nunc me occidentalis Babylon habet, qua nihil informius sol videt. In nomine Jesu, sed in operibus Belial. — Oramus fientes, ne tradas bestiis animas confidentes tibi. Nos zelo domûs tææ, Christe Jesu, jam satis evêcti sumus." — *Epistolarum sine Titulo Liber*. Ed. Basileæ, passim.

† One instance will suffice. Machiavelli thus describes a war against the Pope in the fourteenth century. "Questa guerra dall' ambizione del legato incominciata fu dallo sdegno de' Fiorentini seguita. — Durò la guerra tre anni, nè prima ebbe, che con la morte del pontefice, ter-

these, like the writings of which we have been speaking, the manifestations of the opinions of a few individuals, whose minds had been raised by superior cultivation above the standard of their age. They were the unanimous actions of whole communities. Old and young, the ignorant and the learned, the aspiring statesman, who might be supposed willing to sacrifice his religious belief to the interests of his ambition, and the humble citizen, who only sought to pursue in tranquillity the labors of his trade, all united in an unwavering resistance against the threats of ecclesiastical censure, when carried beyond the legitimate bounds of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Without drawing a subtle distinction between the temporal and the spiritual authority of the Pope, the Italians often resisted the encroachments of the former, while they fully acknowledged the claims of the latter. But the constant collision between these interests, could not but diminish the veneration, which, during the most calamitous times of Italian history, was actually felt for the religious character of the Pontiffs; and the period in which Rome was apparently the religious sovereign of Europe, was also that in which it felt, most sensibly, the inconveniences arising from the conflicting elements that composed its power. Rome may thank the divisions of Italy, rather than her own skill, for the preserva-

mine; e fu con tanta virtù e tanta soddisfazione dell' universale amministrata, che agli Otto ogni anno fu prorogato il magistrato, ed erano chiamati Santi ancorachè eglino avessero stimato poco le censure, e le chiese de' loro beni spogliate, e forzato il clero a celebrare gli uffizii: tanto quelli cittadini stimavano allora più la patria che l' anima; e dimostrarono alla Chiesa che come prima suoi amici l' avevano difesa, suoi nimici la potevano affliggere." — *Storie Fior. Lib. III, p. 181, ed. di Padova, 1832.*

tion of her political dominion; and it is a curious subject of reflection, that the city, which, with the power of her arms, formed, for the first and only time, one united and independent nation of Italy, has, when the doctrines of a mild and peaceful religion have been substituted for the maxims of a rigid policy and the dominion of the sword, contributed more than any other cause, or than all other causes taken together, to keep up the spirit of discord and local animosity, which seems almost to defy every effort employed for its removal.*

It would evidently carry us beyond the limits of a single article, were we to attempt to trace with accuracy the various steps, by which the way was opened for the reception of the Protestant doctrines in Italy. The ground may be considered as having been prepared, long before its appearance attracted the attention of historians; and in reading the chronicles of the different republics, or the lives of their distinguished citizens, we meet, at every step, the most striking proofs of the existence of an anti-Roman, if not of an anti-Catholic spirit, from the earliest periods of its modern history. We shall briefly mention a few of the most remarkable steps of its progress towards a more perfect development.

No truth has been more strikingly confirmed by modern history, than that the progress of intellectual freedom is inevitable, however mighty the power by which it is opposed. The foresight of tyranny and the terrors of superstition have been

* There is a chapter in the 'Dicorsi' of Machiavelli in which he shows with some bitterness and great clearness of demonstration that if the Papal court had been established in Switzerland instead of Rome, Switzerland would have become as famous for her domestic dissension as Italy was.

employed against it, and in vain. It has often yielded in appearance, while secretly gaining strength for the contest; and even the most cunning and expert of its opponents, have been repeatedly deceived by the difficulty of distinguishing among the various causes in action around them, those which were calculated to facilitate, from those which were adapted to check its career.

The ardor with which the Italians engaged in the study of classic literature at the first revival of letters, was surely unconnected with any views of theological reform. But the action of polite pursuits upon the spirit of a nation, which has always been distinguished for energy and acuteness of intellect, prepared the way for the reception of religious as well as intellectual freedom. The subtle disputes which arose concerning the interpretation of Grecian philosophy, while they fomented the passion, extended also the field of controversy. But, when the attention of those, who had been formed in this school, became directed to the dogmas and doctrines of the church, their discoveries were not always accompanied by a sincere wish for the correction of abuses. Many of the bright intellects of that age, were, like Erasmus, willing to see, but unwilling to expose themselves to the penalties which follow the communication of forbidden knowledge. With others, the labors which should have led to a candid acknowledgment of the truth, terminated in a full though unacknowledged skepticism. It is well known, that, at the epoch of the Reformation in Germany, not only the universities, but the churches of Italy were filled with men, whose shining talents and pro-

found learning had not proved sufficient to preserve them from infidelity.

Yet from sources like these, the stream of reform was to rise. The attention, which, at first, had been confined to profane literature, was gradually extended to the study of the Hebrew and its cognate dialects. An acquaintance with these, as with the Latin and Greek, became an object of literary ambition. The refinement which had been introduced into the study of Pagan authors, was then directed to the explanation of Holy Writ. Manuscripts were collected and collated. Editions of different portions of the Scriptures were from time to time prepared in the various presses of Italy. Doubts were suggested concerning the correctness of the authorized versions. While correcting the barbarisms of language, the pen was inadvertently carried to the errors of interpretation. These studies were encouraged, not only by the learned and the patrons of learning, but received new vigor from the approbation of the church itself.

Nor was this ardor confined to the learned languages. Italian versions of the New Testament had long circulated among those, who, from a love of the truths of Scripture or a partiality for their native language, were disposed to read them. At first, the productions of men who ventured not to depart from the readings of the Vulgate, they contributed but little to the discovery or correction of errors. Still, the fact, that the Scripture existed in the vulgar idiom, and the perusal of it was not forbidden by the guardians of the Roman dogma, facilitated the introduction of exacter translations, and gave a plausible coloring to the arguments of those by whom they were

made. The science which had been so successfully directed to the original texts, was, in the sequel, zealously applied to the correction of the Italian translations; and the number of the laborers who engaged in this field during the last half of the fifteenth and the first of the sixteenth centuries, prove not only the zeal of the teacher, but the ardor with which his lessons were received.

Literary curiosity once excited, soon breaks through all restraint, and the mind which would have been the first to shrink back in the beginning of the research, is often the most ardent in the prosecution of it, when its confidence has been once shaken in its old convictions, and it is hurried on by that necessity for belief, which forms the very basis of our intellectual nature. It cannot go calmly back to the views, which have once proved insufficient to satisfy its longings. It cannot all at once throw off that sense of responsibility, which seems to acquire new force from every candid exertion of reason. And as, one by one, its early convictions fall from around it, it still moves on, more ardent than ever for something that it can believe and trust and cling to, in the cold and boundless space that expands to its view.

Thus, the studies which had been pursued with so much enthusiasm, in Italy, received a new impulse from the breaking out of the Reformation in Germany. Many Italians began to frequent the universities of that country, where the doctrines of reform were taught with all the fervor which arises from newly awakened conviction, and the boldness which accompanies security from persecution. The new views of theology usurped, for many, the place of every other pursuit,

and the minds of the students became inflamed with the same zeal that animated their masters. Nor was the knowledge of these doctrines confined to those who imbibed them in the schools of Germany. The works of Luther, and Melancthon, and Zuinglius were circulated, with greater precautions, it is true, but with nearly the same success which had attended them beyond the Alps. Studied in the convents, in the schools, in Rome itself, they were often read and applauded by those, who were the first and bitterest in condemning them, when they became aware of their real import. From the study of the writings of the Reformers, the transition to a correspondence with the writers themselves was both easy and natural. Some sought them out as men of great learning; others, as teachers of the true principles of theology. Thus, a new and broad path was opened for the introduction of the Reformation.

While the doctrines of Luther were thus gaining ground within the hallowed domains of the Church, the attention of the court of Rome, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of many of its devoted followers, had hardly been awakened by the rapid progress of the danger by which it was menaced. And, when, at length, arousing from its lethargy, it began to examine the means and forces of its adversary, and seek out the measures best adapted to check or to crush them, its first steps were made with a rashness and precipitation, which can be discovered in no previous epoch of its annals. Political causes, of unprecedented weight, then came to unite their influence against the will of the Pontiff, and paralyze his efforts. The greater part of Italy was overrun by the Imperial troops.

Rome was taken by assault, and the Pope was compelled to fly from the impotent thunders of the Vatican, to the narrow fortress of St. Angelo. An army, composed in a great measure of Protestants, was thus triumphant within the walls of the capital of Catholicism; and the praises of Luther and of Melancthon resounded, where, for ages, had been celebrated the proudest ceremonies of the Church. The arms of the Emperor were at length withdrawn, and Rome once more returned to the yoke of her ancient sovereigns; but years of watchful tyranny could alone destroy the seeds, which had spread and taken root in the compass of a few short months.

While the power of the Pope was thus shaken by the arms of an Emperor, who pretended to be the most ardent defender of the Catholic faith, the eyes of all Christendom were fixed upon Rome with doubt and amaze. It seemed as if the fatal hour of that ancient and dreaded monarchy had come. The voice of reproach and reclamation, so long neglected, had at length been heard; and the throne, from which so many bold decrees, so many daring enterprises, so many dreaded anathemas had proceeded, seemed shaken from its foundations. Some rejoiced in the prospect of approaching freedom; some trembled at the thought of the rich sources of gain which were to be closed for ever. Princes gazed with varying sensations of hope and fear, according to the fluctuations of their individual interests; the people, with joy or horror, as they recognized the hand of an avenging Providence, or feared that the face of the Almighty had been turned from them for ever. "Whence," cried the Bishop of Lipari, struck with a conviction, that not even the presence of the Pope and Cardinals

could repress, "whence come these ills? Why are we subjected to so many misfortunes? It is for the corruption of the human race; it is, because we are no longer the citizens of Rome the holy, but of Babylon, the city of wickedness. The words of Isaiah have been fulfilled, 'How has the faithful become a wanton!'"

Mean while, the progress of the Reformation, no longer restrained by the opposition of the Roman Church, increased in extension and rapidity in every part of Italy; and the minds of many began to yield, whom a sincere attachment to Catholicism had hitherto embittered against the doctrines of Luther.

First in the list of the protectors of Reform was a member of the royal house of France, who had been placed by marriage upon the ducal throne of Ferrara. The princess Renata had imbibed the principles of Luther, in the court of the king of Navarre; and, upon her removal to Ferrara, she extended her patronage towards them with the spirit and zeal which marked her character. Those of her countrymen, whom the rigor or dread of religious persecution had driven from France, were received and protected at her court. Clement Marot, distinguished both as a Protestant and a poet, was elevated to the rank of her private secretary. Many others were met with a judicious patronage, which, while it won their affections, and consoled them amid the sorrows of exile, secured them, at the same time, from the attacks of courtly jealousy or ecclesiastical persecution. Calvin, under an assumed name, passed several months at Ferrara, in free and confidential communication with the Duchess. The propagation of her favorite

doctrines was rendered still more sure, by the introduction into the principal chairs of the University, of many who had secretly adopted or warmly favored them; and, while these contributed to the extension of their principles by their public lessons, the minds of the future rulers of Ferrara were prepared to view them with favor by the instructions of their private tutors. Ferrara was the school of Protestantism in Italy; and there was scarcely one of its distinguished partisans, who was not for a greater or less period, a sharer in the protection of Renata.

Nor was the success of the Reformation less rapid in the neighboring city of Modena. It was not secured here, as in Ferrara, by the protection of a princess, but was owing, in a great measure, to the free discussions of a society of men distinguished for their attainments in science and literature. The study and interpretation of the Scriptures occupied every mind; and the teachers of the Reformed religion, venturing beyond the bounds which had restrained their brethren of Ferrara, united their auditors into regular assemblies, and enjoyed for a time the open exercise of their rights, with all the advantages of a free religious communion.

In a sketch like the present, it would be useless to trace the course of the reform from city to city, as it extended with various degrees of success through the different states of Italy. Subject to the influences of political and individual interest, encountering at times the firm opposition of sincere conviction, at others, the virulent attacks of selfish hatred, it moved in some places with the boldness of a successful revolutionist, in others, with the cautious secrecy of a determined but pru-

dent reformer. In Bologna it embraced in its ranks many of the brightest names of the University, as well as some of the most distinguished citizens. A correspondence was warmly carried on with the Reformers of Germany; and, had the struggle between the two sects broken out into open warfare, one of the new converts was prepared to defend his faith with the swords of six thousand men, raised and supported at his own expense. Among the early converts of Naples, we meet the names of Ochino, a monk of the austere order of Capuchins, and one of the most renowned preachers of his age; of Mollio and Martire, who in the silence of the cloister had stored their minds with the profoundest erudition; and of Valdes, who in the public capacity of secretary of the kingdom, possessed the means of protecting those whom his arguments and persuasions had converted. And here we may remark, that if the alleged corruptions of the church were nowhere carried to so great an excess as within the walls of its convents, it was from the quiet repose of the same institutions that arose the noblest advocates of reform. Strange and mysterious contradiction! that the source which had corrupted, should be the foremost to purify; that the same soil which had produced the poison, should raise up the antidote by its side!

Of all the states of Italy, there was none from which the friends of reform might have so justly looked for encouragement and protection, as the republic of Venice. This wonderful nation, the course and principles of whose government differed so widely from those of every other, seldom allowed any consideration of regard for foreign powers to influence its

domestic policy. Innumerable had been the artifices, unwearied the efforts of the Roman Pontiffs, to extend their control over the state of Venice, as they had succeeded in doing throughout the rest of Europe. But the Venetian senate, with an equal share of constancy, and a boldness not diminished by any excess of superstition,* had from the earliest periods of their history, met the efforts of the Roman court, with a firm and successful opposition. This long and varied struggle was carried on with greater or less animosity, in proportion to the concurrent action of other causes; but never subsided, so far as to give room for a durable union, or a communication, free from suspicion. When, therefore, the Protestant reform first began to attract the attention of the Italians, it was to the Venetians that the eyes of all the friends of religious freedom were directed, and the movements of that cautious and independent government were observed with an interest proportioned to the importance of the question which was at stake. The works of the Reformers formed a fruitful source of gain for the booksellers of the republic, and

* In fact, no government was less superstitious; and the only question that could arise, would be whether it did not incline too evidently to the opposite extreme. Such, at least, was the opinion of some of the Popes. The following anecdote was related to us by the great Italian historian of our age, and may serve in corroboration of the above statement. During one of the numerous contests between the Venetian Senate and the Holy See, the ambassador of the republic, in a private audience, so far excited the indignation of the Pope, that he at last broke through all bounds and accused the Venetians of being nearly infidels. "*Voi altri signori Veneziani appena credete alla santissima Trinità,*" gridò il pontefice. "*E le par poco, Santità?*" was the reply of the ambassador. "*You Venetians hardly believe in the Holy Trinity!*" "*And does your Holiness think that little?*"

her presses were employed in multiplying the copies of the Scriptures which were considered by all parties as the principal support of the Protestant cause. The doctrines of Germany and Switzerland soon began to spread among the Venetians. In the course of a few months, the capital contained an extensive society of learned men, who openly avowed the principles of Luther. The effect of their influence and example was soon felt in other parts of the same dominions. Every day gave new strength to the party. From individual profession, they gradually advanced to public unions; and their cause was supposed to have excited more than usual interest in the senate. Nor in fact, could the important political advantages, that might have been secured by means of a religious reform, have escaped the observation of men, trained by long practice to consider every thing with a view to the aggrandizement or additional security of their possessions. But little seems to have been wanting, in order to throw into the Protestant scale the powerful political interest of Venice; that interest, before which every other consideration was made to bend. So confident of success were the Protestants of Germany, that Melancthon addressed a letter to the senate, in which he congratulated them upon what they had done, and urged them to further action. But the unsettled state of her relations with the court of Constantinople, rendered the favor of Rome essential to the safety of Venice; and the adherence of this mighty power to the Catholic religion may be attributed, in some measure, to the greatest enemy of that faith.

The change, which might have been naturally expected

from the government of Venice, was nearly upon the point of being accomplished in Lucca, by the daring and enthusiasm of a single individual. The Reformation which had taken such strong hold in different sections of Italy, had nowhere found a more ready welcome than among the citizens of Lucca. Extending there, with the same rapid progress which we have already observed in Venice, and Naples, and Ferrara, its principles were soon embraced by a considerable portion of the most respectable among the inhabitants. Political motives united their influence with the love of religious liberty; and Lucca was on the point of becoming the theatre of one of the greatest revolutions, that ever changed the face of a state.

Among the citizens whom the free principles of this government had elevated to a rank apparently inconsistent with the humble profession which he exercised, was Francis Burlamaqui, an artisan of the middle class. Endowed by nature with a studious and reflective cast of mind, this man had constantly united with the necessary labors of his trade, the study of ancient history, and particularly of those portions, in which the exertions of private individuals in favor of their native cities, have been embellished by the eloquence of the great historians of Greece and Rome. From a constant meditation of these enticing examples, the humble artisan of Lucca was led to seek, for his own name, a renown like theirs; and the situation which he then held, of Gonfaloniere, or chief magistrate of the republic, seemed to give new facilities for the accomplishment of his views. But to the warm imagination of a reformer, he united the coolness of judgment and political

sagacity, essential to the success of reform. And while his patriotism was kindled by the prospect of restoring Tuscany to her ancient grandeur, he grounded his hopes of success upon the political situation of Italy and of Europe. Florence, not yet formed to the yoke of an artful and ambitious tyrant, was fondly, although secretly, cherishing the remembrance of her lately lost freedom. Pisa, desolated by war, deprived of commerce, her once fertile fields vanishing beneath the accumulating masses of stagnant water, her municipal pride and glorious recollections lost in the degrading consciousness of an odious dependence; Siena, torn by divisions, and ready to fall a prey to the same insatiable ambition; Perugia, Bologna, every portion of Italy, hesitating between the desire of freedom and the dread of increasing the yoke that already weighed too heavily; these were the circumstances, in the situation of his own country, which nourished his hopes and inflamed his zeal. Nor was the prospect less encouraging, when considered from another point of view. The Emperor, whose activity was the most to be apprehended, was engaged in a war against the Protestants of Germany, in support of which he had drawn away from Italy the greater part of his own troops, together with those of his allies, the Pope and Cosimo of Tuscany. Thus the defence of all the important posts in the country was intrusted to the hands of a few soldiers, and those none of the best, while the great distance of the papal and ducal armies from the points which were first to be attacked, rendered it impossible for them to be recalled, in time to prevent the effects of a sudden assault on the part of the conspirators. The progress of the Emperor, moreover, in his

German war, was not calculated to inspire his adherents with very ardent hopes of a successful issue; while, on the contrary, the firm resistance and rapid movements of the Protestants had filled the minds of their partisans with the most cheering confidence. But one of the most encouraging circumstances in the political aspect of the moment, was the deep-rooted hostility, that subsisted between the Emperor and the French king, and which led them to embrace every species of alliance, and to resort to all kinds of expedients, in order to gratify their mutual animosity.

In order, however, to unite the feelings of those whom he wished to liberate, it was necessary to raise the standard of religious as well as of political reform. This was supplied by the progress of the Lutheran Reformation, and the favor with which the advocates of religious freedom were viewed in Italy. Thus the revival of the old Etruscan league, and the introduction of the Protestant religion, or, in other words, the full establishment of religious and political liberty, was the vision that constantly floated before the mind of the enthusiastic Lucchese.

The plan which he had conceived with so much boldness, he prepared for execution with cool and cautious judgment. By habitually making the original felicity of Tuscany the topic of his conversation, he familiarized the minds of the friends, whom he designed to employ, with the subject of his desires, and prepared the way for a more direct and explicit avowal of his plans. His first confidant was a member of his own family, whose faith and zeal he had fully tested. The number of the conspirators was gradually enlarged with all

the precautions which so dangerous an undertaking required, and soon comprised the principal refugees of Florence and Siena, and other states, together with the wealthy and daring Strozzi, who were to bring with them the favor and aid of France. Already confident in his numbers, Burlamaqui urged to immediate action; and had not his wishes been overruled by the authority of the Strozzi, so well arranged were all the plans of the conspiracy, and so well timed the moment for its breaking out, that its success would in all probability have been complete. Compelled by his companions to delay, he still continued to strengthen his party by new accessions, chiefly made among the exiles, when an unfortunate communication of one of his companions defeated all the labors of his prudence, and consigned him to the hands of the executioner.

The desire to comprise in one sketch the principal events, which distinguished the rise of the Protestant religion in Italy, has led us a few years in advance of the first efforts of the Roman court for the suppression of it. Notwithstanding the severe shock which the papal power had received from the arms of Bourbon, the attachment of the Emperor to the religion in which he had been educated, or, as seems more probable, the close connection between his political interests and those of the Roman See, had bound him by a tie of which he always acknowledged the force, to exert all his power for the preservation of Catholicism. And thus, although in the course of his subsequent operations, great and dangerous disputes frequently arose between him and the Popes, and he was more than once induced to threaten an open rupture, yet

the preservation of the Catholic religion always continued to form a favorite point of his policy, and was pursued even at the hazard of important parts of his dominions. Had the same unity of motive prevailed in the minds of the Pontiffs, who, during his long reign, were successively called to the papal throne, the progress of the reform in Italy would have been checked at a much earlier period of its course. But the disadvantages inherent in the union of spiritual with temporal power, were never more apparent than during the period which we are considering. The exertions which should have been solely directed to one object, were enfeebled by a division of interests. Of one kind were the views of the temporal, of another those of the spiritual ruler. The attention of the Pontiff was constantly divided between schemes for the aggrandizement of the papal supremacy, and others, no less warmly pursued, for the extension of the dominions of the church. Thus, while urged on the one hand by his pastoral duties, he courted the favor of a particular sovereign, he was on the other, as a temporal prince, often constrained to oppose the same monarch by skilful negotiations, and sometimes even by open war. If to these we add the further embarrassments of family ambition, and the disputes and wars which were frequently excited for, or by, the Pope's relations, we shall be convinced, that, if Rome surpassed all other courts in the refinement of her policy, nothing short of that perfection could have held together the conflicting elements of which her power was composed.

There were two periods in the struggle between the Protestant and Catholic religion, in which the friends of a peaceful

union were cheered with the prospect of a termination of the great question of reform, by mutual concessions of the contending parties. The first was upon the elevation of Adrian to the chair, made vacant by the death of Leo X.; the second, at the accession of Marcellus II. But the opposition which the first of these sincere and pious men encountered among the members of his court, and the premature death of the other, effectually closed the door against all reconciliation, by placing upon the throne a series of Pontiffs, who cared less for the interests of religion, than for the enlargement of their temporal dominions. So strongly in fact, were they attached to the latter, that the repeated reclamations of several zealous Catholics upon the rapid extension of the Protestant opinions, were received with a degree of coldness, which it is difficult to account for, in a power so jealous of its prerogative. But when these reports began to thicken and assume the tone of warning and remonstrance, Rome was at length aroused from its lethargy, and began to seek out the most efficient means of defence. The remedy was the more terrible for having been so long delayed.

The Inquisition, that terrific tribunal, whose movements neither power nor pity could affect, which was blinded by ambition to the real interests of its order, and hardened by fanaticism against the voice of compassion, was the first object towards which the court of Rome directed its attention, in the hope of reëstablishing its shattered authority. The success which had attended the operations of this institution in Spain, and the dread which it everywhere inspired, increased the ardor with which its erection was called for by those, who believed

all means holy which were employed for the preservation of the Catholic religion. But the same circumstances which contributed to strengthen its power, increased the difficulties which attended its erection. The opposition arose not from the people alone, but in many instances from their rulers also, who looked upon the Inquisition rather as an instrument for the confirmation of the Roman prerogative, than as a useful means of preserving the Roman dogma.

In Rome itself, where the spiritual and temporal power were united, the establishment of the "Holy Office" was comparatively easy. But the frightful tumults and wild excesses which followed the death of Paul IV., its warmest advocate, are sufficient to show in what light it was viewed by the immediate subjects of the church. In Venice, its action was generally more or less subject to the control of the civil authority, and it was rarely left free to follow its own relentless course. But in Naples, the authority of the Emperor, although supported by the cool barbarity of his viceroy, and the strong arm of a powerful garrison, was nearly overthrown, by the simple proposal for its establishment. And even when the Neapolitans, abandoned by all those to whom they had looked for succor, and intimidated by the near approach of an overwhelming force, were constrained to submit to the will of their sovereign, so strong had been the expression of popular feeling, that the Emperor gladly renounced all thoughts of the odious tribunal.

But the dread, which was so justly entertained of the Roman court, was founded rather upon its profound artifice, than its real power; and the designs, which it was apparently compel-

led to abandon, were often no less successful than those which it pursued openly. Neither the fears of the people, nor the jealousy of government, availed to prevent the erection of the Inquisition. In some of the minor states, it was received from respect to the papal power. Others were led to tolerate its jurisdiction, by means of advantageous offers or judicious flattery. While they who viewed it with most abhorrence, were induced to submit to its control, by the artful distinction which was made between the Inquisition of Italy, and that of Spain. Rome was alike triumphant over prejudice and power, over the people and their rulers.

The consequences of this triumph were soon apparent throughout every portion of Italy. Neither wealth, nor rank, the privileges of republics, nor the favor of kings, were a safeguard against the arms of the Inquisition. The timid convert who confined his belief to the privacy of his own bosom, and the enthusiastic proselyte who boldly courted the crown of martyrdom, were equally exposed to accusation and trial. The cassock and the cowl were no longer a protection; monks were drawn forth from the secrecy of their cloisters, the learned from the seclusion of their studies; the sanctity of domestic life was violated, and even the throne itself only served to mitigate the punishment of its suspected occupants. Suspicion and fear usurped the place of that free communication which constitutes the chief charm of society; no one knew when or where he was safe; every unguarded expression might give rise to accusation; and private enmity often sought its vengeance under the cloak of religious zeal. A deep and voiceless terror pervaded the whole of Italy. *

* Botta, Lib. xii. p. 181.

Nor was it an empty dread of some indefinite evil. Ochino was compelled to fly for life, and take refuge in Geneva; Martire to abandon the church which he had so fondly planted in Lucca. Carnesecchi, the confidant and friend of princes, was sent from the table of Cosimo, to the stake prepared for him by Paul IV. One by one the Protestant leaders were subjected to the attacks of the Inquisition; and happy were they, who, by prompt and painful flight, were able to exchange the sweets of home, and the security of independent fortunes, for a foreign land, and the bitter bread of a stranger's compassion.*

The racks and dungeons of the Inquisition were soon found insufficient to satisfy the rage of persecution. The flames of the stake were again kindled in the same spots, where, but a little more than a thousand years before, the foundations of the church had been laid amid the bones and ashes of its martyrs. At the same time the sword was laying waste those portions, which the slower arm of the Inquisitor could not reach. †

Happy were the subjects of Venice; for there, instead of the stake, and the robe of pitch, and the applause of an implacable multitude, the depths of the Adriatic and the silence of midnight, were the means and the scene of martyrdom. Happy too were they, who, through the intercession of pow-

* *come sa di sale*

Il pane altrui —

† We would refer our readers, for a perfect description of one of the modes of torture, to the eloquent story in "Oltre Mer," entitled the "Baptism of Fire."

erful friends, were kept back from the flames, until life had been destroyed by the cord or the sword of the executioner. And although we may shudder to think of those, who, in the flower of life, were brought out to die a death of torture in the presence of their fellow men, and in the pure light of day, happy too were they, when compared with the far greater proportion, whose fate is still concealed in the dark archives of the Inquisition.

We have already alluded to the Waldenses of Piedmont. Colonies from these secluded valleys had long been established in southern Italy; and the fruits of their industry were everywhere to be seen, in the populous towns which they had founded, and the fertile fields which they had redeemed from the forests and marshes of Calabria. Devoted to agriculture, and industrious as much from habit as by necessity, their sober and secluded lives had never attracted much of the attention of their Catholic neighbors. Contented with the privilege of enjoying their own opinions, they cared not to inquire into those of others, and confined themselves to that quiet and unpretending mode of life, which is the only safeguard of men whose existence is rather tolerated than acknowledged. But when the fame of the religious revolution in Germany reached them, the sectarian pride which had so long lain dormant, was suddenly awakened and soon rose to a dangerous pitch. Calling to their assistance teachers from the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, they first reformed the abuses which had insensibly crept into their own worship, and then began to venture upon the dangerous task of reforming their Catholic neighbors. We are far from

believing that, amid the general persecutions of Italy, they would have been suffered to escape, even if they had not abandoned the course which they had so long followed in safety. But it certainly could not be expected, that the Catholic party should view their efforts at proselytism without opposing them. Fearful in fact was the persecution that ensued, and they who escaped the snares, and withstood the persuasions of their adversaries, were driven for shelter to the forests and mountains, where, hunted like beasts of prey, some fell by the sword, and others, less happy, perished by famine, in the desolate caverns which had afforded them a temporary asylum. The greater portion being thus cut off, the few who had fallen alive into the hands of their enemies were reserved for every species of torture, perishing by the knife, or precipitated from the summits of lofty towers, or stifled by the foul air of damp and crowded dungeons.

Thus fell the Protestant religion in Italy. Its end was everywhere attended with the same horrors, and its history is but a repetition of racks, and dungeons, and stakes. Terrible period! when the powers of the human mind seem to have acquired a greater development, only in order to open a broader field of suffering; and the convictions which should inspire sentiments of calm and beneficent philanthropy, served as stronger stimulants to ferocious persecution. Bitter, and even more humiliating than bitter, are the scenes that we have traced; but bitterer still is the reflection, that the spirit which distinguished them is still alive, and that in our own, as in every other age, the persecuted but awaits a moment of success, to seize, for his own use, the arms of the persecutor.

Happy are we, not that our passions are milder, but that our laws are better; and that persecution, from being a moral, has become also a political crime.

ITALIAN LITERATURE,*

IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE XIXTH CENTURY.

Saper d' alcuno è buono,
Degli altri sia laudabile il tacerci,
Che 'l tempo saria corto a tanto suono.

Divina commedia.

THE forms of national development are as various as the features of national character. Essentially the same in their origin and in their progress, they should be judged by the same laws and studied upon the same principles. The first step is the collection of facts; and, after this preparation, we are at liberty to follow out our conclusions to the utmost extent, that the rules of sober induction will warrant. The action of similar causes upon material objects is necessarily followed by similar results. And if this principle, the source of such sublime discoveries in physical science, has not as yet

- * 1. *Proposta di alcune Correzioni ed Aggiunte al Vocabolario della Crusca* [di Vincenzo Monti.] In 3 Volumi. Milano: 1817—1824. 8vo.
- 2. *Storia d' Italia*, di Carlo Botta. In 14 Volumi. 8vo.
- 3. *Elementi di Filosofia*, di Pasquale Galluppi. In 5 Volumi. 12mo.
- 4. *Collezione degli Scritti sulla Dottrina della Ragione*, di Giandomenico Romagnosi. In 2 Volumi. 8vo.

been applied with equal success to the investigation of intellectual phenomena, the failure must be attributed not to the law itself, but to the peculiar nature of the subject to which our observations are directed. An object seen at a distance, and through the mist and haze of evening, may assume a form different from its own, and give rise to singular deceptions. Yet if you advance a few steps nearer, it will without any effort of yours, resume its natural shape and proportions. But, to dissipate the mists and delusions of the mind ; to bring the eye of intellect close to its own operations ; and then direct it, purified and strengthened by this internal study, to the examination of men and of nations, acting upon a broad field and swayed by every variety of motives, some peculiar to the individual and some to the epoch, is a task, which philosophy, although she has labored for ages, has thus far but imperfectly accomplished.

In part, however, her labors have not been fruitless, and some laws have been discovered of sufficiently sure and general application to warrant the use of them as of fixed and undeniable truths. Among these the first, both in order and in importance, is that far-reaching principle, which, in judging of nations, refers to the state of their intellectual culture as the test and token of their destiny. Other forms of development are more immediately dependent upon external causes. Agriculture may prosper or languish, according as it is favored or discouraged by the division of the soil and the policy of the government. Manufactures and commerce are the products of situation and of circumstances ; and all of these, although they furnish important data for the study of nations,

should be considered as effects, rather than as causes. But poetry, philosophy and art, proceed directly and solely from the mind, and afford, if rightly studied, unerring testimonials of the nature of their origin. Circumstances may favor their growth, but cannot create them. Their springs lie deep below the surface ; and, whether they pour forth in a broad and sweeping stream, or glide in silence through the retired vale and unfrequented recesses of life, the springing flower and verdant bank reveal the secrets of their course.

If the application of this principle be as extensive as we have supposed, it necessarily follows, that in those countries, which are politically dependent, the state and tendency of intellectual pursuits is almost the only standard by which their character and their hopes can be estimated. Of all that they possess, their literature is the only treasure which they can truly call their own. In this alone the mind is free to follow its own impulses. Through this the poet may utter laments which all others must suppress, and the philosopher almost forget the sorrows of the present hour, as he weaves with his own hand a brighter wreath into the inevitable destinies of his country.

It is with a firm conviction of the soundness of the principle which we have advanced, that we venture to invite the attention of our readers, to a general view of the state and direction of studies in Italy, during the first thirty-eight years of the present century. And, if we should succeed in placing this subject in a clearer light, and one more honorable to the Italians, than that in which it is generally represented, we shall feel better entitled to call upon our countrymen to pause

and weigh their judgment of a country which receives them with marked partiality; which breathes its reviving air into the very hearts of their sick and their wearied; which stores their memories with ennobling recollections; and which only asks of them in return, that they should not judge her in haste or in prejudice, or that at least they should draw a veil over her errors, and drop a tear at the tale of her misfortunes.

There are many facts in general as well as in individual history, which derive much of their importance from the circumstances under which they occur. Even trifles become interesting when they serve as indications of character. What can seem more ridiculous than a Demosthenes in his vault, his head half shorn, and wasting day and night in the servile copying of the writings of another? or on the seashore, straining his voice until it became audible amidst the dash and roar of the waves? But what more sublime than the same Demosthenes in the presence of the multitude, guiding at will the impetuous torrent of human passion, and calling into life, by the force of his eloquence, feelings long lost in sloth and corruption? And, to bring the comparison more directly to the subject before us, what can appear more trivial, than that grave men should have passed the most precious years of life in the study of words and phrases, carefully sifting idiom from idiom, and apparently with no higher aim than correctness of diction? But if it be true, that the loss of national idiom is the lowest point of degradation to which a people can sink; that, when every other tie has been dissolved, language forms a bond of union even for the coldest and most insensi-

ble ; and that there is something so peculiar in the character of every tongue as to preserve a cast of nationality even amid all the diversities of individual style ; then this study of words becomes the most powerful expression of the love of country.

It is difficult to fix with precision, the epoch, in which the Italian language had reached the lowest state of corruption to which it has ever fallen, or to name, indeed, any period, in which the study of it in its purity has not been pursued with a certain degree of success. Even during the last century we find writers, who, for force, grace, and purity of expression, are deservedly ranked with the first names of Italian literature ; and, what is of still more importance for the light in which we are viewing the subject, men not less distinguished for the intrinsic value, than for the elegance of their productions.

But the example of a few individuals, however eminent, was not sufficient to put a full stop to the progress of corruption. The multitude continued to speak and to write as if a mere change of words were a change of language. A society of lively and ingenious philosophers, the celebrated authors of the *Caffè*, undertook to defend their principles with the weapons of wit, of satire, and of philosophy. Even they who tried hardest and wrote with most care, could not always avoid those foreign infusions of thought and manner which tintured the productions of their contemporaries ; and, that nothing might be wanting to make the triumph complete, the art of corruption was reduced to general laws, and the student taught how far, and according to what rules, he might take the for-

mation of his language into his own hands. The defence of their antagonists was often feeble, always dry; and what, indeed, could they reply to the odious appellation of *purist* and *pedant*; that logic of general terms, which so happily comprises in one sweeping appellation whatever you choose to attribute to your adversary of ludicrous or of vile. This controversy was continued with unabated bitterness through the first twenty years of the present century; nor, during any portion of that period, would it have been possible to say, on which side the balance would eventually turn. A fortunate union of rare and diversified talent has at length brought it to a point, which, if it does not amount to a positive decision, has at least placed it in its true light, and leaves but little to apprehend for the future.

It is not so much with a view to the order of merit, as to that of time, that we place first in our catalogue the name of Antonio Cesari. This indefatigable philologist was born in Verona, on the 18th of January, 1760. An early love of retirement led him to the cloister, and at the age of eighteen he assumed the robe of the congregation of the Oratorio. If the life of a man of letters be proverbially monotonous, what can be expected of one who, to the quiet of the study, added the still deeper seclusion of the convent? The shocks and turmoil of an age of revolutions produced but a transient change in the pursuits of Cesari. He was absorbed in the study of his beloved *trecentisti*. To renew that golden period of the Italian language, he labored night and day through the whole of a protracted life. He composed, he compiled, he translated, he edited. And when, at the close of his ca-

reer, he looked around upon what he had proposed and upon what he had accomplished, we would venture to say, that he died contented; for his task was done, and his harvest was white for the reaper. He died on the 1st of October, 1828.

Contemporary with Cesari, alternately his friend and his foe, but still concurring with him, although upon different principles, in the same undertaking, was the celebrated Vincenzo Monti. Poet, critic, philologist, impetuous in his feelings, and no less so in the expression of them; with an imagination which seemed to glow by its own spontaneous action, and a richness of language and of imagery which, notwithstanding the severity of his taste, sometimes degenerated into exuberance; nothing was wanting to the success of Monti, but that he should have been born in an epoch less rigid in its requirements, and more disposed to pardon the sins of the imagination. He began his studies with what he always considered as the fountain head of Italian eloquence, the study of Latin; and it was thus that he laid the foundation of that pure taste, which, in an age of almost universal corruption, led him back to the classics of his native tongue. Some juvenile compositions, already distinguished by their departure from the prevailing style of the period, won him the favor and protection of Cardinal Borghese, by whose invitation and under whose auspices he removed to Rome. It was at this period, and before he had completed his nineteenth year, that his poetical career may be said to have had its beginning; and his reputation, supported by various productions, one, at least, of which may still be classed among the most beautiful of his

poems, went on rapidly increasing, until the publication of the "Aristodemo" and the "Bassvilliana" placed him among the first poets of his age.

Although he had been the eulogist of Pius the Sixth, and had branded, in the indignant verses of the "Bassvilliana" the wild excesses of the French revolution, Monti, young, enthusiastic, and fresh from the study of the ancients, was easily led astray by those brilliant hopes, which, if they had deceived the cool, the calculating, and the philosophic, could hardly fail to dazzle one who had no other guide than his imagination and his heart. After the fall of the Cisalpine Republic he was constrained to seek a refuge in Savoy; and one who was a sharer in them has described to us the sorrows of that exile. It was in a beautiful grove near Chambery, that he composed the greater part of the "Mascheroniana" and the "Cajo Gracco"; works which breathe a stern and masculine eloquence and a tone of elevated thought to which he never afterwards attained. Restored once more to his native land by the battle of Marengo, he passed through various offices, all of them literary. He was professor at Pavia; connected with the ministry of the interior, for the direction of literature and the arts; and finally, poet-laureate and royal historiographer. During this last period he completed the translation of the "Iliad." Upon the fall of Napoleon, he was again compelled to tune his lyre in unison with the new order of things; nor did he do it with all that dignity and reserve, which the world requires in so great a man. It was shortly after the return of the Austrians, that he began the "Proposta"; a work arid and fatiguing from its subject, but

which his lively fancy and the warmth of his style render attractive even to those, who have but little taste for the questions of which it treats. The controversies to which this work gave rise, must have embittered the last years of his life, although on no occasion had the triumph of his genius been more complete. But the heaviest blow that he received, since it was one for which literary fame could offer no compensation, was the loss of his son-in-law and fellow-laborer, the Count Giulio Perticari. Towards the close of his days, he resumed a work which he had planned many years before, and in which he had undertaken to celebrate the labors of Pius the Sixth in the Pontine Marshes. An apoplectic fit, with which he was seized in the month of April, 1826, found him near the termination of his poem; but, although he continued to live until October of 1828, it was rather like a long farewell to life, than life itself.

The Count Giulio Perticari was born at Savignano, on the 15th of August, 1779, and died on the 26th of June, 1822. He filled several offices, municipal as well as literary, but the greater part of his brief career was devoted to letters. His connection with Monti, whose daughter he had married, was probably the immediate cause of the active part he took in the great philological dispute of his age; and the two treatises, which fill parts of the first and second volumes of the "Proposta," are his best claim to the thanks of posterity.

We have thus grouped together the three principal promoters of the reform of the Italian language. Strict justice would require the mention of several others who bore an almost equal part in the same noble enterprise; Betta, whose

example has done what could never have been accomplished by precept alone; Niccolini, Giordani, Colombo, Grassi, Costa, to say nothing of the mere grammarians and an infinity of others, who wrote in the controversy of the "Proposta." This long contest, unlike most literary disputes, must be judged by its results; and to those who, considering it from this point of view, compare the actual state of the Italian language with the degradation and the corruption into which it had fallen during the last two centuries, it will be evident, that there has been a general return to purity of idiom, and, through this, to purity of taste, which can be attributed to no other cause. No Italian would venture at the present day to hazard such opinions as degrade many of the pages of the *Caffè*, and few, if any, now dare to present themselves to the public, without having studied long and deeply in the classics of their native tongue. How far this study, how far the meditation of Dante, of Machiavelli, of Guicciardini, of Galileo, and the others of that bright constellation of immortals who have enriched the world with the purest models of thought and of expression, will contribute towards the formation of a pure Italian and national tone of thinking and of language, is a question too easily solved to require any illustration of ours.

The study of history is the second branch to which we should refer, as indicative of the actual state of letters in Italy; and here, again, we shall select a few names, though at the hazard of passing over many almost equally deserving of mention.

And in the first rank we shall place a work which, while

It serves as a proof of the general correctness of our position, serves at the same time as a striking confirmation of what we had occasion to advance in a former paper, concerning the nature of the love which an Italian bears for literature.* We mean to speak of the "*Documenti di Storia Italiana*," of Giuseppe Molini. Such of our readers as have visited Florence will probably remember the bookstore of this gentleman. Some of them, perhaps, may remember Molini himself, his open, strongly-marked countenance, his rare intelligence, and the prompt delight with which he unfolds the treasures of his bibliographical lore for the guidance and instruction of every inquirer. But few know him as a scholar of merit, and as a judicious and patient collector of the historical records of his country. Such, however, he has proved himself in the two volumes to which we refer, and as such, he deserves to be classed among the lasting benefactors of Italian history.

The two volumes which compose Molini's collection, contain four hundred and fifty-eight documents, all of which he copied with his own hand from the originals, which lie scattered through the immense libraries of Paris. They consist of letters both public and private, despatches, treaties, and general and special instructions, extending from 1404 to 1572, one of the most eventful periods of modern story. This important accession to the materials of Italian history has become doubly valuable, through the labors of the Marquis Gino Capponi, of Florence. The exact and luminous annotations, which he has affixed to each document, can be duly

* North American Review, Vol. XLVI, pp. 337, et seq.

estimated by those alone who have been engaged in similar investigations; but no one can read them, and more particularly the admirable dissertation upon Andrea Doria, and the causes and the effects of his emancipation of Genoa, without being convinced, that, should the health of the noble author be spared, we shall ere long be able to add one more name, and that of the highest order, to the imperishable roll of Italian historians.

Another work, singularly illustrative of the zeal with which the Italians of the present age have devoted themselves to the study of history in its sources, is the history of the celebrated families of Italy, by the Count Pomponio Litta; a work still in the course of publication, and which, from the immensity of the field over which it spreads, the profound and perplexing researches upon which it is based, and the completeness and accuracy of its execution, would seem beyond the compass of any single life.

Yet these works are but the materials of history, which philosophy, power of narration, and skill in portraying character, can alone render pleasing and instructive to the general reader. And in this department no age of Italian literature stands higher than the present. This portion of our subject is one of peculiar interest, and requires more ample illustration.

Carlo Giuseppe Guglielmo Botta was born at San Giorgio Canavese, in Piedmont, on the 6th of November, 1766. His father was Ignatius Botta; the family name of his mother was Boggio. He received the first rudiments of his education in his native village, and under the eye of his parents; discovering at a very early period a decided taste for study and a sin-

gular facility in learning languages. The dialects spoken in Piedmont, are, as our readers are doubtless aware, among the most corrupt of all Italy, so that the necessity of studying as a foreign tongue, the only language in which they can hope to earn distinction as writers, is with the Piedmontese, super-added to the ordinary difficulties of elementary studies.* Fortunately for Botta, the class books then in use in the royal schools of Piedmont, were enriched with many judicious selections from the purest Tuscan authors, well suited to catch the attention of a child of quick parts; so that, with his natural propensity to the study of language, he could hardly fail to imbibe that fondness for purity of diction, which it is so difficult to acquire in any but the earlier periods of life. In him this taste was confirmed by the lessons of Tenivelli, his master in rhetoric, to whose memory he has consecrated one of the most touching episodes in his history of Italy. Having completed his course of rhetoric, he entered the class of philosophy in Turin, where he continued two years, until his admission into the provincial college of that capital. He there devoted himself to the study of medicine, a science which might almost be called hereditary in his family, for it had been the profession of his ancestors for three successive generations. Of all the subsidiary branches of medical science, that which most attracted his attention was botany; a partiality, which he in a great measure attributed to the lessons of Ignazio Molineri, at that time director of the botanical garden of Turin. His progress in it also would seem to have been

* The same observation applies to almost every other part of Italy, except Tuscany and Rome.

more than ordinary, as far, at least, as can be judged from the descriptions in his "History of Corfu," the only work in which he was led by the nature of his subject to scientific investigations. But other cares and studies of a very different order engaged his maturer years; and though, towards the close of his life, he still spoke of it with fondness, and as the source of many youthful pleasures, as a science he had nearly forgotten it.

Nor did he allow himself to be induced, by the gravity of his professional pursuits, to neglect the cultivation of his taste in writing, and the study of the Italian classics. Redi, himself a physician as well as a profound naturalist, and who has embellished even his driest researches by the charms of a graceful and lively style, became an especial favorite with Botta, who, although he never attempted to imitate the sprightliness and vivacity of that charming writer, drew from the constant meditation of his works a propriety of terms and elegance of expression in treating of common topics, of which he could nowhere have found a more perfect model. The higher qualities of eloquence, variety, and richness of diction, skill in the modulation of his periods, the power of adapting his manner to the subject, of bending language to the workings of his own feelings, and thus of acting, through this most flexible yet most difficult of materials, upon the feelings of others, he studied in Boccaccio and in Machiavelli; though all who have read him will acknowledge, that the characteristic attributes of his style, as of that of all great writers, were derived from those of his own mind. His method of reading was peculiar, and shows his fixed deter-

mination to obtain command of all the riches of his native tongue. His copies of Machiavelli, of Boccaccio, and, in short, of all his favorite authors, were carefully underlined. Not a word, not a phrase that he thought worthy of remark, was allowed to escape him. This system was carried out into all his reading, and by means of this he succeeded, in spite of the numerous disadvantages under which he labored, in making himself master of so great a variety of forms, that he could always render, in new and striking language, even his slightest shades of thought. The "*Commentari Bibliografici*," a literary journal, which was then published at Turin, and to which he contributed, afforded him the first opportunities of trying his strength as a writer; and that he succeeded at least to the satisfaction of his companions, may be fairly assumed from the fact of his having been chosen to compose in their name, the letter, which, in a moment of youthful enthusiasm, they addressed to the celebrated Paesiello upon his opera of "*Nina*."

At the age of twenty he took his degrees in medicine, and three years afterwards was chosen member of the medical college. Happy could he have continued the peaceful exercise of a profession that he loved. But the stormy period of the French revolution was at hand. Placed on the very verge of the precipice, the Piedmontese government stood trembling and terror-struck, yet unable to avoid the fall. An empty treasury, and discontented subjects, are but poor resources on the eve of a revolution. The principles which were receiving so terrific a development in France, worked their way into Piedmont, in spite of the jealous precautions of

power. But with them came the evils of all similar epochs, jealousy, suspicion, spies, and false accusations. Poor Botta was one of the first to feel their effects. He was accused of republicanism, arrested, and held in close confinement in the public prison. Cut off in the spring of life, not only from the society of his friends, but from the hopes of youth, subjected to long and perplexing examinations, where a false step, a single mistake, might bring him to the scaffold; condemned to drag on day after day, in the cold, gloomy, heart-sickening solitude of a dungeon, had his mind been cast in a common mould, it would have sunk under the pressure of such accumulated misfortunes. As it was, the iron entered deep into his soul, and, even at the distance of forty years, it was but seldom, and with evident pain, that he reverted to those days of trial. The companions of his solitude, and his sole consolation, were a copy of Guicciardini, a treatise of mathematics, and *Tristram Shandy*. It was to this epoch, and to the assiduous study of the great Florentine, that he ever afterwards attributed the origin of his passion for history. Meanwhile the exertions of his friends were unremitted. No means were left untried, whether of influence or of entreaty. But all was unavailing. They could not even obtain the privilege of visiting him; and the doubts and uncertainty, in which he was left to languish, were not among the least of his misfortunes. There was one being, however, whose feelings neither bars nor chains could repress, nor the damps of a dungeon chill. Even the turnkey, hardened by long familiarity with every variety of suffering, was won by her generous devotion, and twice during his captivity was Botta consoled

by the visits of his intrepid friend. They alone, who know what Europe then was, can appreciate such an instance of devoted affection.

At length, after a rigorous confinement of eighteen months, his innocence was satisfactorily established, and he was set at liberty. His accuser, one of his former fellow-students and companions, fully convicted of false accusation, was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Yet, though his innocence had been recognized, Turin was no longer a safe residence for one on whom the jealous eye of government had once been fixed; and, in the struggle which was rapidly approaching, what hopes could there be for a young man but just escaped from the scaffold, and dependent upon his profession for support? By the advice of his friends he retired into France, and was almost immediately employed in the medical staff of the army of the Alps.

Here, while actively engaged in the duties of his office, his mind began to yield more sensibly to the bias it had received from the study of Guicciardini. A great question was in agitation before and around him; and, whatever might be the final decision, it could not but be fraught with important lessons to humanity. It was in the camp, surrounded by the rough and fearless soldiers of the revolution, sharing in the perils of their marches, in the hardships and fatigues of their encampments, that he first studied the scenes and the events, which he afterwards reproduced with such thrilling reality in his history of his own times. When the army of the Alps had forced its way into Italy, under the guidance of Bonaparte, Botta revisited his native land, and there, in the inter-

vals of professional engagements, and in the classic retreat of Pavia, he composed his first work, a plan for the government of Lombardy; a composition remarkable for the same independence of spirit, and attachment to the positive and the possible, which distinguished all his subsequent writings. Ardent as was his imagination, he never was a slave to it; and, whatever judgment be passed upon the substance of his opinions, every one must confess, that they were purely his own, and always announced with the frank confidence of sincere conviction. We have had the opportunity, and, well or ill, have availed ourselves of it, of comparing many of the opinions which he uttered at this epoch in the freedom of familiar correspondence, with those which he has recorded in his maturer productions. We have found many changes in his judgments of individuals, some in his hopes of the future, but none in his firm belief in the holiness of those principles around whose banner so large a portion of Europe seemed to have rallied, with a firm resolution to work out their triumph at every hazard.

Towards the close of 1796 he was sent with a division of the army to the Venetian Islands of the Levant, where he wrote his "*Storia Naturale e Medica dell' Isola di Corfù.*" In 1798, the government of Piedmont was overthrown, and the royal family driven into exile. Joubert, to whom the execution of this disgraceful act had been confided by the Directory, and whose virtues certainly deserved a nobler recompense, did all that he could to favor the interests of the country intrusted to his care. It was in this view that he formed a provisional government, composed of native

Italians, of which Botta, who was at that time with the army in Valtellia, and was not personally known to the general, was made a member. But that was not the moment, in which a lover of his country, however profound his knowledge, or however ardent his zeal, would have asked to serve her. The aims of the French government were directed to the acquisition, not to the emancipation, of Piedmont; and the only reward of those, whose services it saw fit to employ as a disguise for its real designs, was that of all who act with sincerity where deceit is wished for and expected, the loss of the esteem of their fellow-citizens, and of the confidence of their masters. A series of new revolutions ensued. The provisional government gave place to the government of the *reunion*. Then came the Austro-Russian invasion,—the oppression of royalists succeeding to the oppression and peculation of pretended republicans. New armies poured down the Alps to sustain the tottering cause of French independence. Battle followed battle in rapid succession. Meanwhile the plains of Piedmont, a prey to successive devastations, her population thinned by the sword, and her fertile places made desolate, presented on every side one unvaried aspect of haggard want.

Botta, like all those who had been connected either by opinion or by act with the late government, was compelled once more to seek safety under a foreign sky; and it was at this period, that he first met the poet Monti during his exile at Chamberry. We have not space to enter into the details of this epoch, or paint the sad communion, the solitary walks of the two exiles, whose names were to adorn so bright a page

in the history of their country. Fortunately for Botta, his former services had not been forgotten, and Bernadotte, then minister of war, restored him to his post of physician to the army of the Alps.

At length the banners of France again appeared in Italy, under the guidance of their youthful leader, and the battle of Marengo decided for fourteen years the destinies of the fairest portion of Europe. Upon the reëstablishment of the French power in Piedmont, Botta was called to take an active part in the new government, first as member of the "Consulta," then of the "Executive Committee," and finally of the "Board for the general Administration of Piedmont." We shall mention but one act of this portion of his public life. Among the prisoners still languishing in the dungeons of Turin, was his former friend, he whose false accusation had been the original cause of all his misfortunes. Botta, president in 1801 of the Executive Committee, restored his enemy to freedom, and signed with his own hand the decree for his liberation. In 1803, upon the final union of Piedmont to France, he was sent as a member of the deputation, chosen to thank the French government for the act of union, and from that period he seems to have looked upon Paris as his home. Shortly after his arrival there, he published his "*Précis Historique de la Maison de Savoie et du Piémont.*"

We hasten to bring to a close this brief abstract of his public life. On the 10th of August, 1804, he was chosen member of the legislature for the department of the Doria; and on the 28th of October, 1809, was made Vice President,

and again reëlected to the same office in the following year. In December he became a candidate for the questorship; but having indulged in some expressions upon the course of government, which were disagreeable to the Emperor, was set aside by express command. On the 3d of January of the next year, he was sent by the Academy of Turin as a member of the deputation chosen to present to Napoleon, in their name, the two last volumes of their memoirs.

The duties of these situations, as is well known to every one acquainted with the history of those days, were merely nominal. This period was dedicated by Botta to those pursuits, which, hitherto, he had only been able to cultivate in moments snatched from graver and less genial occupations. He was already known as an author, and that advantageously, but had not as yet found a subject suited to the display of his wonderful powers of description and narration, and of those stores of practical philosophy, which he had drawn from his brief but rough experience of life.

The first idea of his history of the American Revolution was suggested by a conversation that took place in the house of Madame Manzoni, or as the Italians, out of reverence to the memory of her father, called her, Madama Beccaria. The choicest society in Paris met in the rooms of this lady, and it may readily be supposed that Botta was of the number. One evening the conversation chanced to fall upon the great events of modern history, and their adaptation to epic poetry. The discussion was long and animated, and scarce an event but found its advocate; but it was at last unanimously decided in favor of our Revolution, as furnishing, of all others, the char-

acters and the incidents most worthy of the sublimity of the epic. Botta returned homewards absorbed in the consideration of the evening's debate. His way led him through that square in the rear of the Tuileries, the name of which is so closely associated with the most horrid excesses of the French Revolution. "Why," said he to himself, "if it be a fit subject for a poem, should it not be fitter still for a history?" He was pausing unawares near the spot, which a few years before had been wet with the blood of a king, a queen, and the long line of victims of the reign of terror. "It is," said he, "and I will write it." From that moment he devoted himself, with enthusiastic ardor, to the collection of documents, of maps, of books, of private remarks and journals, of whatever, in short, could illustrate the event and give interest and authenticity to his narrative; and in 1809 his work was presented to the public in four volumes, octavo. The concluding pages of the last book, in which he had undertaken to examine the causes which gave to our Revolution an issue so different from that of similar attempts in other countries, were suppressed by the Imperial censor, and have never been published.

This work attracted from its first appearance universal attention, and was immediately reprinted in Italy. The charm of a narrative sustained with unabated vigor through four entire volumes, the poetic warmth of the descriptions, the glowing eloquence of the whole composition, were universally felt and admired. But the language and the style, rigorously formed on the classic models of Italian literature, those models against whose authority the endeavors of so large a portion of the writers of that period were constantly directed, could not

meet with the same undivided approbation. The controversy which ensued was long and bitter, though less so, perhaps, than that of the "Proposta." The result was equally favorable to the cause of the reform of the Italian language. Botta himself took but a slight part in it, yet a decided one. His opinions had been recorded in his work, and that in a manner too striking to be misunderstood. The corrections which he made in subsequent editions, amount to nothing more than a few notes written in the margin of his own copy; and as for the rest, he quietly awaited the decision of time.

Had he now been at liberty to indulge his own inclinations, he would probably have entered at once upon his "History of Italy." But how could he hope to tell, during the reign of Napoleon, the whole story of her wrongs, of her sufferings, and of her betrayal? Anxious, however, to write of Italy, and unable to do it in any other form, he turned his attention to verse, and composed his poem of "Camillo."

With the fall of Napoleon his trials began anew. The separation of Piedmont from France necessarily deprived him of his rank as representative. His small patrimony was insufficient for the support of his family; and where, at such a moment, could he look for new resources? To crown all, his wife, the cherished companion of his studies and of his recreations, was slowly sinking under a mortal disease, and fading, day by day, before him. It was then, that, to procure the means of obtaining for her the privilege of breathing once more her native air, he sold to an apothecary, at the price of waste paper, the last six hundred copies of his "History of the American War." Vain effort of self-deluding love! they never met again.

During the hundred days, he was appointed rector of the Academy of Nancy, an office which he lost upon the return of the Bourbons. In 1817, he received a similar appointment at the Academy of Rouen, which he held for nearly five years. During his residence in this city, he arranged the materials which he had long been engaged in collecting for the history of Italy from 1789 to 1814,—a period which might be called the history of his own times. Upon his return to Paris, he carried with him the manuscript of this work. But who would venture to publish it? He could not, for want of means. A rigid censorship guarded the presses of Italy; and the publishers of Paris saw but little to tempt them in a long history, written in a foreign language. But for the generosity of a private friend, Poggi of Parma, it might still, perhaps, have lain in manuscript and unknown. This gentleman, with a liberality which should never be forgotten by the admirer of Italian literature, printed it at his own expense, in four magnificent quartos. A French translation, and nearly a dozen successive editions, which immediately appeared in almost every part of Italy, and in every variety of form, were sufficient proofs of its success.

But, in the meanwhile, the author was languishing in Paris from actual want. The loss of his office had left him nearly destitute; and his writings, so productive to others, had, with the exception of the prize of the Crusca, and the gift of a certain number of copies from Rosini of Pisa, and a set of his own editions by Molini of Florence, by whom his History had been republished, produced him nothing but controversies and fame. The booksellers afforded a small resource. Several

articles for the "*Biographie Universelle*," and the "*History of the People of Italy*," a work in three volumes, which was written in as many months, procured him a temporary relief. We hasten to avert our eyes from this page of misery. In January, 1826, proposals were issued to raise a sum of money to support Botta during the time that he might require in order to compose a second *History of Italy*, uniting the work of Guicciardini with his own, and to defray the expenses of the publication. In April of the same year he commenced writing, and, before the close of 1830, the work was completed.

It was while he was employed upon this work, that we first became acquainted with him. He was living in a remote quarter of Paris, in humble lodgings, and attended by a single domestic. We found him in the little room which served him both for parlor and study, engaged in correcting the proofs of the second volume. The bust of Sarpi stood upon the table where he wrote, and on the wall hung the portrait of one, whose name is associated with the most interesting moments of his existence. It may have been fact, or it may have been prepossession, but it appeared to us, that there was a commanding dignity in his simple address, which went directly to the heart. His countenance was strongly marked; and the deep lines of his brow, and the furrows of his cheek, seemed to tell both of study and of age, but perhaps more of sorrow than of either. His forehead was high, and remarkably full; his eye clear, and at times sparkling; the whole cast of his features pleasing, and his aspect generally mild, although there was an expression of singular firmness and decision about his nostrils, which we do not remember to have seen in an equal

degree in any other face. Of himself and his works he spoke freely, but with unaffected modesty ; the same of his contemporaries ; nor had he the least appearance of talking for effect. Every now and then, he startled you with one of those pithy sayings, which he has introduced with so much tact into particular portions of his writings ; but they dropped from him so naturally, that it was impossible to suppose them premeditated. He was especially fond of anecdote, and his inexhaustible memory supplied him with a ready store for every topic. Perhaps the graceful and idiomatic language, in which he always clothed them, would have reminded you of the author, but that there was something so natural in his manner of uttering it, as to take away all appearance of study or of effort.

Not long afterward he paid his last visit to Piedmont. His reception was all that he could have wished, far more than he could ever have hoped for. A liberal pension was settled upon him, and every inducement offered, which seemed likely to win him back to his native land. But there were too many bitter remembrances there, too much uncertainty in the future, for him to think of such a change ; and the few years that might yet be granted him, he wished to spend in quiet and in repose. Such, however, was not his destiny ; and life, which had already poured forth to him so largely from her cup of sorrow, had still its dregs in store to embitter the cold, brief evening of his days. One of the most painful of all diseases fastened upon him. His nights became sleepless, his days agonizing. He was deprived of exercise and air, unless a short walk, which he could never venture to extend far from his own door, could be called such. Nor had he even the

consolation of the society of his children, called in the exercise of their professions to different and distant parts of the world. Still he preserved his cheerfulness and equanimity to the very last; and his letters and his conversation were filled with the same spirit which had animated his happier moments. His Virgil and his Boccaccio were constantly by him; nor shall we ever forget the look with which he one day brought to us, in his little study, the music of the "Nina" of Paesiello, and laid it upon a chair with his flute, the companion of long years of ever-varying fortune, his repose in weariness, his solace in trouble, and which even then, as it lay mute before him, seemed to diffuse around a momentary calm, and call up the shadows of departed joys. Towards the close of 1836, his disease increased, and was attended by frequent fevers, that confined him to his bed. In the beginning of the following year his debility became excessive. We have before us letters written from his bed but a few months previous to his decease, and with a hand so feeble as to be hardly legible. In this state he lingered on through the summer of 1837, and finally expired in the month of September. His remains were interred in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, amid the poets, the warriors, the statesmen of modern story. But there is no tomb in that boundless city of the dead, whether decked with the choicest expressions of sculptured grief, or eloquent from the mere memory of the dust that moulders in its bosom, by which the American should tread with deeper devotion than by the tomb of Botta. And there, too, when the passions and the prejudices of the present shall have passed away, shall the pilgrim from his own sunny clime come to offer up

the homage of his tears. As for us who knew and who loved him, this brief tribute, though feeble and unadorned, may not, perhaps, pass unregarded; for it is the expression of feelings formed in the freedom of familiar intercourse, a lingering of memory around days that she would fain recall, and which, from the dim regions of the inexorable past, have left behind them the consoling assurance, that our cares were not all unavailing, and that he felt and appreciated the efforts that we made to smooth away some part of the ruggedness of his pathway to the grave.

We have allowed our pen to run on so freely in the preceding sketch, that we find ourselves constrained to curtail the remarks which we intended to offer upon the literary merits of Botta. The same causes which concurred in giving him so decided a taste for the best writers of his native tongue, led him to view with particular fondness the school in which they had been formed. His profound knowledge of Latin favored the cultivation of this partiality, and enabled him to study at the very sources of classic eloquence. Hence, when he took up his pen for the composition of history, it was with a mind warm from the meditation of Livy, of Tacitus, and of those who, by treading closely in their footsteps, have formed the most durable school of modern history. Thus the form of his works, naturally,—we had almost said, necessarily,—became classic. His narrative is arranged and conducted with consummate art. Sketches, portraits, and full descriptions are disposed at proper intervals, according to the nature and importance of the incident or of the person. If there be an important question to weigh, he puts it into the form of a debate,

and makes you a listener to the discussions of the actual heroes of the scene. It is thus that he brings you to the grave deliberations of the Venetian senate, or placing you, as it were, in some hidden recess, discloses to you the midnight councils of a band of conspirators. And often, so powerful is the charm of his eloquence, you feel excited, chilled, terror-struck,—moved, in short, by turns, with all the feelings that such a scene is calculated to awaken.

His narrations, if compared with those of the great historians of antiquity, will be found to possess two of the highest qualities of which this kind of writing is susceptible; clearness, and animation. He never wrote until he had completed his study of the event; and then, by the assistance of a most exact and retentive memory, he wrote it out just in the order in which it arranged itself in his head. He was thus enabled to give his narrative that appearance of unity of conception, which it is impossible to communicate, unless where the mind has, from the very first, embraced the subject in its full extent. The glow of composition, moreover, was never interrupted, and he was free to enter with the full force of his feelings into the spirit of the scenes he was describing. Hence many who deny him others of the higher qualities of an historian; allow him to be one of the most fascinating of narrators.

His descriptions have more of the warmth of poetry in them, than those of any other modern historian with whose works we are acquainted. Here, indeed, he seems to be upon his own ground; and, whether he describe a battle-field, a midnight assault, a sack, the siege or the storming of a city or of a fortress,—the convulsions, in short, of man or of nature her-

self,—he is everywhere equally master of his subject. His eye seems to take in the whole at a glance, and seize instinctively upon those points which are best calculated to characterize the scene. If he leaves less to the reader than Tacitus or Sallust, the incidents that he introduces are so well chosen, that they seize forcibly upon the imagination, and never fail to produce their full effect. His description of the flight of the French exiles from Savoy, of the passages of the Alps by Bonaparte and by Macdonald, of the sack of Pavia, of the siege of Famagosta, and of the earthquake in Calabria, may be cited as equal to anything that ever was written. Read the taking of Siena by Cosimo the First. You are moved as if you were on the spot, and were witnessing with your own eyes that scene of horror. You can see the band of exiles worn down, emaciated, by watching and by want. The whole story of the past is graved upon their deathlike countenances. As the melancholy train moves slowly onward, sighs, tears, ill suppressed groans force their way. They touch even the hearts of the victors. Every hand is stretched out to succor and to console. But grief and hardship have done their work. Their files were thin, when they passed for the last time the gate of their beloved home; but, ere they reach the banks of the Arbia, many a form has sunk exhausted and death-struck by the way. And, to complete the picture, he adds one little touch, which we give in the original, for the force of the transposition would be lost in English. “*Sapevano bene di aver perduto una patria, ma se un’ altra ne avrebbero trovata, nol sapevano.*”

The portraits of Botta are not equal to the other parts of

his writings. No writer ever described character by action better than he; but, in the uniting of those separate traits which constitute individual character, and those slight and delicate shades which diversify it, he often fails. The same may be said of his views of the general progress of civilization. He never, indeed, loses sight of this capital point; and some of his sketches, such for example as the whole first book of his "History of Italy from 1789," are admirable; but the development of the individual and of society, and their mutual and reciprocal action, are not kept so constantly in view, and made to march on with the body of the narrative, with all that distinctness and precision, which we have a right to expect from so great a writer.

The moral bearing of every event, and of every character, is, on the contrary, always placed in full relief. Here his judgment is never at fault; and the high and the low, the distant and the near, are alike brought with stern impartiality to answer for their deeds at the tribunal of historical morality. "O si," he cries, addressing himself, after the relation of one of the most horrid acts ever perpetrated, to those who flatter themselves with the hope, that their greatness will always prove a sufficient screen from the infamy that they deserve, "*infamativi pure co' fatti, che la storia vi infamerà co' detti.*" And nowhere is the goodness of his own heart more apparent, than in the delight with which he dwells upon those few happy days, which sometimes break in like an unexpected gleam of sunshine upon the monotonous gloom of history; entering into all the minuter details, and setting off the event and its hero, by some well-chosen anecdote or apposite reflection.

Of his style we have, perhaps, already said enough. Purity of diction, richness, variety, and an almost intuitive adaptation of construction and of language to the changes of the subject, are its leading characteristics. The variety of his terms is wonderful; and no one, who has not read him with attention, can form a correct idea of the power and inexhaustible resources of the Italian. A simple narrator, an exciting orator, soft, winning, stern, satirical at will, consummate master of all the secrets of art, he seems to us to have carried many parts of historical composition to a very high pitch of perfection; and, if in some he appear less satisfactory, it is because he falls below the standard that we have formed from his own writings, rather than any that we have derived from those of others.

The "History of the Kingdom of Naples," by Pietro Colletta, was published at Capolago, in 1834, in two volumes, octavo. This work comprises the space of nearly one hundred years, from 1734 to 1825. Colletta, like Botta, was an eyewitness and an actor in many of the scenes that he describes. His youth, also, was passed in the turbulence of revolution, was equally checkered with the vicissitude of prosperous and of adverse fortune, and his days closed in poverty and in exile. Happier in one thing than Botta, that the spot of his exile was less distant from that of his nativity, and that his last years were passed under the sky of Italy; but still his home was Naples,—

"e chi vi nacque

Sotto qual cielo non senti l'esiglio?"

The life of Colletta has been written by his friend and edi-

tor, and with so much eloquence, both of philosophy and of feeling, that none would venture to abridge, few to translate it. Referring our readers to that exquisite sketch, we shall confine our remarks to his literary character.

The "History of Naples" by Giannone, one of the most remarkable productions ever published, since it accomplished fully the purpose for which it was composed, terminates with the death of Charles the Second, in 1700. Colletta, after a rapid sketch of the events of the first thirty-three years of the eighteenth century, enters upon a full narration, with the conquest of the kingdom of Naples and Sicily by Charles Bourbon. This period in the history of Naples was full of momentous changes. The passage from the government of a viceroy to that of a resident sovereign; reforms in the laws, in the usages, in the whole civil state, of the nation, and hence a new and more enlarged system of foreign intercourse; a remarkable development of individual genius; a constant struggle, between two adverse forms of civilization; together with the convulsions, the public and private desolation, of five revolutions; such is the theme which he has treated in the two volumes of his "History of Naples." To say that he has done it well, that he has studied it profoundly and in detail, that he has entered deeply into the spirit of the events and of the men, would be but meagre praise. He brought to his undertaking the highest qualifications that an historian can possess;—a mind formed in the school of experience and of adversity; an indomitable will; a clear perception of causes and of general principles; patience and assiduity in the search of truth, and a heart to kindle and to glow in the narration of it.

His narrative is distinct and animated, but not flowing nor always easy. His descriptions, on the contrary, are always animated and natural. His military descriptions, in particular, are written with the feeling of a soldier and the science of a profound strategist. He paints to the life, and, in all his delineations of individual character, you see the quick eye of a man long skilled in reading the secret workings of the heart. But the strongest portions of his work are the admirable passages which he has devoted to a minute description of the wants and reforms of the state. No historian ever felt more deeply the importance of interweaving the history of civilization with the whole course of his narration, and thus giving at one view the results as well as the march of history. In the writings of Colletta, you not only see what men were, but why they were so; not the naked act, but its cause and its consequences. Thus, every science connected with history (and which of the moral and political sciences has not its sources there?) will find both principles and illustrations in this wonderful work. His style is pure, and remarkable for its terseness and its energy. Peculiarly his own, formed upon no model, nor formed, indeed, until the necessity of writing compelled him to turn his attention to the study of language, it bears the impress of his mind, and reveals in every sentence the stern, prompt energy and commanding dignity of his character.

We are compelled to pass over many other historical works belonging to the same period;—the “Commentaries” of Papi on the French Revolution, in which the great events of modern story are narrated with impartiality, and with no

ordinary share of feeling and of philosophy; the "History of Liguria," by Serra; the same subject treated by Varese; and an infinity of other civil and military histories, to say nothing of the histories of literature and of the arts, of sculpture by Cicognara, of Italian painting by Lanzi, of Italian literature by Corniani and Ugoni, and numerous other productions of different degrees of merit, but of which the catalogue alone shows to what extent the study of history has flourished in Italy during the epoch of which we have undertaken to speak.

The state of philosophical studies in Italy is another branch of our subject, which, whether it be considered as a token of the present, or as an earnest of the future, is deserving of profound attention. Much misrepresentation prevails in foreign countries with regard to the state of letters in Italy; but upon no department of study have grosser errors been promulgated than upon this. Some writers of the modern French school claim for themselves the merit of having introduced into the Peninsula the doctrines which prevail there; and, by a gross anachronism, attribute to the works of Cousin the honor of having given rise to a school, whose foundations had been laid several years before that eloquent professor made the first exposition of his doctrines from his chair in the University of Paris; and Cousin himself, with a haste, excusable, perhaps, in so successful a teacher, represents the future philosophy of Italy as wholly dependent upon the direction it may receive from France. The circulation of such opinions, bearing with them the sanction of a name of so much pretension in the philosophical world, will be a sufficient

excuse for the minuteness of some portions of the following remarks.

The study of philosophy in Italy, during the first fifteen years of the present century, was for the most part limited to the school of Condillac. The ideology of De Tracy, so remarkable for its distinctness and simplicity, and so attractive from the apparent facility with which it solves the most important questions, was considered as the best exposition of the principles of the school to which he belonged, and very generally studied. In the schools, Soave continued to hold his place, and scarce any ventured beyond a bare analysis of ideas. But this order of things could not last long. A nation so acute and so profound, could not fail to bring their principles to the test, both by carrying them out to their remote consequences, and by considering them in their connection with other sciences. The old school of their native philosophers had left its traces too deeply impressed on all the greatest productions of their literature, to admit of their long forgetting a method so just, and principles so comprehensive and so sublime. As early as 1803, the theories of the schools of Locke and of Kant were attacked by Tamburini, so far as they relate to the fundamental doctrines of moral philosophy; and, in a work published in 1823, the same author has touched with rare judgment upon the great question of the possible perfection of the human race, which is so warmly agitated at this moment.

But the full revival of philosophical studies in Italy dates from 1815, and received its first impulse, though not its doctrines, from abroad, and more particularly from the efforts

made in France to overthrow the school of Condillac. From that period, its progress has been constant and rapid, and it already counts numerous productions of a very high order, and which, while belonging to different schools, have too many of the characteristic attributes of the Italian mind about them to be confounded with those of any other people. We hardly need observe, to those who are at all conversant with philosophical disquisition, that it will be impossible to compress within the limits of a few pages, even a succinct analysis of the principles of these different schools. The utmost that we can offer will be a sort of bibliographical catalogue of the principal leaders, with here and there a hasty sketch of their doctrines. A somewhat clearer idea may be given by following the classification of Poli, whose valuable work we are happy to cite as giving authenticity to this difficult portion of our subject. *

The first class is that of *positive* and *negative eclectics*, or *empirical rationalists*; to which belong Tamburini, Galuppi, Poli, and many others, who, however much they may differ in the details of their systems, agree in the fundamental principles of eclecticism. The most distinguished writer of the school is the Baron Pasquale Galuppi, a native of Tropea, in Calabria, now professor in the Royal University of Naples. The works of Galuppi are numerous and extensive, but all written with one view, the discussion of the most important questions of philosophy. His first publication was the "Saggio filosofico sulla Critica della Conoscenza," in which he has entered into a full examination of the two fun-

*Baldassare Poli, Supplementi al Manuale di Tenneman.

damental questions of philosophy; the possibility and the nature of our knowledge. In reply to the first query, he demonstrates the possibility of our knowledge, confuting at length the sophistry of the skeptical school, and proving that this knowledge is acquired by means of the intellectual faculties, which are the source of our ideas, and that the mind arrives at the truth, when it assents to or denies any thing by force of a deciding motive.

He gives a full analysis of the intellectual phenomena, deducing from it as a general result the reality of our knowledge, and the consequent falseness of skepticism. Having established this point, he goes on to show how we pass, in the acquisition of knowledge, from the world of thought to that of positive existence. As a connecting point between them he admits the existence of *universal ideas*, neither purely empirical nor to be deduced from the principles *a priori* of Kant, but from the subjectiveness of the mind, and as classed among its original laws; how we form, by means of these, analytical judgments or principles, without the necessity of calling in the aid of innate ideas, and in opposition to the theory of *synthetical judgments a priori* of Kant; and how they may all be reduced to two orders of knowledge or of truth, the one of existence, the other of reason. The first class presupposes the application of rational truths to the data of experience; the second serves as a basis for truths acquired by induction. He thus differs, both from the empirical school, which entirely separates reason from existence; and from the ideal, which draws a dividing line between the ideal and the sensible. He shows, that, though all our judgments

are identical, they serve to enlarge the sphere of our knowledge; that by the application of the principle of causality to an existence which is purely experimental, we obtain the knowledge of others that are real; that there are two species of sensibility; the one internal, perceptive of the *ego* and its modifications; the other external and perceptive of external objects; whence to say, "I feel, but do not feel any thing," is an evident contradiction.

In the second part, he attempts to define the limits of human knowledge; showing that we are ignorant of the essence of things; that we can never know how efficient causes act; can never know the nature of the Divinity; nor how beings produce in themselves or in others certain given modifications.

The "Elements of Philosophy" contain the same principles, though differently expressed. They are divided into Logic, Psychology, Ideology, Ethics, and Natural Theology. In his "Logic" he first shows, that every process of reasoning is composed of judgments; that these are either empirical or metaphysical; the first, requiring an exact examination of particular cases; the second, based upon a comparison of our own ideas. Hence a division of reasoning into pure, empirical, or mixed; empirical reasoning being reducible to the last head; and, consequently, a division of logic, the science of reasoning, into pure, or the logic of ideas, and mixed, or the logic of facts. But, as the second of these requires a previous study of the manner in which the mind acquires its knowledge of facts, or in other words, passes from the world of thought to the world of existence, it can only be

treated after metaphysics, the science in which the mode and the nature of that passage is explained; the first, being confined to a simple comparison of pure ideas, may be studied without the aid of metaphysics. He then passes to some further observations upon the nature of reasoning; explains axioms; shows that they are all founded upon the principle of contradiction; refutes the *synthesis a priori* of Kant; treats of definitions, and gives the genesis of universals. He next enters into a full analysis of the process of reasoning; and, after proving that it always consists of three judgments, and is subject to one general law, requiring that there be one idea in common to the premises and to the conclusion, and a judgment affirming the identity, either partial or perfect, of the other two ideas, he shows how a process of reasoning is instructive; 1st, inasmuch as it serves to arrange and classify our knowledge; 2dly, as it leads to some kinds of knowledge which could not be acquired without it; and 3dly, that, although it be founded upon the principle of identity, it becomes a source of knowledge, by leading to the discovery of those relations between our ideas, which could not be ascertained except through the medium of such a process. The last three chapters are devoted to an explanation of the different forms of reasoning, and to a luminous discussion of method.

Logic, as he has treated it, becomes a stepping-stone to psychology, in which he develops at length his system of the faculties of the mind. These are sensibility, consciousness, imagination, analysis, synthesis, desire, and will. The first three supply the subjects of thought; analysis and synthesis

are the faculties by means of which the mind acts upon these subjects; will stimulated by desire serves as the guide and director of this action. Each branch of these subjects is treated with great clearness and detail; and the whole is interspersed with important practical observations upon attention, the association of ideas, the different forms of synthesis, memory, and the acquired habits of the mind. In the chapter upon sleep and dreaming he proves, in opposition to Stewart, that the exercise of the will is suspended during sleep. He adds, also, some interesting remarks upon dreams and somnambulism. In the last chapter he subjects to a rigorous examination the doctrines of Condillac upon the intellectual powers.

From psychology he passes to ideology, or the doctrine of the origin and generation of our ideas, analyzes the ideas of mind, of body, of unity, of number, of a whole, of identity, of diversity, of substance, of accident, of cause, of effect, of time, of space, of the universe, and of God; he points out some leading errors in the current systems of ontology, and, in an admirable chapter upon the influence of words in the formation of our ideas, establishes the principles of general grammar.

In the fourth part of his course he treats of mixed logic, showing first the reality of our knowledge; explaining at length the nature of mixed reasoning; and solving the principal questions connected with it. He distinguishes primitive from secondary experience, and points out the foundation of moral certainty, taking occasion, at the same time, to treat some of the most interesting questions of the philosophy of signs. He discourses with great fulness and distinctness upon

the origin of error; and, after treating of the doctrines of probabilities and hypotheses, explains and discusses the system of Kant. A treatise upon moral philosophy, and one on natural theology, in which he demonstrates the truth of Christianity, conclude the course; the whole of which is written with clearness, warmth, and unaffected simplicity. Besides a full statement and discussion of his own principles, he has interwoven admirable sketches of the doctrines of other philosophers, thus treating all the questions of philosophy upon the broadest scale.* The "Lettere Filosofiche" display a profound knowledge of the writings of the great philosophers of modern times. The work is perhaps, as far as it goes, the most perfect specimen of philosophical history ever written.

Of the other writers of this class we have not space to speak in detail. The most distinguished is probably Bassaldare Poli, who, besides various other important productions, has added a supplement to the manual of Tenneman, in which he has filled, with singular profundity of research, and clearness of exposition, the numerous *lacunes* of the German historian.

In passing to the school of empirics, our sketch necessarily becomes more hasty and general.

Giandomenico Romagnosi, who held during a long life the first rank among the thinkers of Italy, and left behind him a school of enthusiastic disciples, was born in the village of Salso Maggiore, on the night of the 13th of December, 1761. His father, having himself filled with brilliant success several im-

* It may be necessary to observe, that we have employed, in preparing this hasty analysis, the last edition of the elements; which differs from all others in several particulars, the most important of which is the addition of the treatise of Natural Religion.

portant public situations, resolved to prepare him from his childhood for the same career. Accordingly, as soon as he was judged capable of entering upon the usual routine of the schools, he was put to his Latin grammar, and, that he might accustom himself betimes to close application, made to study eight hours a day. The highest praise that can be given to the natural vigor of his intellect may be drawn from this circumstance; for neither his mind nor his spirits were broken by this harsh initiation into the mysteries of science. At the age of fourteen, he was admitted to the Alberoni college of Piacenza, where a fortunate chance threw in his way a work, that seemed to give an instantaneous development to all his intellectual faculties, and decide at once his whole future career. This was the analytical essay of Bonnet upon the faculties of the mind. Romagnosi devoted himself to the study of this volume with all the fervor of youthful enthusiasm. A new world seemed to have opened upon him. He read and he meditated. He compared the observations of his author with the suggestions of his own experience; he studied, in short, as the young student studies, when he meets, for the first time, a work that embodies and gives form and expression to his own indefinite but eager fancies. It would be long to repeat the wonders, that are told of his subsequent application and progress; of his passion for the natural sciences; of his astonishing feats of memory, and the still more astonishing efforts of reason which he made, until the publication, at the age of thirty, of his "*Genesi del Diritto Penale*" placed him in the rank which he ever afterwards continued to hold among the most vigorous and exact reasoners of the age. Neither

shall we attempt to follow the vicissitudes of his fortunes, through all the various offices that he filled. The history of his life, to be written satisfactorily, should be accompanied by an analysis of his works, in the order in which they were written; for it is little else than the history of his mind.

For our immediate purpose, it will be sufficient to say, that his time, until about the period of the suppression of the kingdom of Italy, was divided between private study and the performance of public duties. He filled chairs at Parma, at Pavia, and at Milan, as public professor; presided at the formation of the penal code for the kingdom of Italy; was called to aid the reforms of government in several of the most interesting conjunctures; and finally closed his laborious career at Milan, in poverty and in retirement, in the month of June, 1835. His death-bed was surrounded by the children of his intellect, his devoted disciples; and the last words, that were audible in the agony of his death-struggle, were, "*Smith — buona dottrina.*"

The chief claim of Romagnosi to a place among the great intellects of his age, is founded upon his merits as a civil and political philosopher. His "*Genesi del Diritto Penale*," his "*Introduzione allo Studio del Diritto Pubblico Universale*," his treatise "*Dell' Indole e de' Fatteri dell' Incivillimento*," are imperishable monuments of the vigor of his intellect, and of the depth of his learning. It was only towards the close of his life that he began to write upon the philosophy of the mind, and his contributions to this department of human knowledge bear in number no proportion to his other writings. But the depth of his views, the closeness of his reasoning, the

positive, practical turn of his thought, give to these few productions a degree of importance which is often wanting to volumes of far greater pretension.

Melchiorre Gioja, who was born at Piacenza in 1767, and died at Milan in 1829, imbibed, like Romagnosi, his taste for philosophy, from the essay of Bonnet. The habits of close observation, and of patient thinking, which he thus acquired, influenced the composition of all his works, and were at once the consequence and the cause of his rigid adhesion to the experimental method. But, although he has written at length upon several branches of intellectual philosophy, it is mainly as an economist that he claims the attention of posterity. In this department his merit is of the highest order; and the literature of no nation can boast a work so daring in its design, so exact and so complete in its execution, as his "*Prospetto delle Scienze Economiche*."

The Cavalier Pasquale Borrelli, better known by the assumed name of Lallebasque, deserves also to be classed among the most successful of those who have engaged, under the standard of the experimental method, in the boundless field of philosophical inquiry, and discussion. His doctrines are contained in his "*Introduzione alla Filosofia Naturale del Pensiero*," and his "*Principj della Genealogia del Pensiero*," in which he has undertaken to trace the action of reasoning, and assign the principles upon which it is founded. Another important work of this author is his treatise on Etymology, in which he reduces the principles of this difficult art to the clearness and order of a science. He divides languages into radical and productive; seeks the primitive origin of words

in the causes of their changes and passage from one language to another (which causes he reduces to four, *imitation, necessity, convenience, and arbitrary will*); and points out two methods for the investigation of radicals; one *direct*, consisting in an historical research of the people that held communication with those whose language we propose to study; the other *inverse*, which consists in seeking, in the derived language itself, a knowledge of those which have concurred in its formation.

The treatise of the Count Mamiani della Rovere, entitled "Del Rinnovamento dell' Antica Filosofia Italina," was composed for one of the noblest purposes that can guide the researches of a philosopher; that is, to show the possibility of arriving at positive conclusions in the science of mind and the consequent certainty of the foundations on which our belief and our dearest hopes repose. He attributes the prevalence of so many discordant opinions in philosophy, not to the science itself, but to the methods employed in the investigation of it; and proposes to the discussion of philosophers, as the first and most important problem in the present state of the science, "to deduce, from a profound examination of the subject and aim of philosophy, the special modifications and proper uses to which the common doctrines of the natural method should be subjected." In tracing the characteristic attributes of this method, he shows that it originated in Italy; and that, consequently, a renewal of the ancient Italian philosophy would be the first step towards its establishment. From the exposition and history of this method he passes to the application of it, proving first the reality of the objects of human

knowledge, each taken by itself ; and their reality as connected and referring one to another.

The most distinguished writer of the school of rationalists or idealists is the Abbé Rosmini, author of the "Nuovo Saggio sull' Origine delle Idee." According to Rosmini, all our conceptions are formed by means of one universal predicate, from which all others derive their efficacy. This predicate is the idea of being (*dell' ente*) ; an idea anterior to any act of thought, and which refers solely to the possibility of particular existences. His theory is based upon two theorems ; 1st. That the act of thought requires the idea of existence (*dell' essere*) ; 2d. That the idea of being (*dell' ente*) is not derived either from the senses, or from consciousness, or from reflection (in the sense in which it is used by Locke), neither can it originate with the act of perception ; consequently it must be innate. The first part of the essay of Rosmini is devoted to a discussion and examination of the philosophical theories that preceded his own, and is important as a record of what the great men of different ages and different countries have thought and said upon this interesting science. The whole is replete with new and striking ideas.

The supernatural school has likewise found followers in Italy, and boasts some names of well-earned celebrity ; but thus far its influence has been slight, and the number of its proselytes small.

The history of the application of these methods of philosophical investigation to some of the principal questions of art and of science would furnish materials scarcely less ample than those which we have compressed into the pages of the

present essay. The theories of pleasure, of beauty, the leading questions of taste, have been treated with more or less acuteness and profundity, and with sufficient success to demonstrate the importance of these subtle but ennobling researches. The science of history, has of all others, been the most successful; and the country of Vico has found among her own children the best expositor of the abstruse doctrines of this Homer of philosophy, and the minds worthiest of treading in the path which he had opened. Nor in the science of education, the most important of all, since it not only characterizes the present but decides for the future, have the principles of a profound philosophy been less successfully applied. Were there no other name beside that of Lambruschini, this alone would deserve to be loved and revered as far as the influence of his pure and elevated philanthropy extends.

Hasty and superficial as the preceding sketches are,* they

* There are two omissions in this essay which will be particularly noticed. We have undertaken to give a sketch, rapid and concise it is true, but nevertheless a sketch, of the real state and apparent direction of studies in Italy during the first thirty-eight years of the present century, and yet we have said nothing of poetry, or of the natural sciences, and have hurried over the works of Romagnosi, Gioja, and several others, from the analysis of whose productions a better idea of the reach of the Italian mind might be derived than from almost any other source. The name of Jannelli is not even mentioned, and Balbi, one of the best geographical and statistical writers of the age, is treated with the same neglect. What shall we say of the periodical literature of Italy, of the "*Corografia Italiana*," — in short, of all our omissions? We can only say, that in our choice, both of subjects and of names, we have been guided by the best judgment we could form after long and mature reflection; and that we have omitted much that it was originally our intention to introduce, from the impossibility of doing justice to so many

contain, at least, enough to prove the correctness of our original position, and show how much error must necessarily enter into the judgments of those who study nations in the deceptive mirror of artificial life. Could we have carried out our inquiries into every branch in which the innate activity of Italian intellect has exerted itself; could we have spoken of science in the age of La Grange, of Cagnoli, of Piazzi, of Galvani, of Volta; of archeology, where the dust of Visconti and Sestini is still warm with the recent pulsations of life; of poetry, with the works of a Monti, a Pindemonte, a Foscolo, a Niccolini, a Manzoni before us; of that indomitable energy and pure thirst after knowledge, which supported a Belzoni and a Rosellini in their daring and painful quest of the mysteries of Egyptian lore; of music, of a Rosini, a Bellini, a Donizetti; of art, of a Canova, a Tennerani, a Bartolini; what force and what evidence might we not have given to our estimate of the Italian mind? And yet this is the land which has been painted as the home of bandits and of beggars; a corpse, decked indeed with flowers, and preserving still some traces of its former loveliness, but exhaling from every pore the loathsome testimonials of crumbling mortality. How easily do we forget what is due to the past! The contributions of science, the embellishments of art, all that conduces to the security or to the elegance of life, is sought after and jealously preserved. But, contented with

names, without trespassing too far beyond the bounds of a single article. For the same reason, we have avoided citing authorities, and should have cut short our biographical sketches, had we not thought, that a knowledge of the obstacles against which a writer has to contend, is one of the best guides to a correct judgment of his works.

the momentary fruition, we take no account of the toils and sacrifices of those to whom we are indebted for the gift. Forgetful of Galvani or of Volta, the chemist pursues the daily application of their sublime discoveries; and how few of those, who gaze upon the pale orb of Ceres, can tell whose eye first detected its march amid the glittering train, that waits upon its silent revolutions?

Were we to attempt to paint Italy as we ourselves have found it,—and in speaking of a subject like this, where individual testimony is made the standard of judgment, the reader will excuse us if we attempt to throw our own experience into the scale,—we would lead the traveller, not merely through the highways and cities of the Peninsula, but through its remote districts and paths seldom trodden by the stranger. We would ask him to loiter with us by the wayside, while we listened to the conversation or replied to the queries of the peasantry; to seat himself at their humble board and share their meal with the relish, which a sincere and heartfelt welcome gives. We would have him mingle with the different classes of society until he had acquired enough of their tone of thought and of feeling, to find his way into their more retired circles, and see the examples of affection, of sincerity, of stern conscientiousness, which abound there. We would then ask him to turn with us to the dark record, which contains the last four centuries of Italian history. We would show him on one side, a country parcelled out into petty states, some of them a prey to domestic oppression, some to the avidity of foreign dominion; the spirit of liberty, and all that could contribute to its development, cautiously suppressed; local jealousies

fostered, until that very division, which had once been among the greatest stimulants to the general development of mind, had been converted into one of the most powerful instruments for its oppression; and, when he had considered well this state of things and weighed for himself its influence and its necessary consequences, we would withdraw the veil from the other side of the picture. He should there see art, literature, science, springing into life from the very bosom of death. He should see mind, circumscribed or cut off from one sphere of action, turning with irrepressible energy to another; the brightest beams of science irradiating the darkness of a dungeon; the boldest flights of poetry and of philosophy winged from a garret or from a cottage; the fondest hopes of life, and life itself, offered up a willing sacrifice at the shrine of scientific truth or of historical sincerity; and then would we close our volume, and leave the decision to his own conscience.

MANZONI.*

E chi è questi che mostra il cammino?

Divina commedia.

It would have afforded us great satisfaction to have been able to present to our readers a detailed biographical sketch of the brightest ornament of historical romance in Italy, Alexander Manzoni. Trite as the observation is, we cannot help repeating it, there is no introduction to an author's works like a knowledge of his life and character. Nothing brings your eye so close to the written picture of his mind; nothing gives such force to his observations, or explains so well those little traits which drop from his pen, almost without his perceiving it, the spontaneous, strongly-marked expression of the heart. Nor is the converse less true. Some men have received from nature so rare a power of communication, that to read their works is to know them. It is like listening to a free and familiar conversation, where the heart pours itself out, without restraint and without reserve. How delightful the

*1. I Promessi Sposi. Storia Milanese del XVII. Secolo, scoperta e rifatta da Alessandro Manzoni. Firenze. 3 Vol. 1829. 12mo.

2. Sulla Storia Lombarda del XVII. Secolo Ragionamenti di Cesare Cantù. Lugano. 1833.

friendship we thus form with a favorite author! How he winds himself into our affections! What a hold he gains upon our sympathies! The intimacy of daily intercourse could do no more. And there, too, he always is, ever unchanged, with the same serenity of aspect, the same cheering tones, and all those little winning ways, that so often find access to the heart, when closed to every other appeal.

We have never seen a *Life of Manzoni*. We know him only through his works. And yet, were we called upon to draw a portrait of him, we should hardly hesitate to make the attempt. We should paint him as one of the most amiable of men; with sympathies easily awakened, and a heart to receive and preserve their slightest impressions. We should expect to find him freest and most expansive in the midst of his friends, or of his own domestic circle. We should there look for the benignant smile; glances beaming with a love too strong to be repressed; every now and then somewhat of sly humor lurking around the eye and the corners of the mouth; a play of features not so remarkable for its variety, as for a tone of decided individuality, which we should suppose it to preserve throughout every change. We should expect to hear him talk in a mild, firm tone of voice, flexible to a certain point, and never too sharp or too decided, except when he approached one or two particular topics. Should there be any striking character in the room, he would perceive it at once, approach him gradually (we do not mean cautiously,) and draw him out. If any thing extravagant were said or done, the author need not be under any apprehension of meeting it in print; yet, if some time or other in the course

of his reading, he should chance to come across something very like it, it would be easy to guess how it got there. We should say too, that he was a man to walk through a wood, view a sunset, a fine landscape, or even go through some sorts of adventures with. And if he said nothing to you in your twilight walk, if he uttered not a word while gazing upon nature in her majesty, yet there would be a tremulous pressure of the hand, a glow upon his countenance, that would go further than any words could go, and make you feel that his heart, like your own, was overflowing. But we must check our pen. We have a long path before us, yet, unless our readers could turn to Manzoni's volumes, instead of our meagre account of them, hardly enough so to justify what we have already said.

It is now more than twelve years since the "Promessi Sposi" was first published; and it is generally believed that the author, in strict accordance with the Horatian precept, kept his manuscript by him nine full years before he ventured to submit it to the public eye. It came, if our recollection of the first edition be correct, in no very inviting form, with a title, of which it would be hardly saying enough to call it unpretending, and with none of that parade of preparation and anticipated applause, with which it is so often found convenient to usher in a new candidate for public favor. Yet, before six months were over, you would have found it in every corner of Italy, and in such a variety of editions, that, had the law of copyright been known there, the author might easily have interwoven his laurels with gold. Nor was it long left in solitary possession of the field. First came the "Monaca

di Monza," a rib from the lovers' own side, to claim relationship and keep them in countenance. Others, of various forms and sonorous titles soon followed, each enforcing its claim in some style of rhetoric peculiar to itself; while our author, like the good vicar of Wakefield with his poor relations, was obliged to acknowledge the tie, though the blind, the lame, and the halt were of the number. Since that time, it has not only kept its ground, but apparently gone on extending and confirming its reputation. Rivals have striven to supplant it, and failed; critics have attacked it, and been forgotten; and, hardest of all, admiring editors have swelled it with notes and glosses and comments, and been laughed at for their pains. The author too, as if satisfied with his success, has locked his portfolio, although we have often heard it whispered, that there was still something in it. Will it be counting too much upon the indulgence of our readers, if we ask them to follow us through a minute examination of this beautiful production?

The writer of an historical romance voluntarily assumes a double task; and, while he aims at giving a correct picture of particular traits of human character, attempts to illustrate some of those incidents peculiar to different ages, which are too closely connected with every-day life, to obtain a separate place in history. In judging works of this class, therefore, it becomes necessary to study them with an eye to this double intention, and to consider their historical bearing as well as their truth to nature. If they fail in either of these respects, whatever be their merit in one class, they fall below the standard at which they professedly aim, and must be judged

accordingly. Truth to nature will not atone for historical infidelity; nor will a knowledge of the manners and usages of a distant epoch, however profound, supply the place of a clear perception of the great laws of human character. And what shall we say of invention, of the power of delineating individual character, of describing particular incidents and scenes, and of binding the whole together by a clear, simple, yet warm and animated, narrative?

The first question, therefore, which claims our attention in the present inquiry, is purely historical. What was the state of Lombardy in the seventeenth century?

Lombardy, at the moment in which our story begins, had been for nearly a century under the absolute dominion of the crown of Spain. Twenty-one governors, the representatives of four sovereigns, had succeeded one another in the space of ninety-three years; and a term, which would hardly be considered sufficient for learning the details of a common office, was the utmost limit allotted to the administration of men, on whose knowledge and judgment the fortunes and the happiness of thousands depended. Absolute in his control, freed by distance and the peculiar character of the Spanish court, from that restraint, which the consciousness of an ultimate responsibility might have imposed, each governor gave himself up, without fear or scruple, to the pursuit of his capricious pleasures, or the still more dangerous study of personal aggrandizement. And, although the Spanish dominion, both in Naples and in Sicily, was distinguished by corruption and oppression, by the arrogance, the cruelty and the lasciviousness of its ministers, the first rank on this dark catalogue has

been reserved, by a well known and popular saying, to the governors of the Milanese.

Worthy companions and instruments of such rulers, the Milanese nobles seem to have joined them heart and hand, in their task of oppression, and to have sought, in the privileges and immunities of their order, a compensation for the loss of the higher privileges which they had once possessed as citizens. Surrounded on all occasions by a band of desperate ruffians, armed both in public and in private, raised above the laws, either by family interest or by personal power, they pursued whatever chanced to be the fancy of the moment, without hesitation and without remorse. To accomplish a difficult enterprise in open opposition to the laws; to inflict immediate and signal punishment upon every one that hesitated to comply with their demands; to be distinguished by superior audacity and a more relentless cruelty, from the common mass of crime with which they were surrounded, was their highest ambition, and the aim of their lives. And, were it possible to adopt the theory of the great Italian dramatist, the same qualifications, which had enabled the founders of those names, on which they prided themselves, to win for them so brilliant and so durable a glory, contributed to fit the men who then bore them, for succeeding, to the utmost extent of their wishes, in the career of crime and pollution which they had chosen.

No one who knows what human nature is, will expect to find the clergy exempt from this deep-rooted and universal corruption. Religious power, like all other forms of power, has ever been made the instrument of vice, where vice has prevailed; and the men who, on some occasions, would push

on their enterprises by industry or by force, will not hesitate to resort, on others, to the more stealthy but equally efficient aid of the cassock and the cowl. But corruption in the church is of a far more extensive and dangerous import than in a merely civil community. It is the duty of the clergy to instruct, to console, and to defend. They speak to us in the language of the Deity; and how large is that portion of every nation to which the promises and the precepts of religion never penetrate, except through the mouths of their religious teachers. They have voluntarily assumed, in the name of the Being whose laws they interpret, a burthen, which nothing but a firm reliance on him, and a constant recurrence to his aid, can give them strength to bear. Like their divine Master in his mission upon earth, they interpose between the sinner and the ruin to which he is hastening, between the oppressed and the oppressor, the wretched and their wretchedness; they have a consolation for every sorrow, and a balm for every wound.

But the existence of the clergy as an independent body will always be attended with serious disadvantages. The peculiar facilities which they enjoy for acquiring a strong influence over the minds of their disciples; the position which they occupy as intermediary between the delinquent and the only Being by whom his delinquency can be pardoned or punished; the habit, which, from childhood upward, is formed of relying upon them for instruction, consolation, aid; offer facilities for the abuse of power, which have sometimes been found too tempting even for the strongest minds. Add to these, privileges and exemptions; raise the men, already possessed of

this fearful weapon of mystery and faith, high above their fellows by temporal rights and the dazzling prosperity of this world ; knit them together in a strong bond of alliance, where common interests, common dangers, and common pursuits concur to draw the tie closer, the greater the strength with which it is assailed ; and you put them to a test too severe for merely human strength.

Hence in times of general oppression, when law is too feeble to protect the lower classes, or its ministers too corrupt to enforce its injunctions ; when no one can place sufficient reliance upon his personal rights, or his individual power, to separate himself from the class in which he was born, unless he can secure the support of some order, which privilege or power has raised above the common level ; the church, like every other privileged institution, will be filled by thousands, that resort to it for protection, and swell its ranks with a devoted multitude of retainers. It can hardly be necessary to say what would be the character of a clergy thus constituted. Yet such was the clergy of the epoch which Manzoni has undertaken to illustrate.

Fortunately for the poor, for the oppressed, for religion herself, two men were called, within a few years of each other, to the archiepiscopal chair of Milan, who seem to have been expressly sent, in that period of suffering and pollution, to confirm the wavering, and recall the wanderer by the visible presence of pure Christian virtue. These were Charles and Frederic Borromeo. The former has been raised by the Catholic Church to the rank assigned to those, whose virtues are deemed of too pure and elevated a cast, not to be the im-

mediate and special inspiration of the Deity. Frederic was already twenty when his uncle died. During that important period, which so often irrevocably decides the character of a whole life, he had been within the influence of the exalted qualities of his kinsman. To imitate these was the study of his life. Their revered example was his guide in doubt, his support in trouble, his consolation in sadness and in sorrow, and the first question that he asked himself, upon any new or trying emergency, was, What would St. Charles have done in such a situation? By a rare but all-important combination, his intellectual qualifications were hardly inferior to those of his heart. An indefatigable student from his earliest years, the absorbing duties of his station never prevented him from devoting some hours of each day to composition and reading; and the catalogue of the works which he dictated, or wrote with his own hand, while conscientiously engaged in functions, which of themselves would be too great a burthen for a common mind, would be thought astonishing even for a professed author. He founded the Ambrosian Library of Milan; he revived the Academy of Fine Arts; he extended his patronage to every branch of intellectual culture, and with a judiciousness and earnestness of purpose, equal to the zeal which he displayed in the more immediate duties of his calling. Like his uncle, he waged a constant warfare with the vices of his age and of his order; and, if some few escaped the general contamination, and the wretched and the lowly were not always without a refuge, it is to Charles and Frederic that the praise belongs.

Next to the privileged body, come the ministers of their crimes, the extensive and terrible race of bravoës. Daring,

unscrupulous, incapable of remorse or of attachment, yet preserving, even in the depth of their moral debasement, a certain pride of profession, they formed a band of determined and obedient retainers, on whom their master could rely for the accomplishment of every wish. The menaces of government were of no avail against them; they walked abroad in open day, under the very eyes of the ministers of justice; and the rewards, which were offered for their lives or their capture, seem to have added to their audacity, by multiplying the proofs of the terror which they inspired.

The laws and privileges of this period were worthy of the men for whom they were designed. The right of asylum, which forms so singular a feature in the history of modern Europe, was still preserved in full vigor; nor will any comment of ours be required to show what influence it must have exercised upon such a state of society as that which we have attempted to sketch.

Agriculture and commerce were trammelled with protections and checks, planned with so minute a specification of detail, that there was hardly a stage in the progress of any natural production, from the moment when the seed was first laid in the ground, till the harvest was consigned to the vender, for which there is not some especial provision. Nor is the exactness of the criminal code less striking. It is hardly an extravagance to say, that not a year passed without some new device for the suppression of crime, or some new form of reward or of punishment, for alluring the penitent or for terrifying the guilty. The decrees against the bravoës alone would fill a volume. And lest ordinary means should prove

insufficient, the torture in all its various forms was applied upon the slightest suspicion. The cord, the most common form of torture, was frequently held in readiness in the public squares, and at the corners of the principal streets. But with a church, a convent, or the palace of a noble within his reach, who would fear the impotent threats of a careless and timid legislator?

The natural fertility of the Milanese territory, and the industry of its inhabitants, were but an inadequate resource against such complicated abuses. The manufactories, which, from the times of the Lombard republics, had supplied the materials of an active foreign commerce, were suffered to fall to decay; the artisans, by whose skill and industry they had flourished, were driven for support to foreign states; and the territory was gradually, we had almost said systematically, drained of its wealth and of its inhabitants. In eight years, from 1616 to 1624, the city of Milan alone lost twenty-four thousand workmen, and seventy manufactories of cloth were reduced to fifteen. When the Spanish government first took possession of the Milanese, they found in the capital a population of three hundred thousand souls. They left one hundred thousand. They found seventy manufactories of woollens; they left five. Add to facts like these, the plague, which raged with a violence, of which it is difficult, even with the recent ravages of the cholera fresh in our memories, to form an adequate conception; and famine, in her most revolting form, extending from the cottage of the husbandman to the palace of the noble, and filling the streets and the highways with the dying and the dead.

Such is an outline of the period which Manzoni has chosen for the scene of his narrative. Leaving to the historian the exposition of those general facts, which are more peculiarly his province, he has endeavored to carry his readers back to the daily life, the private interests and private sorrows, which are so often the consequence of those facts. A profound study of contemporary authorities has enabled him to enter fully into the spirit of the age, and give to every scene and character its appropriate coloring. The public incidents of which he has availed himself possess a decided interest for the student of Italian history. A famine, the real causes of which must be sought in the ill-devised economical laws of the Spanish rulers, and in the oppression and outrages of the Spanish garrisons; a plague, which, even in that age, was remarkable for its extent and its duration; and the passage of the imperial troops to the siege of Mantua, which was attended with scenes of havoc and wanton cruelty, such as even the ravages of a hostile army could not have exceeded;—these events give rise to scenes and incidents of the highest interest, where the heroes of the romance, by a simple and perfectly natural action, are made to paint in the strongest colors the character of their age.

Three of these are borrowed from history. Frederic Borromeo is drawn from life. His habits, his virtues, his aims, even the tone of his conversation, are such as the most rigid research would justify. If our author has not interwoven the weaknesses of this great mind with the exquisite picture that he has drawn of its higher qualities, he has not denied their existence, and the occasion called for nothing more.

The introduction of Frederic gives a peculiar moral beauty to the whole work. It is in the course of a pastoral visit that he first comes before us, and with that rare union of mildness and resolution, that bland dignity, those gentle reproofs, those ardent exhortations, that expansiveness of heart which embraces with equal readiness the highest and the lowest interests; that rare combination, in short, which commands universal love and admiration, since there is hardly a human being but finds in it some quality that he particularly admires. He enters so promptly into the cause of the humble heroine of our tale, and does it with so much delicacy, so much good sense, and withal so naturally, that he has at once a complete hold of the reader's heart.

No less remarkable is the second historical character; but he is a being of a very different class. Those of our readers, who are familiar with the local history of that period, will remember in the general picture of crimes one individual, who stands distinguished by guilt and daring of a peculiar order. His name is not known, but Cantù, in his admirable dissertations upon this portion of Lombard history, gives strong reasons for supposing him to have been a Visconti. He seems to have possessed a vigorous mind; an intrepidity of character, which set every form of danger at defiance; a firmness of purpose, which neither pity nor opposition could move; and a restless ambition of preëminence, which a few centuries earlier would have exalted him into a hero; but which, in the age and country in which he was cast, left him little more than the part of an outlaw and a ruffian. His residence, for many years, was a castle on the Venetian frontiers, in a spot

which Nature herself seemed to have formed for the haunt of a bandit. This he had fortified with care, and garrisoned with a band of the boldest bravoës. Guards were stationed at every avenue. Not a member of his vast household but was inured to crime. And even at the present day it will hardly be considered strange, that few were willing to hazard their lives against men whose native ferocity was thus supported by the vigilance of military discipline. The exercise of his power was not confined to the lower classes; the wealthiest nobles were equally under his control; nor was there any one so strong as not to find himself, sooner or later, constrained to court the alliance of this master spirit. At length, after years spent in outrages upon society, he, of his own accord, suddenly sought an interview with Frederic Borromeo, changed the whole course of his life, and devoted the remainder of his days to a rigorous atonement for the vices of his youth.

There are two other characters, drawn from the minuter history of the age; a nun of a noble family, whom domestic tyranny had forced into a convent, and her lover, a hardened villain, the worthy accomplice of the Innominato. Others are incidentally introduced, but the part which they perform is too slightly connected with the general story to call for a particular description.

The rest are purely of invention. In these, accordingly, we have a right to require a fuller expression of the author's feelings, and a more delicate test of his knowledge of the age which he has undertaken to illustrate.

We speak first of Padre Cristoforo, not merely because he

has so much to do with the narrative, but because he has imperceptibly come to be a standard in our mind for monastic virtue. The old man first meets us in a moment of perplexity and sorrow; one of those moments, in which the heart would break, if left to itself; and yet precisely those, when we feel how hard it is to find one that will lend a willing ear to our complaints, and repay the outpouring of grief with words of commiseration and of hope. He is hurrying along the road from his convent to a little mountain village, where the inmates of an humble cottage await his coming as the condemned awaits his reprieve. The coarse garb of his order is not unsuited to his venerable form; for the severity of the folds, and the heaviness with which it falls in straight, unwavering lines, correspond with the gravity, the almost sternness, of his aspect. His silver beard waves upon his breast in the fulness of unshorn majesty; and the cowl, that has fallen backward, brings out, in clearer proportion, the noble lines of his head. There is but little hair left there; yet age would account for that; but will age alone tell the secrets of that furrowed brow, and the flitting play of the mouth and the eye? There is something written there in deeper characters, than age, with all its sorrows, could form; some absorbing thought, that for years and years has been setting deeper and stronger its indelible seal. We must go back to his early life, if we would know all the secrets of that brow.

He was born to affluence, but not to nobility. In his education the same disparity prevailed. He was taught all the accomplishments of a gentleman; but the taint in his blood separated him from those, who by similitude of cultivation

and of taste, should naturally have been his companions. Yet perhaps his heart would have kept him from them, if his rank had not; for his was gentle and affectionate, and ill fitted to share in the acts of outrage and cruelty which were their daily occupation. It was natural, that, from pitying the oppressed, he should soon become their protector; for what noble heart can content itself with barren expressions of commiseration? But oppression can only be resisted by power; and thus he was gradually led on, from scene to scene of violence, and forced, by his love of justice and of virtue, to associate with the men whom he most abhorred, and mingle in the scenes most revolting to his nature. Wearied, heart-sick with such a life, he began to look with longing eyes toward the calm of the convent. Compunctions, suddenly excited by one terrible incident, decided at once and irrevocably his wavering mind. One day, while returning from his usual walk, he chanced to meet a nobleman, well known for his haughty and tyrannical character. A dispute arose; angry words were exchanged; they soon came to blows; a servant of Cristoforo, in parrying a thrust aimed at his master, fell dead at his feet; but Cristoforo, at the same instant, planted his own sword in the breast of his antagonist. A convent of Capuchins was at hand; the crowd urged, forced him to its gate; and there, in the silence of his inviolable asylum, he found leisure to mature the thought, which, half formed and indistinct, had so often flitted through his mind. He assumed the robe of the order. His first act was to humble himself to the kinsmen of his adversary, kneeling to the brother of the deceased in his crowded hall, and asking his pardon for the blood that he had shed; the next,

to devote the remainder of his days to the atonement of his crime, and to the aid and consolation of the wretched. And this he does, with a courage so pure, so earnest a zeal, such an abundance of charity and of love, and yet with so much humility, and such deep-rooted and constant compunction, that, be your creed what it may, you can hardly give him any other name than that of saint.

Don Rodrigo and his cousin Attilio, although the parts they perform are not of equal importance, may, without any violation of propriety, be classed together. They are cast in the same mould, worthy representatives of that nobility to which they belong. Yet, however insignificant in themselves, as far as our author is concerned, they are drawn with great truth and vivacity.

But how shall we describe Don Abbondio, the poor old parish priest, who had trembled on thus far through life, and asked no higher blessing than to be allowed to tremble on through the rest of his days; with the proviso, however, that there should be as many of them and as long as possible? The poor man had taken orders, for by so doing he had united himself to a class, redoubtable both for its numbers and for its immunities. He endeavored also to perform his duty, as far as his fears would allow him; but with that regard to personal safety which was ever his presiding care. He is a perfect exemplification of the selfishness of fear; of its tendency to concentrate every thought, every feeling, upon our personal convenience; to lose sight of duty, and suppress all the nobler sympathies and tendencies of our nature in presence of this debasing thought. He serves as a foil for Frederic and Padre

Cristoforo, whose virtues seem, if possible, to borrow a new lustre from the contrast.

In the three remaining characters, our author seems to have proposed nothing more than a faithful picture of human nature under the influence of peculiar circumstances. Agnes, the mother of the betrothed, is a kind-hearted, good-natured country-woman, industrious from habit, and pious from the united influence of habit and conviction. She neither says nor does any thing remarkable; yet her part is an important one, and it would be difficult to make a person of her class speak or act with more propriety and truth to nature.

Lucia, her daughter, the heroine of the narrative, is somewhat more idealized. Not that any of the qualities assigned to her are such as we should not expect to find in one of her station, but there is a certain delicacy of coloring, and a softening down of the features, which, without falsifying the likeness, give it to you in its most favorable and intellectual form. It is like a bust modelled in the style of the ancients, broad, full of feeling for all that gives character to the face, but with a total disregard of those accidental details, which have nothing to do with real expression. Lucia is made beautiful as a matter of course, for who would think of painting a bride and a heroine in any other way? But it is a beauty peculiar to her class, and one which such of our readers, as have turned aside from the post-roads of Italy, to wander through the secluded mountain districts, can easily form an idea of. In her mind you perceive at once the forming hand of Padre Cristoforo; a certain degree of cultivation; a ready apprehension of duty; a piety, pure, un-

doubting, refined; even elevated, if unwavering conviction and an intuitive abhorrence of wrong can constitute moral elevation; that piety, in short, which belongs to a warm and innocent heart.

In Renzo there is nothing ideal. He is a country artisan in the costume of the seventeenth century, frank and bold; thanks, too, to Padre Cristoforo, sincere and virtuous-minded; yet hasty, and full as ready to look for protection to his own hand, as to that of the law. Like some few, whom we have actually met with in life, he improves upon acquaintance; you like him better the more you know of him.

Such are the simple materials from which Manzoni has drawn one of the most striking pictures, that was ever drawn, of the manners and the customs of a distant age. All the leading characteristics of the individual, of the degree of civilization to which he has attained, and of the extent to which that civilization has been diffused, are brought into play; and each receives a development proportioned to its real importance. No historian has ever painted with more truth the influence of circumstances upon character, or the vigorous vitality with which the Deity has endowed those principles, which he designed for the guide and the solace of mankind. The sublime piety of Frederic is beautifully contrasted with the timid morality of Don Abbondio. The devoted charity of Fra Cristoforo is set in bold relief by the temporizing policy of the superior of his order, at the table and in the closet of the privy counsellor. And while our author thus withdraws the veil from the corruptions of the clergy, who does not feel his confidence increased in the ex-

alted picture which he has given of what they might and ought to be? The Innominato and Rodrigo, with their ruffian retainers, the remorseless license of their lives, and the lowness of the objects for which they willingly encountered so much obloquy and guilt, form the best illustration of the aims and character of the corrupt nobility whom they represent. And from the persecution and sufferings of Renzo and Lucia, the desolation of the famine, the terror produced by the passage of the German troops and the ravages of the plague, results a picture of the miseries, the trials, the peculiar characteristics of the age, which surpasses the highest coloring of the most eloquent historian.

The story by which these personages and incidents are bound together is a very simple one. Renzo and Lucia are upon the eve of being married. Don Rodrigo, the feudal lord of the district, has met Lucia a few weeks before, on her return from her work, and conceived for her a passion which he is resolved to gratify at every hazard. Accordingly, the evening before the marriage was to take place, two of his bravoës are sent to waylay Don Abbondio, and forbid him, in the name of their master, and at the peril of his life, to perform the ceremony. He promises compliance and secrecy. But the bridegroom, who comes early next morning to fix the hour for the completion of his happiness, soon finds the way of extracting from the frightened curate his terrible secret; and the poor old man, after two such scenes, and with still more dismal forebodings for the future, shuts up his house and goes to bed with a fever. The desolation of the betrothed may be easily imagined, and it is then that Renzo and Agnese

hear for the first time of the odious persecutions to which poor Lucia has been exposed. Agnese, with the confidence which people in trouble are apt to feel in the learned in the law, sends Renzo a couple of miles across the country, to ask the advice of Doctor Azzecca-garbugli, who, it would seem, had a high reputation for holding the clue to all sorts of intrigues. As a recommendation to the Doctor, he takes with him the two well-fattened capons that were to have decked the wedding board. But what is his surprise, after having heard from the lips of the complaisant man of law full half a dozen acts and edicts, which seemed to have been made on purpose for his case, to find himself thrust away by the shoulders the moment he lets out that he is not the criminal, but the victim, and that the author of the outrage is Don Rodrigo. Disconsolate, bewildered, hardly knowing what to do, he retraces his steps towards the cottage of his promised bride. He there finds a more faithful counsellor, Padre Cristoforo. The old man resolves at once to beard Rodrigo in his den, and if he cannot arouse either his fears or his conscience, to ascertain at least how far he is resolved to carry his brutal design. The scenes that follow, the dinner-table of Rodrigo, the interview of the tyrant and the friar, the hurried and almost penitential warning of the old family servant, are executed with a masterly hand. But the result is as might have been expected; and all that Cristoforo obtains is a secret ally in the old butler.

In the mean time, poor Lucia has been prevailed upon, by the entreaties of her mother and the desperation of Renzo, to consent to attempt a forced marriage; for, by the laws of that

period, if they could only succeed in declaring themselves husband and wife before the curate and in presence of witnesses, the ceremony was in every respect legal and binding. The trial was made the next evening. Two friends of Renzo accompany him as witnesses, and Agnese undertakes to hold at bay the curate's talkative attendant, Perpetua. But this time his very fears come to the aid of Don Abbondio, and give him an unusual alertness in warding off the blow. Just as Lucia is in the act of uttering the fatal words, he throws down the light, casts the baize covering of his table upon her head, and, in the confusion that ensues, makes good his retreat to an adjoining room. Here he begins to cry lustily for help. The sexton, aroused at his call, sounds the alarm from his steeple, and in a few moments the village comes pouring in upon the green plot in front of the church. Our adventurers have barely time to save themselves by a back path. Here they meet a messenger from Cristoforo. They have failed in their attempt upon the curate, but have escaped a danger far more terrible than any that had till now threatened them.

Don Rodrigo, stung by the reproaches of the friar, and the taunts of his cousin Attilio, had resolved to resort to a measure for obtaining possession of Lucia, which even to his eyes seemed hazardous. He forms his plan in concert with his trusty Griso; sets his bravoës at work; and awaits the issue with a mixture of exultation and doubt. The ruffians had already forced their way into the house, when the village bell sounded the alarm at the cry of Don Abbondio. Startled at the sound, which seemed to menace them with an indefinite, uncertain danger, they become confused, hesitate, and with

difficulty are kept together by their more experienced leader, who, though taken equally by surprise, preserves presence of mind enough to guide them back in safety to the castle.

Our readers will remember the old butler. The unusual preparations at the castle had not escaped his vigilant eye. Warning had been given to Padre Cristoforo; and it is his messenger calling them to the convent, that the betrothed and their mother meet, on their flight homeward from the alarm in front of the church. They find the good father waiting for them at the convent chapel; and there, after a short prayer, and a parting benediction, he consigns them to a boatman, whom he had already engaged to convey them across the lake, whence they proceed by land, the females to Monza, and Renzo towards Milan.

Our mountaineer first enters the capital in a moment of universal confusion. The scarcity of provisions, which for some time had been growing more sensible, and gradually assuming all the features of a famine, had at length reached a pass at which popular feeling could no longer be restrained by ordinary means. It was chiefly directed against the bakers, whom common report accused of being concerned in a monopoly of grain. From being a simple spectator of the ravages of the excited populace, Renzo is betrayed into some indiscretions of the tongue, which a government spy turns to his own advantage, and awakes him next morning a prisoner in the hands of the *sbirri*. Fortunately for him, the tumult had not wholly subsided. He dexterously avails himself of an opportunity of rescue that occurs as he is on his way to

prison, and escapes into the territories of Venice. Being a skilful workman, he finds immediate occupation in a manufactory, where one of his own family had long stood foreman, and begins to look forward to the happy moment when he can invite Lucia and her mother to join him in his new abode.

Poor Lucia has also her share of troubles. Agnese's first care had been to present the letter, of which they were bearers, to the guardian of a Capuchin convent in Monza. The good friar, like his friend Cristoforo, enters warmly into the sufferings of the maiden, and obtains for her, by his personal recommendation, the protection of the personage whom we have already mentioned as the Monaca di Monza. Agnese remains a short time with her daughter, and then returns upon a visit to her native place. Lucia, by her gentle and winning manners, soon gains a strong hold upon the affections of the capricious princess.

But what is Don Rodrigo doing all this while? To sit tamely down after such an insult, and acknowledge himself beaten by a country clown and a Capuchin friar,—what noble could bear so humiliating a thought? He traces Lucia to the convent. But the stroke was too bold a one for him. In this exigence he addresses himself to the Innominato; and such is the occasion on which we first meet this formidable outlaw. The Innominato takes up the enterprise with warmth; but repents of his engagement, the very next moment; for he had already become wearied with his career of guilt. Yet his word has been passed, and the pledge must be redeemed. He bethinks him of Egidio, the lover of the no-

ble nun. Hard is the struggle in the breast of the princess ; but, the first crime committed, who can flatter himself that he will have strength to resist the second ? A pretext is found for sending Lucia upon an errand at a distance from the convent, and on the way she is seized by the emissaries of the Innominato, and conveyed, half dead with fright, to his castle. What a night ! what tears, what agony, what desperation ! In the midst of her anguish, her consciousness of the present, her terrors for the future, she invokes the aid of the Virgin, and vows, as the dearest offering she can make, never to marry.

Nor was the night of the Innominato a tranquil one. He had long been tormented by the occasional upbraidings of remorse. The sight of Lucia, the few words of supplication, of heart-wrung entreaty, that she had uttered, had completed the work, and conscience now spoke in a voice that would not be hushed. After tossing for hours on his feverish couch, he is roused at early dawn by the ringing of bells and shouts of joy from below. They are for the coming of Frederic, who was that day to make a pastoral visit to a neighboring village. "Who is he ? Why should one man have the power of making so many people happy, and I only the common one of making them miserable ? I will see him ; I will hear him." Imagine that interview, for we cannot describe it. See the Innominato as he issues from the presence of Frederic ; mark his relaxed brow, and the change in his eye ; observe with what anxious steps he retraces his way towards the castle, each instant seeming an age, for each seemed to prolong the torment of his victim ; see him follow the litter of Lucia till

she is once more placed in safety in the hands of a kind-hearted villager, and then flying again to the presence of him, from whom he had heard such words of joy and consolation as had never fallen upon his ears before. And if you would change a little the coloring of the scene, recall to your minds who the Innominato was; think how long his dwelling-place had been the scene of every horrid tale, and his name a word of terror even to babes; and then picture to yourselves our friend Don Abbondio, mounted upon a mule, and riding at his side, even into the jaws of that very den. One alone of all the exclamations that broke from him in that hour of trial, will sufficiently explain the state of his mind. "It could not have gone worse with me, even if I had married them at once!" And so too he thought, when stammering and unable to reply, he listened to the reproofs of Frederic for this grave transgression of his duty.

The story of Lucia, of the conversion of the Innominato, of the part taken in it by Frederic, is rapidly noised abroad; and, in the interest generally awakened for our heroine, a Milanese lady of rank volunteers to take her under her protection. In Milan, therefore, we must leave her for the present, and look around for other personages who have an equal claim upon our notice.

Don Rodrigo was not the last to hear of the conversion of his ally and the liberation of Lucia, and to perceive what a figure he was making in the eyes of the world. Every thing had promised so well! By the assistance of Attilio, Padre Cristoforo had been sent off to Rimini to preach during Lent. Renzo, after his adventures at Milan, had been publicly pro-

scribed, and a reward offered for his capture. The ground was clear; and to think that just at that moment, Frederic, with his out-of-the-way piety, and the Innominato, with his ridiculous scruples, which after all looked so much like hypocrisy, should spoil so fine a game, and one that had cost him more anxiety and greater efforts, than all his other enterprises put together! To complete his embarrassment, Frederic was coming, in a few days, into his part of the country; and with what face could he meet him? And yet how could he, the first lord of the district, avoid going in person to welcome so high a dignitary? There was no choice, and away he goes to Milan, to drown in dissipation the recollection of his defeat, or throw it at once into the shade by some new and signal triumph.

Poor Renzo! his first thought had been to escape, and then to open a correspondence with Lucia. But he soon found it necessary to change his name for a while and secrete himself. Then, as he did not know how to write, think of his task in making out his story, and telling what he hoped and what he intended, and what grounds he had both for his hopes and his intentions; and all this with the aid of a scribe who was not to be let fully into the secret, and who moreover knew his business too well, not to throw in a few flourishes of his own pen, by way of embellishment to the simple story of the mountaineer. And then there was the answer of Agnese, which he could not read, and was accordingly obliged to have recourse to his scribe again. Here were the adventures of Lucia; the story of the barbarous outrage upon her person; of her miraculous deliverance; and, last of all, the vow,—

that terrible vow to the Madonna. Think how all this sounded in the poor swain's ears, and so distinctly told too, for Agnese's scribe was cousin-german to Renzo's, and repaid his embellishments with interest. In short it was all confusion, doubt, mystery ; with just light enough to drive a man mad. And all this for that wretch of a Rodrigo, and that cowardly old curate ! But patience ; their time is coming.

First follows the passage of the Imperial army to the siege of Mantua ; friends, it is true, but such friends ! Every village sacked ; every field laid waste ; such wanton havoc ; such brutal outrages ! The peasants flying to the mountains for shelter, driving their flocks and herds before them ; and old and young, men and women, tottering under the weight of whatever there was a hope of saving from the hands of the invader. Among the fugitives we find three of our old acquaintances, Agnese, Don Abbondio, and his faithful Perpetua. They take refuge at the castle of the Innominato, whose name was then covered with more benedictions than perhaps balanced the bitter tears, which his former excesses had drawn forth. But what an asylum for Don Abbondio ! A regular camp ; provisioned, that was well enough ; fortified, that too might pass. But the armed men ; the muskets ; the swords ; the change of sentinels ; the busy note of preparation ; the sudden and oft-repeated alarms ! The poor priest was almost dead with terror ; and, had it not been for one important duty, that kept him constantly occupied during the whole three weeks of his imprisonment, Heaven only knows how he would have survived them. He was employed from morning to night, searching out among the glens and precipices by which

the castle was surrounded, some nook, where, in case of a fight, he might hide himself away.

The troops all gone, the famine became more general, and more fatal. And just as men's minds and bodies seemed to have been prepared for some new calamity, comes the plague. It was the parting legacy of the Germans. Its progress in the beginning was slow, although the forms that it assumed were always terrible. During the winter it crept stealthily onward, silently spreading from hamlet to hamlet, strengthening its hold with each progressive step, and gradually becoming more and more evident, until of a sudden, like a long-smothered flame, it broke forth in all its terrors. And then the bands of society were severed, the dearest ties broken asunder. Every thought centred in the all-absorbing care of self-preservation. The ordinary resources of government were soon exhausted; the hospitals crowded to overflowing; men and children left to perish by the wayside; the holiest recesses of domestic life profaned by the tread of the loathsome instruments, who alone could be found in those moments of desolation, to perform the duties of the sick bed and the grave; the laws without force; the very men who had made them, and who should have watched over their execution, victims of the common scourge. It is here, in the thronged chambers of the Lazaretto, that we meet once more the four principal personages of our narrative, two of them for the last time.

Renzo no sooner recovers from the plague, than he sets out in search of his beloved. His steps are first turned towards his native village; and whom should he meet there, pale, emaciated, leaning upon a staff, that hardly yields the desired

support to his trembling limbs, but Don Abbondio? From him he hears the long catalogue of woes, which, to the native of a little mountain hamlet, where every next door neighbor seems a kinsman, might almost be called domestic. Agnese is safe, but with a relation in a distant village; Lucia at Milan, but whether dead or alive he knows not. Away then once more to the capital, with a hurried pace and a beating heart. He finds the house of her protector, but she is at the Lazaretto. Thither he turns his steps, and there, amid the dying and the dead, surrounded by every form of desolation and of woe, he finds Padre Cristoforo. The old man is well nigh his end, with the pestilence already written in unerring lines upon his pallid features; but still active, still regardless of himself; hoarding, as it were, the last sands of life, that he may gain one more hour for the service of others. The interview is a brief, a melancholy one. Renzo is worked up to the highest pitch of excitement; doubt, rage, revenge, struggle together in his bosom, and even with such a scene before him, he breaks out, for a moment, in execrations upon his oppressor. A few words from the friar recall him to himself. With a stricken conscience and a moistened eye, he listens to his reproof; but how much deeper does the lesson sink into his heart, when the Father leads him to the couch where Don Rodrigo is breathing away in insensibility the last moments of his criminal career. A prayer at that bedside, an entreaty, warm from the depths of his soul, that the Almighty might forgive him as he had forgiven, and he resumes, with a calmer, almost with a lighter heart, his melancholy search. We will not follow him. We will not count those moments of

agonizing doubt. He finds Lucia, finds her safe, safe from that hand which had laid so many low. Padre Cristoforo releases her from her vow. It is their last sight of the good old man; for, but a few days after, he is called to that reward for which he had been toiling so long. The pestilence ceases. Agnese, Lucia, Renzo, meet again in their own dear mountain home. The curate, freed from the fear of Don Rodrigo, no longer withholds the nuptial blessing; and our hero and heroine, and their kind-hearted mother, with their minds strengthened by adversity and their hearts purified by sorrow, are left as happy as mutual love and the gratification of their warmest desires could make them.

Such is the plot of the "Promessi Sposi." There is not an extravagance in the whole work; not a scene that might not have actually occurred; not a phrase or a sentiment in the mouth of any individual, which might not have been expected from such a person, under such circumstances. Every character is in perfect keeping; from the terrors of Don Abbondio to the garrulity of Perpetua; from the meek piety of Lucia to the sublime morality of Padre Cristoforo.

The general management of the narrative is equally happy; and every personage, and every incident, is introduced with singular skill. The work opens with a description of one of the loveliest scenes in Italy, a branch of the lake of Como. The description is not long, but yet enough so to make you feel the author's power, and raise your expectations of what is to follow. The first scene is the meeting of Don Abbondio with the bravoos of Rodrigo. From this moment you are interested for Lucia and her lover. Who are they?

What is the meaning of this tyranny? What is there in a simple country girl, that a noble of the land should resort to such high-handed measures in order to prevent her marriage? Then come Perpetua, and poor old Abbondio, at home. Renzo follows next; and, if you get thus far, you must read the whole book, for you must see how it is going to end, and what Padre Cristoforo can do, and whether that wretch Rodrigo really will succeed, and what is to become of poor Lucia; the whole story, in short, for it is so well woven together, that one thing seems to follow the other like real life.

The historical incidents are managed with equal felicity. The famine, the passage of the Germans, the plague, are so necessarily connected with the rest of the tale, that you would be puzzled how to bring one part about without the help of the other. We will even say as much for the historical characters. Frederic, the Innominato, the Monaca di Monza, have not so much the air of having been sought out by our author, as of having come, of their own accord, to place themselves just where they stand.

A great variety of scenes result from this arrangement. The flight of the betrothed, and their first separation from home, are described in language which none but a poet could have used. The mob at Milan, Renzo's escape from the *sbirri*, and his flight into the territory of Bergamo, particularly the last, with that long, long night of wandering, are told with wonderful power. Nothing can be more ludicrous than the appearance of Don Abbondio on almost every occasion; while the closing incidents, the aspect of Milan, of the Lazaretto, and the scenes that pass there, are equal to the finest passages

of Scott himself. We are at a loss, in fact, to select, where all is so beautiful; but perhaps were we called upon to fix on any particular chapter as giving an idea of the real power of Manzoni, we should choose the sketch of Padre Cristoforo.

The general character of the narrative is simplicity. Of this our author never loses sight, even in the most elevated passages or in the most pathetic. The result is a truth to nature, which almost makes you fancy the whole story to be true. There is, moreover, a quiet vein of humor running through it, so well managed, and brought out with such skill, as to produce a most delightful effect. It will remind the English reader of the exquisite humor of the good Vicar of Wakefield.

We would not have it supposed however, that, much as we admire this work, we consider it faultless. It has several defects, and some that we could hardly pardon in any other author. Interesting as the stories of Frederic and of the Innominate are, they are too long. This remark applies with still greater force to Don Ferrante and the Monaca di Monza. They are not enough before our eyes as actors in the general plot, to bear so minute a detail of their private history. After having read so much about what they have done on other occasions, we want them to do more on this. Nor does it better the matter to say, that these stories are beautifully told; that the portrait of the Monaca di Monza is drawn with a vigor, that has seldom been equalled; that Don Ferrante is a decided "Secentista," and painted to the life. They are not any the more connected with the story for all this; and they give it, moreover, an episodical character, which has more than once made us think, that our author has not always dis-

tinguished the style of the school of "Gil Blas," (where story is interwoven with story, and every new comer feels bound to tell you the history of his life,) from the more concentrated and continuous narrative which belongs to historical romance. In the catalogue of the library of Don Ferrante, we are almost afraid of making a gross blunder, but we cannot help thinking of the celebrated library of Don Quixote.

The description of the famine is accompanied with many rare and interesting notices, but still it fills up too much room; and many a reader who is seeking for mere amusement, and who must have the brim of his cup sweetened, if you would have him draw in instruction with it, will be apt to skip it all, after the first page. How easily, too, might the whole history of the plague have been interwoven with the narrative. What Renzo sees in the country, in the streets of Milan, and in the Lazaretto, conveys a far more impressive idea of the real extent of the suffering, than the whole introduction. When your feelings have once become interested in the heroes of the story, you cannot bear to lose sight of them so long. The interest flags, unless they are constantly before you; and, when you return to them after a minute description of any event, however important in itself, they no longer look as familiar as they ought. In these instances, therefore, our author seems to us to have failed in those very qualifications, in which he has succeeded so well in other parts of his work. He has encroached somewhat too much upon the province of the historian; and, although the details into which he enters are highly interesting, and not to be found elsewhere, yet are they none the less out of place. This becomes still more apparent, upon

comparing them with the description of the passage of the German army; a portion of real history, yet so skilfully interwoven with the general plot, that the narrative never for a moment stands still, and some one or other of the persons that interest us, is kept constantly before our eyes. The same may be said of the scenes that occur during Renzo's second journey to Milan. He is constantly with us, from the first to the last of the melancholy search; and the idea which this mode of narration gives us of the ravages of the plague, of the desolation and terror that reign every where, is so clear, so distinct, and so powerful, that you feel as if he had taken you by the hand, and carried you with him through all the horrors of the scene. Why then that long, misplaced introduction?

One more complaint, and we have done. Manzoni has most of the qualifications of a great writer. He feels deeply. He thinks clearly. His knowledge of life and of man is extensive and profound. He has a perfect command over his conceptions, and all his ideas are distinct and well defined. Why, then, neglect his language? Why refuse the aid of those graces of expression, those artifices of style, which add to the charm even of the profoundest ideas, and of the strongest feelings? It is but a cold conclusion to say, that his work is well written; and yet we cannot in conscience say any thing more. With a language unrivalled for richness and variety; with idioms and phrases that seem to have been purposely formed to give a winning grace, an irresistible energy, to every conception of the mind, and every emotion of the heart; with beauties courting his attention on every side; he has preferred a meagre parsimony of all, that nowhere seems so

much out of place, as in a work written purely to please. His fear of affectation, and his abhorrence of the *secentisti*, have betrayed him into a neglect of those higher beauties, which are as far removed from the vapid turgidness of that forgotten school, as they are true to nature herself. He could never be an affected writer. He possesses too much real feeling, of that spontaneous feeling which is the surest guard against affectation. We know that Manzoni's diction bears the coloring of his literary opinions. This is not the place for discussing them; yet, in so long an examination of his principal work, it would have been both difficult and unfair to avoid a passing allusion.*

We would say in conclusion, that we look upon the "Promessi Sposi" as one of the most beautiful productions of the age. As a work of art we have ventured to criticize it, and point out, one by one, what seem to us blemishes. Yet, however much these may diminish our pleasure in one sense, we lay down these volumes with a firm conviction that the author has accomplished the task which he had set himself. We have seen what materials the age furnished him, and what he formed for himself. We have seen, too, the beautiful use that he has made of them; how, by the very simplicity of the heroes of the tale, he has heightened the picture of oppression and crime; how, by the introduction of Cristoforo and Frederic, he has set religion in the most fascinating light; how truly he has entered into the spirit of the times, and how faith-

* Since these pages were written Manzoni has published a revised edition of the "Promessi Sposi" in which he has taken great pains to substitute pure Tuscan idioms for the *Lombardisms* which are too freely scattered through the former editions.

fully he has preserved their coloring. And yet we believe that we are adding even to these eulogiums, when we praise its calm and soothing tone; that tranquillizing influence, which it preserves throughout, and which leaves the reader, like the hero and heroine of the tale, quiet, and contented, but not boisterously happy, for they have felt what a chastening power there is in the hand of adversity.*

* Since writing the preceding pages, we have been favored by a literary friend with a biographical sketch of Manzoni. "What is writ is writ," and we do not feel disposed to alter it. But the following dates may, perhaps, not be uninteresting. Manzoni is a grandson of the celebrated Beccaria. He was born in 1784, and was married in 1808 to a Protestant lady of Geneva, who subsequently embraced the creed of her husband. His first publications were two short poems in blank verse. In 1810 he published his "Inni Sacri," five sacred lyrics, of which two at least are of a very high order; in 1820, the "Conte di Carmagnola," and, in 1823, the "Adelchi," two tragedies which have been more admired by foreigners than by Italians. An Ode upon Napoleon, which we shall not hesitate to call the finest that ever has been written upon that difficult subject, was published about the same time. He has also written a defence of the Catholic religion in reply to some passages in Sismondi, and a disquisition on some questions in the history of the Lombards. He resides at Milan, and is now married to a second wife.

THE HOPES OF ITALY.*

THEY know but little of an author's trials who suppose them to begin and end with the composition of a book. It is hard work, it is true, to choose your subject, and when chosen, to divide it into its proper parts, to adjust them all nicely to one another, to make an accurate distribution of proof and development and illustration, to say just as much as you ought, and no more, and say it in a style and in language suited both to the matter and to the readers for whom it is designed. But when all this is accomplished, and you would fain launch your fragile bark upon the waters, how often are you at a loss to say under what name it shall go forth; to find that magic word, which, amid the contending crowd of courtiers and favorites, shall draw one inquiring glance to this unknown adventurer, and which, while it excites curiosity and awakens expectation, shall hold out no promise which you are not prepared to perform!

In this respect we may congratulate Count Balbo upon his success. We may call him happy in the choice of a title so

* *Delle Speranze d' Italia.* (Cesare Balbo.) Capolago. 1845. 12mo.

justly expressive of his own generous feelings; singularly felicitous in the selection of a word clear and definite in its promises, and which falls upon the ear like one of those mysterious strains which you sometimes hear, amid the dewy stillness of evening, from the ivy-crowned ruins of his own beautiful land. Twenty years ago, who would have thought of such a title? What Italian would have dared to set his name to such a picture of his country's wants and wrongs and errors, and still live at home? Who could thus have braved passion and power, and have hoped to escape the Spielberg or a stiletto? This little volume is more than a promise, it is a performance; it is more than a hope, it is a reality,—a tangible proof, a living witness, that, however sad the past, however gloomy the present, there is still for Italy a future worthy of a patriot's hopes and a philanthropist's aspirations.

And it is this spirit of faith and trust which forms one of the great charms of this volume. We have no sympathy with perpetual skepticism. We do not understand how a man can pretend to believe in an overruling Providence, and yet despair of the progress of his race. It is such a bold assumption of superior wisdom, such a heartless denial of God's goodness, that we have no patience with it. That great law of progress is written in such broad characters on every page of history, that he who runs may read it there. The past, without it, is unintelligible; the present, so cheerless and dreary, that earnest hearts would sink under the burden, and man, reduced to the selfish bounds of his own individuality, would be absolved from all those endearing and ennobling ties which, connecting him with the past by gratitude and with the future by hope,

prepare him with each progressive generation for higher aims, more expansive usefulness, and purer enjoyment.

And if this faith in the future be necessary everywhere, how vitally essential is it in speaking of Italy! Nowhere have the elements of discord and harmony been so singularly mingled as there; never such tenacity of purpose, with such imperfect results; a will so indomitable, with such irregularity of action; so much weakness and so much energy; such spotless purity and such black corruption; such heavenward aspirations, with such abject debasement; so close and enduring an alliance of hope and despair. No history is fraught with lessons of more universal application; in none have the great questions of social organization been more boldly or variously propounded. And yet, after nearly three thousand years of struggle and revolution and endurance, after having proved every vicissitude of favorable and of adverse fortune, ruling by religion long after she had ceased to rule by the sword, opening new paths in every science, while she left them to be trodden by others, and, in the midst of her political degradation, asserting from time to time, with untiring energy, her intellectual supremacy, she still remains divided and dependent, restless in her inactivity, possessing all the virulence of party without its redeeming vitality, and seeking in change rather a respite from suffering than an assurance of happiness.*

* For we may well apply to the whole of Italy what Dante said so truthfully of Florence:—

*“Simigliante a quella 'nferma
Che non può trovar posa in su le piume,
Ma con dar volta suo dolore scherma.”*

But let us take a closer view of this subject, and see how far this external aspect, which strikes every superficial observer, will bear a more searching examination. The want of union among the different states of Italy is a fact as old as her history itself. In the olden time, when Rome was as yet in her infancy, Ligurians, and Etruscans, and Latins, and Samnites, and Sabines divided the peninsula between them, and governed their respective territories by that oldest of Italian forms, the confederacy.* All the first centuries of Rome are filled with her contests with one or the other of these formidable rivals, and never, during her long career of conquest, was she compelled to put forth more energy or bring higher qualities into action than in these wars, which, when compared with many of those in which she was afterwards engaged, may be said to have been waged at her own gates. It was not till the reign of Augustus, when nearly all the rest of the known world had been reduced under her dominion, that the conquest of Italy was finally completed by the subjugation of the Salassi, and the whole of the peninsula, from the summit of the Alps to the straits of Messina, united in one body. But with the fall of the Empire, these deep-rooted divisions broke forth anew. Odoacer held it together during his short reign of thirteen years, and Theodoric during his more extended one of thirty; and when his kingdom fell, amid the general devastation of the Grecian conquest, there were ten years more, during which the survivors continued to obey one master as members of a foreign empire. But then came

* Was Rome in the beginning anything more than a member of the Latin confederacy? A fundamental question yet unanswered.

the Lombards, and after them the Franks, and later still the Germans; and meanwhile, new duchies and kingdoms and independent republics were springing up along the wide extent of sea-coast, and on the river-banks, and in the midst of her fertile plains, and among the craggy fastnesses of her mountains, till every little state could boast of its capital, and every capital had become endeared by some hallowing association.

And all this seems to have been, in a measure, the result of one of those general laws by which man is so often unconsciously governed, and which seem to retard his progress until a more thorough knowledge of their nature and bearing enables him to act in perfect harmony with them. The first glance at the map is sufficient to show that Italy was not designed for a uniform development, or for the elaboration of any single idea. On the north, you see the broad valley of the Po, with its rich alluvial soil, and its lakes and streams, extending from the Cozzian Alps to the gulf of Venice. You see the granite wall of the Alps, shutting it in from Germany,* and then bending around its western border, and assuming a new name where it sends out its projecting masses to meet

* See Petrarch's beautiful allusion:—

“Ben provvide natura al nostro stato
Quando dell' Alpi schermo
Pose tra noi e la Tedesca rabbia.”

Some writers have proposed to read *mal* instead of *ben*. Bembo, too, has two beautiful descriptive verses in his sonnet to Italy:—

“O pria si cera al ciel del mondo parte,
Che l' acqua cigne e l' sasso orrido serra,
O lieta sovra ogni altra e dolce terra,
Che 'l superbo Apennin segna e disparte,” etc.

the blue waves of the Mediterranean, hold its course eastward beyond the centre of the peninsula, till its skirts reach almost down to the shores of the Adriatic. And all along its course you see valleys beginning with the wildness of a mountain solitude, and gradually softening as they expand, till their sunny slopes sink down into the plain amid vineyards and cornfields and meadows of the loveliest green. And from the north and the west and the south pour down innumerable streams, pure and cool from their snowy sources, some in rapid torrents, some with a river-like flow, many to shrink into their channels when they meet the first rays of summer, and others to continue throughout the year in a full and equal current. And from west to east, throughout the whole extent of this mountain-girdled plain, flows the "king of rivers,"* holding its course from where its first murmurs mingle with the Alpine winds, as it bubbles up a crystal rill in the sunless glens of Monte Viso, to where, gathering in the tribute of every lake and torrent and stream, it rolls the full tide of its congregated waters, laden with deeply-freighted barks and galleys gaily-decked, through many a bloody battle-field, and under the walls of ancient cities, and pours them at last, a turbid and impetuous mass, into the receding waves of the Adriatic.

Then this same great chain, which began as the Alps and ends as the Apennines, takes its way south-east towards the foot of the peninsula, dividing it into unequal parts, and resting on the Mediterranean close by the straits of Messina at

* "Re de' fiumi."

There is an exquisite allusion to the sources of the Po in Chiabrera's ode to Francesco Sforza.

its southern extremity. Where it approaches the Adriatic, it leaves between its base and the sea a tract of singular fertility, but broken up by the mountains and highlands, which run through it, into deep valleys and narrow strips of plain. On the opposite side, and much farther from the sea, the Arno rises among the wildest passes of the mountains, and, flowing southward, a narrow streamlet, as it bends round the Casentino, turns its face northward, gradually widening and deepening as it runs, till having returned, after a course of upwards of sixty miles, to within about eleven of its source, it once more changes its direction, and holds its way westward towards the Mediterranean, through a succession of beautiful valleys, which it unites by that strong tie which all large rivers form for the countries through which they pass and the cities which stand upon their banks. And twenty miles south of the sources of the Arno, and still among the same wild glens, the Tiber takes its rise, to flow, first, a mountain torrent along the base of the Apennines, and then, as it gathers strength, to wind its way through mountain passes and thread the narrow valleys, receiving, as it runs, the waters of the Chiascio, and Argento, and Nera, and countless streamlets and torrents from east and west and north and south, while the meadows which draw their freshness from its rising waters are followed by the waving grain and tresselled vine, and towns and castles lie scattered along its banks, till at last, sweeping around the base of Soracte, it comes out upon the Campagna, where, with Etruria upon its right bank, and Sabina and Latium upon its left, it gathers in its last tributary, the headlong Anio, rolls its impetuous waters through the midst of the Eternal City,

and, dividing them at the fork of the Sacred Island, pours them out, at last, in a yellow current which discolours with its saffron dye the deep blue of the Mediterranean far off from the shore.*

Farther on, while the great chain of the Apennine still holds its course southward, it sends out its branches to the east and the west in such numbers,† that they fill up the whole breadth of the peninsula, and hang out their impending cliffs over the sea. And the valleys that lie between them are often so deep, and the passes so inaccessible, that their inhabitants frequently live in these little worlds of their own, in utter ignorance of everything that occurs beyond the peaks that bound their horizon.

And then there is that long line of sea-coast from the Var to the Isonzo, with some cities built upon a mountain ledge, like Genoa and Amalfi, and some, like Pisa and Rome, a few miles inland, and some at the bottom of spacious bays, like Naples and Tarentum, and some in the midst of the waves, as Venice yet continues and Ravenna once was; some

* Virgil's description, like all pictures from the life, when confined to the distinctive characteristics of the object, still holds true:—

“Vorticibus rapidis, et multâ flavus arenâ,
In mare prorumpit.”

† Bembo has a beautiful quatrain upon this, in his sonnet to the Apennine:—

“Re degli altri superbo e sacro monte,
Ch' Italia tutta imperioso parti,
E per mille contrade e più comparti
Le spalle, il fianco e l' una e l' altra fronte.”

The best of all descriptions of Italy is that given by Napoleon in those admirable memoirs of his Italian campaigns.

with an interior to fall back upon, and a river to keep open their communication with it, and others with nothing but mountains behind them, and the broad sea before.

Now, where shall we find the point of centralization for a country which nature has thus divided? Will you place it in Milan, and subject the hardy mountaineers of the Apennines to these soft inhabitants of the plain? Or in Turin, beautiful as it is, and with a warlike population at its command, but lying far away in a corner of the peninsula? Or in Bologna, though nearer the centre, and commanding the great roads to the Marches, and the most frequented pass into Tuscany, yet too far from the Po to give laws to Lombardy, and too unlike the cities beyond the Apennines to assimilate with them either in manners or in feeling? Tuscany, with its mountain valleys, and its gentle stream, and its thriving seaport, looks as if nature had marked it out to stand by itself. And Rome in the midst of her solitary plain, and Naples surrounded by her volcanoes, seem all formed alike to rule over a part, and all too remote to govern the whole.

Yet, in the midst of her divisions, in olden times as well as in modern, Italy has kept up the struggle for independence with unwavering constancy. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find the key-word of Rome's success, unless we look upon her as heading a native confederacy against the devastation of a second Gaulish invasion.* And the anxieties which em-

* Another fundamental question in the philosophy of Roman history, which neither Machiavelli, admirable as his *Discorsi* are, nor Montesquieu in his *Considerations*, has treated from its true point of view. "Il s'vainquirent tous les peuples par leurs maximes," says Montesquieu. But these maxims, as Denina has well observed in his *Rivoluzioni d'*

bittered the last years of Theodoric's glorious reign must have arisen from the animosities, if not from the hostile machinations, of his Italian subjects; for how else can we explain that sudden change in a character so noble and generous till then, or account for the sudden decline and disastrous fall of a kingdom which still possessed such men as Totila and Teja?*

The Lombard invasion came next, and Northern Italy was easily overrun by these new barbarians, and its provinces portioned out among them. But the native race, and old, deep-rooted institutions of the peninsula took refuge in the Exarchate, and in the cities of the coast, and in Rome herself, with her restricted territories; and hence, under the name of the Greek emperors first, and finally in their own, with their bishops and the pope at their head, kept up that long war of alternate aggression and defence which terminated in the overthrow of the Lombards and the consecration of the temporal power of the Holy See.

And here we may be allowed to observe, even in this rapid sketch, that our appreciation of the true spirit of all the subsequent history of Italy will depend upon the patience and candor with which we study this event.† If the pontiffs of

Italia, were Italian, not Roman. There are some very excellent hints upon this subject in Balbo's *Appunti per la Storia d' Italia*.

* The conspiracy is not proved, but is more than probable. Manso (*Geschichte des Ost Gothischen Reiches in Italien*) very justly calls Boethius's testimony in his own cause into question; and Sartorius in his *Versuch über die Regierung der Ost Gothen*, seems to have seen clearer into the real cause than Manso. Grotius, too, said long ago, in his *Prolegom. ad Histor. Gothorum*,—"Actum ibi non de religione, quæ Boethio satis Platonica fuit, sed de imperii statu." But the question has never been fully developed.

† One view of this question is given by Manzoni in his *Discorso sopra*

this period, already the leaders of the new Roman republic, were actuated by no higher motive than the ambition of enlarging their territories, they acted like bad Italians and worse ecclesiastics. But if the feeling which inspired them was a truly national abhorrence of foreign dominion, if in the aggressions of Astolfo and Desiderius they were chiefly struck with their country's perils, and those which, in their own persons, menaced not so much their temporal privileges as the exercise of their sublime functions as heads of the church, they have claims to the highest praise for their energy, their perseverance, and their longanimity.

But the Carlovingian invasion, whether we consider it as a crime or as a necessity, was still in many respects a misfortune for Italy, and chiefly so in that ill-advised restoration of the Western Empire,* which, by conferring upon a foreigner by birth and feeling the *prestige* of the Roman name and an indefinite supremacy, opened the way for unfounded pretensions, and never-ending discussions, and arrogant assertions

alcuni Punti della Storia Longobarda. Sismondi did not study it with sufficient care, and hence the incompleteness of his first volume. Machiavelli has summed it up with his usual concision in his *Storie Fiorentine*; and Muratori and Giannone, and many moderns, agree with him. The moral of all, as far as the people are concerned, is given in that beautiful chorus of the *Adelchi*:—

“Dagli antri muscosi, dai fori cadenti
Dai solchi bagnati di servo sudor,
Un volgo ignoto si desta repente,” etc.,

and particularly the closing stanzas.

* See the eloquent words of Botta, speaking of Charles V.:—“Quegli di governargli per non so quale appiccio di Romano impero; l'umano sangue intanto rendeva tiepidi e fumanti le Italiane terre.” *Storia d'Italia*, I. L. p. 118.

of right, and remorseless persecutions, and wars of savage desolation, and all that train of woes which wasted for centuries the fairest portions of the peninsula. This it was that gave rise to the war of the investitures, that struggle between brute force and intellectual supremacy, which must sooner or later have occurred, under some form or other, but which it would have been far better for poor Italy to have passed through under any other form than that. The league of Lombardy, too, sprang from the same cause, a glorious event in itself, and a glorious period of civil virtue, but terminating sadly in the imperfect peace of Constance, which shows more than anything else how impossible it was for the Italians, with that phantom of the Roman empire before them, to form any definite idea of true national independence.* Still the struggle was continued, simplified in form, but envenomed in spirit, by the introduction of the rallying words of Guelph and Ghibelline. In both of these parties there was doubtless enough that was bad; but of the two, the Guelph, if not the most virtuous, was decidedly the most national, for the triumph of the pope would necessarily have led to the subversion of all foreign rule and prepared the way for freedom by independence. But freedom was won before independence had been secured, and was therefore incomplete in its development and unequal in its results, and early lost amid faction and usurpation and crime.

At length, towards the close of the fifteenth century, the period in which this long-cherished hope was to be realized

* And shows, too, how incompetent a good pope is to make a political leader.

seemed to be drawing nigh. The throne of Naples was filled by an independent sovereign; at Rome, the pope enjoyed the uncontrolled exercise of his temporal as well as his spiritual supremacy; Milan was governed by a duke of her own; and most of the smaller states by native princes or rulers of their own choice; and all were bound together by that well-contrived balance of power, which constitutes the only true political glory of Lorenzo the Magnificent. But the views of this selfish man, like those of a king of our own days, who also was called to a glorious destiny which he refused to fulfil were bounded by personal interest and family ambition; and dearly did his country pay for his crime, and bitterly did his family atone for his shameless abuse of the most sacred of trusts. At his death, the balance, for want of a proper foundation, was lost. Italy became the battle-field of Europe; and when the contest ended, Naples, from an independent kingdom, had sunk down to a viceroyalty; Lombardy, under the baneful pretext of imperial supremacy, had been converted into a foreign province; Tuscany into a duchy; and the whole peninsula, with the exception of her four republics, had been parcelled out in the manner most accordant with the principle of absolute government.

But there were some glorious moments for Italy during this protracted struggle, in which she had been more than once upon the point of grasping her long-contested prize. The idea of independence became clearer and more complete, and assumed a more definite form in the minds of her statesmen. It was this that inspired the league of Cambrai* and the Holy

* Directed against Venice in order to force her to league with the

League, and formed the last wish which, in the delirium of the death-struggle, burst from the lips of that most Italian of pontiffs, Julius II.* How deeply rooted it was in the hearts of her public men may be seen in the closing chapter of Machiavelli's much calumniated Prince;† and its vivifying and exalting influence is shown in Michael Angelo, and Raphael, and Ariosto, and that wonderful revival of art and literature and every form of intellectual exertion in the sixteenth century, which was owing far more to this reopening of the field of noble action than to the protection of petty dukes and voluptuous pontiffs.

A long period of debasement and corruption followed, as well it might, when, to all but those who know how to hope and believe firmly, the chances of independence seemed lost forever; a period stigmatized in Italian annals, and held up to abhorrence, as the degraded "*Secento*." Meanwhile, the house of Savoy, which had won back its inheritance at the battle of St. Quentin, was firmly consolidating its power, and preparing for a more decisive part in the first general struggle. The war of the Spanish succession supplied the pretext and the occasion, and the aggrandizement of this favored family seemed to keep pace with the progress of Italy towards independence. For when Naples became once more an Italian kingdom, and Tuscany received the confirmation of her independence, Sardinia was politically reunited to the peninsula,

other Italian powers for the liberation of Italy from the "barbarians." What a subject for the historian that reign of Julius offers!

* "*Fuori barbari*."

† *Esortazione a liberare Italia da' barbari*; — one of the noblest specimens of patriotic eloquence in any language, ancient or modern.

and gave her name to the new kingdom which was henceforth to govern Piedmont and a portion of the Milanese, and to become the natural guardian of the interests of Italy.

And soon there was a general awakening throughout Italy, a filial return to the glories of her first revival, a renewal of hopes and aspirations long forgotten. And with it there was an earnestness of thought, a serious preparation, a severe inquiry into the cause of past errors and present corruption, which seemed to promise more than ordinary results for any new effort. Muratori had been collecting the documents of her mediæval history, and discussing all its complex questions with a sagacity and sound erudition which have never been surpassed. A little before, Vico * had laid the foundation of that sublime science which, reducing the whole course of history to general laws, explains its obscurest periods, and reconciles us to its greatest apparent contradictions. Already, too, some of the men were born, who were to apply these prolific truths to the science of history and government, and prepare the way for the discussion of their own interests by that of the interests of all mankind. And soon after came Parini, holding up the great social vice to unmitigated scorn in his keen and bitter satire,† and consecrating some of the holiest of social virtues in his chastened and heart-born odes; and Goldoni, laying bare the secrets of the heart, and painting life

* It is somewhat remarkable that two such men as Muratori and Vico should have been contemporaries, and yet have exercised so little influence upon one another. For it should be remembered that Muratori was philosopher, poet, critic, and theologian, as well as historian, and had thus more points of contact with Vico than the *Annali*, the *Antiquitates*, or the *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores* could offer.

† *Il Giorno*.

and manners as they were, and making vice so contemptible and virtue so lovely, that none could hesitate in their choice; and Alfieri, the inflexible foe of every species of effeminacy, who made poetry a mission, and breathed into his verse the severe elevation of his own nature. Everywhere there was reform, and life, and action,—the application of new principles, the confirmation and wider development of the old. There was the brilliant reign of Charles in Naples, and, later, that of Ferdinand, in which the good-natured indolence of the sovereign was turned to account by his ministers for the good of his people.* And in Tuscany, the wonderful reign of Peter Leopold, and the enlightened administration of Count Firmian at Milan, and Dutillet at Parma, and the brilliant opening of Pius VI. at Rome. Then, too, there was that national conception of a confederacy, which has left but an indistinct trace in history, but which shows how far the great question of independence had advanced. Thus, when the French Revolution burst upon Italy, it found her well onward, with renewed energies and a firm will, in the path of reform, with native princes on all her thrones, and that foreign dominion, which had so long paralyzed her efforts, reduced to the narrow limits of the Duchy of Milan.

Still, one great thing was wanting, a national army; and this, among many other benefits, the French Revolution gave.†

* See Colletta's admirable first volume, and the beautiful chapter which Botta has consecrated to this subject in his *Storia d' Italia dal '89*, and the passages in the last volume of his continuation of Guicciardini; for no foreigner has treated this subject well; we must go to the native writers.

† See Sismondi's *Histoire de la Renaissance de la Liberté en Italie*, etc., closing paragraphs.

During the long wars of the Empire, Italian troops, mingled with those of France, fought upon every battle-field of Europe; Italian officers worked their way upward at the sword's point, and won their decorations and titles by feats of gallant daring or a display of superior genius. The citizen and the peasant were trained to fight side by side, and endure together every species of privation and fatigue. Natives of remote districts were brought together under the same banner and taught to look upon themselves as engaged in the same cause and united by a common interest; and the whole nation was roused to the cultivation of those martial virtues without which independence is but an insecure and transient blessing.

Thus while the treaty of Vienna left Austria more power in Italy than she had ever had before, it left the Italians far greater means of effectual resistance than they had possessed for centuries. Their territories were more compact, their communications better organized; and five millions and a half among them had been trained, during upwards of fourteen years, to the exercise of the highest civil and political rights.

But the moment was passed, and again the opportunity seemed deferred to some indefinite period. For when the sovereigns returned from their long exile, it was not with that expansive joy which the sight of a home you had hardly dared to dream of seeing again awakens in sympathetic hearts, but with the bitterness of mortified pride, and the resolve, that, cost what it might, they would never more expose themselves to such deep humiliation. Therefore they resumed with jeal-

ous tenacity their ancient privileges, revived all their obsolete pretensions, declaring from the beginning an implacable war against every thing which wore the semblance of reform, and placing themselves in open hostility to the more enlightened portion of their subjects. But the progress had been too great to be checked thus easily, and unequal as the conditions seemed, the people were as ready to accept the defiance thus madly thrown out to them as their rulers had been to give it. Thus the contest began anew. The secret alliance of princes was met by a secret alliance of the people; government fought with its trained band of spies and policemen, the people with secret associations and the dagger of the Carbonari. There was doubtless exaggeration on both sides, and a great deal of needless suffering; there was constancy too, and resolute daring both in good and in evil. But in a struggle like this, the chances of success are always in favor of established government, which possesses a thousand means of acting upon the timid and selfish feelings of mankind, while their opponents have but one.

Yet it was a glorious circumstance for Italy, that during this period of trial, so many of her brightest names in literature and in science were found in the list of the suspected. Of some of these the story is well known, the victims of the Piombi and the Spielberg; men, the current of whose lives was checked in mid career, nor suffered to flow again, till age had benumbed its energies, and long-suffering consumed its vitality. But how many others are there, who suffered like them, but whose lessons of endurance and fortitude are lost to the world for want of some record like that matchless

volume of Pellico, so eloquent in its simplicity, so powerful in its gentleness, so thrilling in its calm pictures of pain and humiliation and sorrow! And how little, too, we know of those who lived and those who died in exile; and of those no less worthy of admiration, who braved all the annoyances and vexations of petty tyranny and daily persecution, and the still greater danger of the dungeon or the scaffold, that they might remain at home and foster there the virtues by which their country was one day to be restored to her place among the nations! Thus the tenacious will, the indomitable resolution, remained unchanged; but the battle was lost once more, because the struggle for freedom had preceded the struggle for independence.

And now what are the chances, what the hopes, of Italy? Why should we believe, that, after so many errors, she will err no more? What is there in her present condition to justify the trust, that the causes which have hitherto prevented her success are not inherent defects of national character, rather than the natural results of temporary circumstances?

First, there are circumstances in her division of territory far more favorable to independence than those which existed before. The kingdom of the Two Sicilies, with its eight millions of inhabitants, occupies the same position in the south; and the Papal territories, with their two million seven hundred thousand, still extend, as before from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic. But Tuscany has just been rounded off on the northwest by the accession of Lucca, and had already been strengthened by several small accessions on the opposite frontier. Piedmont has obtained a seaport in Genoa, and

Venice is preparing, by its union with Lombardy under a foreign dominion, for a closer union and more harmonious action, when the moment shall have arrived for becoming, with Lombardy, a part of a native and independent sovereignty.

Then, too, the communications between separate states and different parts of the same state are daily becoming surer and more rapid. Venice is united with the interior of Lombardy by a railroad, and with Ancona by steam. Post-roads of unsurpassed beauty traverse the valley of the Po in every direction, and stretch along the narrow strip that skirts the Adriatic. Florence, and through her the heart of Tuscany, is brought within two hours of the sea. And soon a road will run down through the Maremmas, and unite the seaport of Tuscany with the seaport of Rome, and Rome herself with the sea, and then, holding its course southward along the eastern or western edge of the Campagna, bring you out in a few hours upon that lovely bay of Naples.*

And with this increased communication there is an increase of kindly feeling, a gradual wearing down of prejudices. For as the inhabitants of different districts and men of different pursuits come to see more of one another, they come to judge one another more justly, and see things as they really are. Nothing nourishes prejudice like being always in the same place, or narrows the mind like always bounding the view by the same horizon. Some men look abroad through books,

* We believe that the road between Venice and Milan is finished; others, too, will soon be opened in the valley of the Po, and along the eastern coast. That through the Maremmas was proposed many years ago by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, but rejected by the late Pope, whose prejudices upon this subject were insuperable.

and their minds expand as they look; but there are many, and many constant readers too, to whom the knowledge of books is as a dead letter, and knowledge, to say nothing of "wisdom, is through this entrance quite shut out." And there are many who never believe any thing which they cannot see, although they are perfectly ready to accept any result of their own observation. Those who are accustomed to acquire knowledge through books are not always aware how difficult it is for an untrained mind to give the ideas received through this unwonted medium that degree of distinctness which is essential to conviction. There is something vague and indistinct in the written description, like a landscape through a haze; something which, try they never so hard, eludes their grasp, and they have no faith in it. But let them once come where they can lay their hand upon it and see it with their own eyes, and they become as tenacious in their belief as they were before in their incredulity.

Thus, with these new facilities for communication, the peasant, who had hardly ventured beyond his native valley more than once or twice in his life, now comes down to the coast with the fruit of his little field, and sees with admiring eyes the wealth of cities, and looks out upon the sea, where so large a portion of it is won; and when he carries back, in return for what he had earned with the sweat of his brow, something which others have been toiling to earn with labor which he can now estimate more justly, he learns to feel how all the forms of industry run into one another, and how close the ties are by which mankind are bound together. And when the careworn citizen passes from the crowded mart to the

depth of some quiet valley, and feels his feverish pulse beat more calmly under the soothing influences of nature, must not he, too, feel that there is something in life besides its enthralling cares, something worth living for, besides power and gold? And let it not be said that this is not practical, mere idle dreaming and declamation, and that a holiday more or less, and the choice of a place to pass it in, have nothing to do with the graver concerns of life; for all soothing influences are healing to the careworn mind, and whatever turns thought inward, purifies and strengthens and elevates the soul.

Yet much is still wanting, and must ever be, to a perfect blending of interest and feeling. There is so much in history to preserve the memory of old enmities and dissensions; and nations, like individuals, live so much under the influence of the past. There is that difference of dialect, which makes the Neapolitan almost as great a stranger in the streets of Milan as of Paris, and gives an unfamiliar sound even to the words of their common language. There is a distinction of race,* too, sufficient to preserve in complexion and feature, the traces of an original difference of origin; and however quick and excitable a Lombard may appear to us, he seems placid and calm in a circle of Neapolitans.† The elements

* The works of the two Thierrys have been one of the chief causes of the interest now felt in this subject. There is an admirable letter to one of them upon it (we forget which,) which was republished by Cantù in his *Documenti*.

† We remember, as an instance of this, a paragraph in a Neapolitan journal upon a literary friend of ours from Milan, who was on a visit to

of union are abundant, but those of fusion must ever remain insufficient.

Nor is this to be regretted. Centralization is one of the banes of modern civilization. But Italian civilization has ever been distinguished by its variety, and the astonishing activity of the most brilliant period of Italian history was in a great measure owing to that parcelling out of her territory into independent states, which has so often been lamented as the source of all her calamities. For thus the fields of action were multiplied, although each individual field was contracted. There were several courts instead of one, and republics differing widely in their policy and character both from one another, and from the little duchies and principalities amid which they lay. Hence, in a great measure, the richness and variety of Italian literature, and, in some degree, of Italian art. Almost every state offers abundant materials for a literary and artistical history of its own. What a difference between the glowing school of Venetian art, and the severe grandeur of the Roman,—between the gilded palaces of Genoa, and the stern simplicity of Florence! And yet there was a bond of national feeling uniting them all, even in the midst of their divisions. Titian painted with the feeling that his works would one day hang side by side with those of Raphael; and Ariosto, amid the crowd that press forward to meet him in his hour of triumph, sees Lombard and Tuscan and Roman mingling

Naples. Even in Rome he passed for an exceedingly animated talker, and the Romans laugh at us for our inflexible features and motionless hands; yet the Neapolitan journalist was struck with his calm, collected manner, and praised his “*placidi ragionamenti*.”

together, and none whom he longed more to see than the Neapolitan Sannazaro.*

And this feeling is stronger now than it ever was before, and must necessarily, from its very nature, become stronger still. For it is in the essence of sound national feeling to grow by the efforts made to suppress it, if there be only some few left to foster it as they ought. And this is the writer's task, the mission of the poet, the orator, and the historian; a noble mission, fraught with sacrifice and peril, calling for self-denial and forbearance, and such faith as only noble minds possess, but bringing with it that reward of noble minds which gives a charm to danger, and makes suffering sweet. In this respect, there is something peculiarly healthy in the present tone of Italian literature. Its writers seem to feel that they have no common duty to perform, and are prepared to perform it manfully. They seek their inspiration in national sources, and in those pure springs which lie among the higher regions of thought. This imparts to their writings an elevation of tone and a directness of purpose which give

* "Colui che con lor viene e da' più degni
Ha tanto onor, mai più non conobb' io:
Ma se me ne fur dati veri segni
E l' uom che di veder tanto desio.
Giacobo Sannazar che alle Camene
Lasciar fa i monti, ed abitar le arene."

There is a passage in one of the letters of Machiavelli (to Franc. Vettori, if our memory serves us aright,) which shows how Ariosto's contemporaries prized a place in this catalogue. Machiavelli sends his regards to Ariosto, but hints to his friend that he had expected to find his own name there. He was right, for we need the praise of those we live with; yet, of all the names in that list, how few are there that any but the antiquarian remembers, while Machiavelli's, like that of Ariosto, is as fresh as if he had died but yesterday!

them more importance than usually belongs to works of mere literature. Men writing for their country have a very different feeling from those who are thinking of nothing but their own glory. There is something of the feeling of the battle-field about it, something of its stern resolve and self-forgetfulness. The action of the mind is always freer and more efficient, for the nobleness of the aim leaves less play for those selfish passions which, resist we ever so firmly, will always come to mingle themselves more or less with even our best motives, and remind us that we are men. There is something very noble, surely, in abstract truth, and in those speculations which bring us into immediate relation with the general interests of humanity. They expand and elevate the mind, and fill it with those grand conceptions and sublime emotions which seem to be a kind of foretaste of what it may hope for when freed from the shackles of sense. But duty, although it looks forward to another world, acts in this, and the end of its action is to make this world what it ought to be. Meanwhile, it takes the world as it is, with all its faults, knowing that many of them are too nearly allied to virtue to be rooted out rudely, and that real progress is a gradual advancement and a succession of connected ameliorations. Thus, to make these sure, giving them their proper starting-point, and so directing them that every step shall necessarily lead to some new and prolific development, is its highest aim; nor can man ever attain it by running too far in advance, and losing sight of those realities which are his only medium of efficient communication with his fellow-men. And we believe that that writer will seldom leave any enduring trace behind him,

or even arrive at the truth, whose interest in the general progress of society does not begin with devotion to his own country. Life in its healthy state is not a war with passion, but an effort to direct it to its legitimate objects; and the passion of patriotism, guided by a sound judgment and expanded by an enlarged view of human nature, is the surest warrant of the progress of humanity towards the fulfilment of its great mission.

And such we believe to have been the feeling of those writers who have given the contemporary literature of Italy its coloring. It was certainly that of Niccolini,* in those admirable tragedies, in which the sentiments of an elevated philosophy are combined with the inspirations of the purest patriotism, and no less so in his chaste and vigorous prose. In Manzoni there is less of it than we could wish, for how

*Niccolini is less known among us than he deserves to be. What can be more touchingly beautiful, in the mouth of an Italian, than these lines from his *Giovanni da Procida*:—

“Io vorrei che stendesser le nubi
Sull’ Italia un mestissimo velo;
Perchè tanto sorriso di cielo
Sulla terra del vile dolor?”

And then what more energetically indignant than the next verse:—

“La natura si desta repente;
Lunghi sonni il mortale vi dorme;
È qual fango mutato dall’ orme
Sempre nuove d’ un piè vincitor?”

We do not accuse Manzoni of being a bad citizen, but we believe it to be the duty of a man so rarely endowed to do more than he has done. D’ Azeglio is chiefly known in this country by his *Ettore Fieramosca*, the first and far from the best of his works. He is a great painter, as well as an eloquent writer. Of Gioberti we shall have occasion to speak more fully hereafter.

precious would not a few national lyrics have been from the same pure source which inspired the *Inni sacri*! But how sound and just it is in Cantù; how vivid in D' Azeglio; how eloquent in the profound and glowing pages of Gioberti!

There is an error, too, of their predecessors, a very natural one it is true, which these writers have corrected; the error, we mean, of dwelling too closely upon the memory of past glories, and making them serve as a palliation, if not a compensation, for present debasement. It was a common thing among writers of ordinary minds, and some also who should have known better, to reverse the healthy order of things, and give a practical contradiction to Dante's beautiful sentence,

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

For in their country's misery they seemed to think only of her glorious past, when their minds should have been bent firmly upon her possible future. A little volume was once given us by a patriot of this class, containing a list of all the inventions and discoveries which could by any way, however circuitous, be traced to an Italian origin. It was a curious book, displaying a great deal of patient research and laborious erudition; but we could not help saying to our friend, "What, after all, is this worth at this moment? It merely shows what you have been, not how you can become so again." "I, too," said one day a writer of a very different class, "have fallen into this error in my earlier works; but thank God, I found it out in time, and never will do so again."

It may be doubted, however, whether the Italians did more

to form this false mode of thought, than foreigners to confirm them in it. Travellers in Italy were necessarily struck with the contrast between what they saw and the traces of what had been. Those half-tenanted palaces, those solitary streets, those crumbling villas, with their entangled walks, and statues green with moss and half-buried amid the untrained shrubbery, and their fountains choked up with leaves and fragments of the marble borders, within whose chiselled rim the waters had once leaped up with their glad voices to sparkle in the sunlight, were all so many monuments on which the praises of the dead were mingled with bitter reproaches against the living. Very few remained long enough to see what the real character of the modern Italians was, or how far they had preserved the spirit of their ancestors.* Fewer still sought deep enough in the general laws of history for the causes of a decay, which seemed so deep-rooted, and withal so natural. And thus the result was accepted as undeniable, and the Italians were told, what so many of them were ready to believe, that all the little honor they could still hope to reap was in recounting the glories of the past.

Still, this error was not unmingled with good. This close study of the days of their prosperity produced some of the advantages which republics, according to Machiavelli,† may

* And yet Guidi told them long ago, —

“Ma pur non han le neghittose cure
Tanto al Tarpeo nemiche
Spento l' inclito seme
Delle grand' alme antiche.
Sorgere in ogni etate
Fuor da queste ruine
Qualche spirto real sempre si scorse.”

† *Discorsi sulla prima Decada di Tito Livio.*

derive from being recalled from time to time towards the principles of their origin. Common minds were satisfied with the fact, but those of a more earnest and thoughtful cast could not accept it without inquiring how it had been brought about, and why a nation, which had been at the head of civilization during its darkest trials, should have been left so far behind in some of its most precious results, now that the trial was over. And from this inquiry have resulted those profound convictions which are preparing the way for a triumph purer and nobler than those of her brightest days.

In illustration of the earnest character of the contemporary literature of Italy, we would cite Cantù's *Universal History*, in which the whole history of mankind, from the creation to our own days, is recorded in a clear and animated narrative, while their manners and customs are painted with rare intelligence, and the progress of each race, and the concurrent progress of all, towards the fulfilment of the great end of their being are traced with a firm and comprehensive philosophy worthy of a friend of Romagnosi and a countryman of Vico; and Troya's *Italy of the Middle Ages*, which, although it has not come fully up to what had been expected of it, has thrown so much light upon some of those vital questions which lie at the very source of Italian history; and Gioberti in all his writings, but more especially in his admirable *Primato*, and those *Prolegomena* which recall the brightest ages of firm and masculine eloquence; and that beautiful volume of Balbo, which we have taken as a text-book for the present paper; and many others, too, might we name, if our plan admitted of anything more than a general allusion.

Whoever reads these works will find a soberness of thought in them, which nothing but profound meditation can give; a patience of inquiry, of which none but men of real learning are capable; a depth of conviction, which the strongest minds alone can reach; and in most of them, too, an enlightened philanthropy, and a purity and singleness of purpose, well suited to the high mission which their authors have accepted so nobly.

We would not fall into the common error of claiming too much for literature; but we wish also to avoid the not uncommon one of allowing too little for literary influences. Literature in its true sense is the most accurate expression of the highest point of development which the human mind has attained; and in saying this, we employ the word in its widest and most comprehensive signification.* Wherever else we look for the criterion, there will still be something wanting. Science is but one of the many forms of intellectual exertion, and art is another; and society itself is, from its very nature, so changeable, that it seldom leaves any durable monuments but such as literature preserves. But in literature they all combine, science, and art, and social refinement.† The observant mind records its experience in written language, and the overflowing heart seeks relief there; the past is brought back to instruct us and to charm; truths to which the unassisted mind would never have soared are made clear and defi-

* It is thus that it is employed by Tiraboschi in his gigantic *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*.

† Sir Humphrey Davy somewhere says, that not a step had been made in scientific investigation in modern Europe until after the revival of letters.

nite to the intellectual eye ; and all that is beautiful around us and within, the heart's hidden treasures of truth and love, our mysterious sympathies with inanimate nature, and whatever there is of noble in man and enduring in his works, have no adequate expression or lasting record, but in some one of the various forms of literature.

But as the most abstruse principle is, if true, nothing more than a remote link in a continuous chain, so the world of thought is indissolubly connected with the world of fact, of which it is the legitimate and ultimate expression. The mind is not only modified by what it sees, but derives more or less of its efficiency from its power of harmonizing with it. And the man of letters, like the legislator and the politician, will find all his labors fruitless, unless he begin them by a just appreciation of men and events. Whatever be our aim, there must be a starting-point, and we can never shape our course aright unless we know that point thoroughly. The most fanciful conceptions of poetry are but a combination of realities, and the views which are supposed to distinguish the theorist from the practical man, are but an enlarged generalization of facts. Our minds are as much affected by the intellectual atmosphere that surrounds them, as our bodies are by the air that we breathe. It would be just as absurd to demand vigor of mind and soundness of thought from a writer of an enervated age, as to ask for vigor of body and the bloom of health, from an inhabitant of the Pontine marshes. And thus mind becomes the standard by which nations should be judged, and literature is the criterion of mind. But in studying this criterion, we should carefully distinguish the spirit from the

form, and not suffer ourselves to be persuaded that the one is sound, because the other is beautiful. The wild peaks of the Apennines and the deep blue of the Mediterranean gird in the Pontine marshes, and nowhere does the grass wave more luxuriantly, or the trees put forth a lovelier green, than in the broad meadows which its polluted atmosphere has made houseless. But there stands the wretched sentinel, with his sallow cheeks, his feverish eye, and wasting form, to tell you what a poison he is imbibing with every respiration. If we would decide rightly, we must look him in the face, and, like Cambyses, judge the country by its inhabitants.*

There can be no greater misfortune for a country than for her men of letters to live secluded from the active scenes of life; for no civilization can be complete, where those that think move not in concert with those that act. Thus when we discover some great defect in the literature of a particular age or country, it is in its political or social condition that we must seek for the cause; and wherever social or political progress is checked, we may look for a corresponding decay in literature. And well is it for society that all its classes must thus move on together, and happy are mankind that the great law of progress, that deep-rooted and ever active principle of their nature, unites them all in one common bond of brotherhood.

We believe, therefore, that one of the surest hopes of Italy may be drawn from the present state of her literature. At

* Καὶ γὰρ λέγοντες οὐδὲν παύονται οἱ ἄνθρωποι περὶ τε τῶν νοσηρῶν χωρίων καὶ τῶν ὑγιεινῶν· μάρτυρες δὲ σαφεῖς ἐκατέροις αὐτῶν παρίστανται, τὰ σώματα καὶ τὰ χρώματα. *Cyropædia*, I. 13.

no time could works so truly national have circulated so widely, without awakening in many breasts feelings like those which inspired them ; but they now fall on the parched earth like heaven's own rain, and you may trace their course from the Alps to Lilybæum, in purer hopes, and firmer resolve, and stronger and more united endeavor.

From what has been said, it necessarily seems to follow, that there must have been a corresponding progress in the moral and social condition of the Italians. And this we believe to be the fact. It is well known that Parini's *Giorno* was an accurate picture of the daily life of the young nobles of his time. But were another Parini to arise, he would find the young men of that class, some in the army, some devoted to letters, others engaged in the management of their estates ; many, too many, still thoughtless and idle, and ready to seek pleasure wherever it may be found ; yet but few that would dare to blazon their corruption with such unveiled effrontery. This is equally true with regard to many of Goldoni's comedies, in which he holds up to ridicule vices, which are now generally regarded with horror, or which, if they still continue to exist, are carefully concealed from the public eye. The *Cicisbeo* has disappeared, and the term of *amicizia*, under which the violation of conjugal faith is veiled, shows of itself in what a different light a custom, once received so generally, is now viewed.

The character of Italian mothers is improved. They are more domestic in their habits and feelings, more attached to their families, firmer and more cheerful in the performance of their household duties. Their daughters are more frequently

brought up under their own eyes, or, if sent to a convent, are sent later and not kept there so long. There is less of that abrupt passage from the seclusion and contracted views of a nunnery, to the intoxicating gaieties of society, and the grave responsibilities of a wife and a mother. Their education has been elevated and made to embrace a wider range of subjects. Dancing and embroidery, which once formed almost their sole occupation, are now taught as embellishments, the innocent recreation of hours employed less usefully. Reading, which most of them learned imperfectly, and many never learned at all, is taught, not as a simple amusement, but as a source of solid instruction, and as one of the greatest privileges accorded to human beings in order to fit them for the cares and dangers and duties of life. And when we consider what female influence is, how large a portion of almost every man's life is passed in the presence of mothers and sisters and wives, may we not count this, too, among the hopes of Italy?

We would hardly venture to assert that the progress in male education has been equally great; for here the action of government is more direct, and few sovereigns are so short-sighted as not to understand, that the boy's impressions become the convictions of the man. Thus, if reforms are not always repelled, they are accepted cautiously, and with so sparing a hand, as rather to assimilate the new with the old, than to inform the old with the invigorating freshness of the new. They come, too, at long intervals, and not in that order of philosophical sequence, without which they can neither be lasting nor prolific. The colleges, in which the preparatory course for the university is gone through, are very nearly

what they have long been, nurseries of idleness and effeminacy. The languages are taught there by the same old method, which has been followed for centuries, and the study of them fills up the choicest years of youth. The natural sciences, if not systematically avoided, are at least slurred over so negligently, that it is only in minds singularly favored, that they can awaken that intelligent curiosity which in themselves, they are so well calculated to excite. Geography is studied with equal carelessness, or not studied at all, although one of the most accurate of living geographers is an Italian. History is confined to Greece and Rome, and taught merely as a series of events, not as a progressive development of ideas, arising directly from the essence of human nature, and tending, by sure though unequal steps, to the accomplishment of human destiny. And the object of the whole course, from the alphabet to the diploma, seems to be, not to form minds, but to plod through a prescribed routine. To this general sketch there are some splendid exceptions. Few men have studied education as a science with so rare an intelligence as the Abbé Lambruschini, and certainly none have ever devoted themselves from purer motives to its practical duties.

Indeed, education, to be what it ought, must have some higher object than the mere acquisition of knowledge, however important this may be in itself. It is only where the duties of life are estimated aright, that man can be fitted for them properly. A firm and resolute will can be sustained only by an object enlarged enough to occupy its energies. And as every man's faculties were given him in order that he might perform his part well, so the very fact of their existence im-

plies the right of cultivation, and imposes upon those who are intrusted with power, the obligation of employing it in such a manner as to insure to every one the full enjoyment of that right. But to do this would be to acknowledge the right of liberty,* and absolute monarchs, who will not acknowledge it, knowingly pervert man's capability of receiving instruction to their own purposes. They fill up their subjects' time without employing it, exercise their faculties without developing them, teach them enough to enable them to serve as instruments, but not as actors, — to obey passively, but not like men who have a purpose, and know how to accomplish it. And then, when the day of trial comes, they are surprised to find what automatons they have been making, and how despotism, like every other crime, begets its own punishment.

Of the universities it is difficult to speak collectively; and some of them had already advanced so far, in the second half of the last century, that hardly anything which they have done in this, can be considered as progress. Pavia is very far from being what it was in the time of Spallanzani and Mascheroni; but some of the chairs at Pisa are filled with great ability, and Galluppi is the professor of philosophy at Naples. Yet every professor knows that he holds his place from a government which watches all his movements jealously, and will take it from him at the slightest indication of a desire to venture beyond the limits which its fears have prescribed.

* "La liberté est le pouvoir qui appartient à l'homme d'exercer à son gré toutes ses facultés; elle a la justice pour règle, les droits d'autrui pour bornes, la nature pour principe, et la loi pour sauvegarde." — *Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme, présentée par Robespierre à la Convention*, Art. IV.

Their lessons, therefore, can seldom have that spontaneous flow which gives such a charm to the oral instructions of an eloquent teacher. The danger of misconstruction is hovering over them continually, and the labor which other men bestow upon the development of an idea they are often obliged to employ in guarding it against too full an interpretation.* Yet, with all this, there are calm, devoted men among them, who feel all the responsibilities of their situation, know how to estimate its dangers, and, keeping their way firmly through every obstacle, turn for consolation and hope from the false judgments of contemporaries who know but a part, to that unerring posterity which sees the whole.

Still, whatever the character of individual professors may be, the university course, like that of the colleges, must of necessity be confined more or less rigorously to a beaten track. But what the students learn of themselves has a very different bearing. In their class-rooms, they feel as men always do, when united in some common pursuit, what a cheering strength there is in union; and in the retirement of their own chambers, they learn how to use it to advantage. They are free from the irksome restraint and enervating discipline of college. They can walk, and ride, and move in the open air, at will. There is no pedantic pedagogue to watch over their sports, or marshal them forth upon their daily or weekly walk.

* A language less copious and flexible than the Italian would, under such circumstances, have lost all its energy; and perhaps some of the defects of style, and a certain want of precision, with which several eminent Italian writers have been reproached, must be attributed in a great measure to this cause; a new proof, if any more were wanting, how dangerous it is to attempt to judge a literature, unless you are familiar with the social and political condition of the country.

There are libraries at their command, and newspapers to tell them at least something of what is going on in the world, and friends to cheer and guide them, and, above all, companions to discuss their studies with, and compare their progress. And here it is that the influence of literature is felt more directly, and that the writer's perilous task becomes indeed a holy mission. These are the readers and judges to whom he is looking forward from the retirement of his closet, with the hope of a juster appreciation, and cautiously choosing out the seed which he is compelled to sow with so sparing a hand. For, in spite of censors and spies, of ecclesiastical prohibitions and political watchfulness, a large portion of the new works are read in the universities, — circulating stealthily, it is true, to be studied by lamp-light, and with doors locked carefully, — locked as if thought were a crime, — but gradually spreading their truths throughout the whole peninsula, and awakening the flame of enlightened patriotism in the breasts of those who, when the day of action comes, will be men.

But an entirely new feature in Italian society is the education of the lower classes, which had hitherto been mostly confined to the catechism, and the priest's instruction during Lent. Now, in many parts of Italy, there are day-schools for all, and night-schools for those whose poverty compels them to devote all the hours of daylight to labor. And there are men, too, of high intellect and delicate taste, who are making a willing sacrifice of the honor they might win in more congenial walks of literature, in order to write books and edit papers for artisans and peasants.* It is doubtless a misfortune that the di-

* In Rome there is an admirable little paper of this kind, *L' Artigian*.

rection of these schools should, in some places, have been exclusively confided to a particular class, and not always to the most enlightened members of that class; and it is a misfortune, also, that the course of instruction should be so limited, and the text-books often chosen so badly. But still it is a great step, and if these long-neglected beings learn little more than to read and write, and perform for themselves the simple operations of arithmetic, it is a stepping-stone secured for some advancement yet more extensive. The beginning has been made, the principle of the importance of popular education has been accepted, and whatever it leads to, must be accepted with it.

The education of the people would naturally lead us to that of the middle classes, that chief reliance of a nation in certain stages of its progress towards liberty. But a full picture would carry us too far, and a partial sketch would hardly convey any definite idea of this difficult subject. The existence of the middle class, however, as an active and efficient one, is an important fact, and the true nature of their double relation to the aristocracy on the one hand, and to the people on the other, is one of the surest tests of the progress of political liberty. For, so long as tradition prevails over reason, the aristocracy will command all those whom the chances of birth have placed below them. But with the development of the spirit of inquiry, it becomes evident that the real efficiency of the state lies with those who form the largest proportion of its active members. And as every social truth, however sup-

nello, edited by Ottavio Gigli, who proposes publishing a series of elementary scientific and historical works for the same class of readers.

pressed for a time, must sooner or later become a living principle of action, the middle class soon passes from a consciousness of the right to an open assertion of it. Then comes the struggle between privilege and power, the truly brilliant period of their history; for all that precedes is toil and humiliation, and the closing scenes are too often defaced by selfishness and arrogance and a sordid thirst of gain.

Of one of the most important branches of this class, the curates and common clergy, it is difficult to speak with precision. Wherever the church offers a sure road to fortune, and a probable one to power, many will be found ready to take orders, as they would take their diploma in medicine or law, not from devotion to the duties of the profession, but for the chances which it gives of advancement. But wherever there is a religion which addresses itself to the nobler principles of our nature, and opens the way for the exercise of its characteristic virtues, many will be found to whom its most rigorous prohibitions are its greatest charm. There can be little doubt but that there are many ignorant and worthless men among the clergy; and it is no less true that there are many among them of profound learning and the purest piety. And great as the inducements are to seek in the church an easy support rather than a field for usefulness, yet we doubt whether a very great proportion even of those who enter it from such unworthy motives can go through the daily performance of its duties, without experiencing sooner or later in their own hearts, the purifying influences of the mission which they had assumed so thoughtlessly. The heart may be hardened to the death-bed, and the eye learn to look on want and sorrow coldly;

but for all men there are some silent hours of self-inquisition, when none but those who are utterly corrupted can refrain from asking themselves how far the part which they are playing in the great drama of life corresponds with what they have undertaken, and what they have the means to do. And in a profession which brings so constantly before the mind all the more serious questions of life, in their most serious form, these hours of introspection must be more frequent, and their effects more lasting. It is difficult to conceive of a stream which should flow for ever over beds of ore, without bearing away some grains in its waters, or of a mind that could dwell daily on the truths of Christianity, without imbibing somewhat of their chastening spirit.

The clergy of every class generally receive their education in colleges and seminaries, completing their course at the university, and thus becoming exposed, to a certain extent, to the injurious influences of these institutions. But they are educated with a direct object ever present to their minds, and are thus in a measure guarded against that vague and languid tone of thought which must, of necessity, prevail wherever the development of mind is sacrificed to the monotonous labors of routine. It is not uncommon to meet with men who preserve a taste for literature amid all the engrossing cares of professional life, and know how, without pedantry or affectation, to interweave its embellishments with their most arid discussions. They mix, too, in the world, see things as they are, study man in his actions, and look for his motives, where alone they are to be found, in his interests and his passions. And thus they arrive at a thorough knowledge of their

true field of action, the human heart, and of the means of acting upon it judiciously and with effect.

Their position in society naturally depends to a certain degree upon their personal qualities; for although their profession may gain them a place there, yet nothing but the power of making themselves useful and agreeable can preserve it. In all good society you will be sure to meet some members of the clergy; and if you see them taking a part in diversions which Protestants look upon as unbecoming to their profession, you should remember that there is nothing in their views to condemn it. Enter into conversation with them, and you will find them often intelligent, not unfrequently highly cultivated, and always firm upon questions of duty. If you try to engage them in discussion, they are generally too well prepared to decline it, but are not more given than their brethren of other countries to force their doctrines on unwilling ears. The relation which they bear to their parishioners naturally brings them into a more or less intimate intercourse with them, not unfrequently imposing upon them the difficult task of being counsellors and guides in temporal as well as in spiritual concerns; and if this trust is sometimes abused, it is full as often exercised with scrupulous integrity. Their interest in general events and the political questions of the day, of course, depends in a great measure upon the original diversities of individual character. But whatever touches upon the interests of their religion they follow up assiduously, and their opinions upon public occurrences are always to a certain extent affected by the probable bearing of these upon the welfare of the church. And this is the

way in which they will be brought to take a decided part in the struggle for independence; for they feel that Italy is Catholic both by its associations and its convictions, and that the church can never be free, until the nation becomes independent.

We would not hazard too broad a generalization from particular facts; but whatever may be the case in other countries, in Italy the science of medicine is far more apt to form liberal minds than that of law. How far this may depend upon individual character, and how far upon the peculiar character of each study, we will not now pause to inquire. There is something in the practice of medicine which frequently sets the physician at variance with established authority, and throws him altogether upon his own observation and judgment. The nature of law, on the contrary, confines the practitioner strictly to his text, leaving him, at the utmost, room for displaying more or less ingenuity in his interpretation of it. Thus the former are led to form habits of close and accurate observation, while the latter are taught to look up to some acknowledged authority, and submissively abide by its decision.* And in all but those who ascend to the real sources of their science in the common principles of our nature, the result must be a ready subservience to authority, and an uncompromising rigidity of system, different in kind, but in degree perfectly similar to that of the man who devotes himself too exclusively to the exact sciences. Thus,

* It was probably this Italian view of the subject which suggested the remarks in the first book of Botta's *Storia della Guerra dell' Indipendenza*.

when at the diet of Roncaglia, Frederic Barbarossa called upon the law school of Bologna to examine the question of his regalian rights, that learned body of native Italians decided unanimously in favor of the emperor, and against their countrymen.

But besides the common practitioners, there are profound jurists, men who study hard and think deeply. Romagnosi's works are an admirable example of what the study of legal science may do for the science of humanity; and no one can study Gioja without taking broader views of his duties as a man and as a member of society. The young lawyers of Italy are formed in the logical school of the civil law, that collection of written reason; but their minds are enlarged, and a higher impulse is given to them, by the writings of their own great jurists. Many, when the day of trial comes, may be found wanting, benumbed by routine, and enchained by personal interests; but there will also be many to whom the struggle will be all the more welcome for all the sacrifices which it may impose.

We believe, therefore, that the hopes of Italy are definite and substantial, for they are founded on her territorial divisions, which are better adapted for union and defence than they ever were before; on the increased communication between independent states, which is awakening a livelier sense of their common interests as a nation, without effacing those distinctive characteristics to which each and all have owed so much of their glory; on the character of her literature, which is pure, energetic, and national; on the progress which the Italians themselves have made towards a knowledge of their

real position, which is the only security of their being qualified to improve it; on the existence of a middle class, uniting the aristocracy and the people by the accessions which it receives from each, and endowed with the activity and energy which fit it for efficient and appropriate action; and in that progress of moral and social character which alone can give the energy that wins, and the constancy that preserves, and which forms, the surest trust of those who accept with earnest conviction, the great lesson of history, that liberty is the reward of virtue.

HISTORICAL ROMANCE IN ITALY.

It has often been remarked as a singular phenomenon in the literary history of Italy, that a people of such lively and inventive genius, should have accomplished so little in the department of historical romance. Nor has the surprise generally felt upon this subject, been diminished by a more attentive examination of the history and literature of this nation. The one abounding with romantic incidents and striking developments of wild passion and strongly marked character; the other rich in accurate and powerful descriptions of real events, and still richer in fascinating pictures of the most enchanting creations of the imagination. Nature, too, would seem to have performed her part in the character which she has imprinted upon the scenery of the country and in the materials of romantic embellishment which she has interwoven with a lavish hand in every line of its varied features. Plains, mountains and quiet valleys; wild torrents and broad majestic streams; gigantic fragments which carry the mind beyond the days of authentic history; and noble rivers which attest the reality of that history which the long

lapse of ages has made romance for us ; an air, whose breath calls forth every latent seed of poetry and gives a charm even to the monotony of daily life ; these are among the features of romance which nature has scattered over the external aspect of the country ; and still deeper are the principles which she has implanted in the hearts of its inhabitants. How then has it come to pass that they have accomplished so little, where every thing would seem to promise the highest success ?

The character, which the literature of every nation assumes from the first moment of its formation, depends upon a variety of local and incidental causes. Its strongest traits, those which it preserves through every period of its revolutions, will necessarily be derived from the peculiarities of national character and the same causes which contribute to the formation of the one will act constantly and effectually upon the other. It is thus that climate and natural scenery acquire their influence, giving a distinctive tone to its poetry and forming as it were the shade and coloring of its pictures. It is thus also that the political situation of every country, or more properly speaking its political character, takes its part in that of its literature and is manifested with more or less fulness in all its literary productions. Language, too, comes in for its share in this general formation, and while it borrows many of its peculiarities from those of the minds that employ it, communicates to them, in turn, a portion of its own original spirit ; like the stream which, in part, derives its beauty, or its grandeur, from those of the landscape through which it flows, and at the same time reflects upon that landscape its own dis-

tinctive features, softening its beauty, or giving new majesty to its grandeur.

The influence of these causes may be considered as general and can easily be traced in the early history of every literature. Others scarcely less important were peculiar to the revival of letters in Italy. But none have so immediate a bearing upon our subject as the direction which the three great men by whom this revival was accomplished, gave to the studies of their contemporaries, and through them to those of the following century. First among them was Dante, who came at once to guide and be guided by the passions which were in action around him. In him the romantic gallantry of the Troubadours was refined into the pure and devoted love that led to the deification of his Beatrice. The subtle metaphysics of the schoolmen, were elevated to the profound and sublime, though often obscure and extravagant theology of the *Paradiso*; while the virulence of party had no small share in the judgments which suggested the terrific descriptions of the *Inferno*. Dante, in short, or rather the form which his genius assumed, was, in a great measure, the consequence of the character of his age and of the general causes to which we have already alluded. But the inspiration which he had derived from these, he, in turn, communicated to others. The *Divina Commedia* became the model of all those who aimed at the higher flights of poetry, and, as is ever the case, the streams which were thus drawn forth and taught to flow by art, ran slow and silently by the side of those which had sprung from deep natural sources.

Similar in kind, though not in degree, was the influence of

Petrarch. Never had romantic passion sung so sweetly; never had gallantry and love been so blended; never had philosophy and nature been so lavish of their treasures, the one to describe passion, the other to illustrate and adorn it. A bewitching charm floated around the Canzoniere, and as the contemporaries and successors of Petrarch listened to the melody, each, like the passions at the cave of music, seized the lyre and sought

‘To prove his own expressive power.’

It was not by verse that Boccaccio formed his school. But a prose whose full, harmonious flow approached the varied melody of Latin eloquence; a language which seemed to adapt itself to every subject, while, in truth, it raised the lowest subjects to its own standard, veiling the coarseness of vulgar details, and giving an irresistible attraction to the most harrowing descriptions, by the charm of words and idioms, grave or gay, thrillingly powerful, or gracefully expressive, and everywhere so appropriate, that five centuries of constant study have produced nothing so perfect; this was the art by which the father of Italian prose won so large a train of disciples into the path which he had opened. The school of Boccaccio, though not so large as that of Petrarch, was larger and more durable than that of Dante. The tales, or novellette which he carried to the highest point of perfection, still form an integral part of Italian literature; and there are few of its great prose writers who have not drawn from this fountain as from the purest source of eloquence.

Such was the direction first given to Italian literature. The three great men by whom this impulse was communicated, laid at the same time the foundation of another school, whose effects may be traced throughout every period from the days of Dante to our own times. We mean the classic school. The veneration which they felt and invariably manifested for the ancient classics, fell little short of religious devotion. But the study of these pure models of taste and eloquence was pursued with a spirit worthy both of the disciple and of the master. It was not a mere poetic fiction which represented Virgil as the guide of Dante. Every step which the Italian of the middle ages took in the three realms of the Catholic creed, was directed by the spirit of his master. Who that studies the *Divina Commedia*, even in those passages where the poet entangled in the web of his theology, strives to explain what cannot be explained, and almost succeeds by the force of language in giving form and reality to the subtle distinctions of his school of metaphysics, can deny that it was from the study of Virgil alone that he learnt to give to words that magic and long forgotten power? And although in reading the Latin works of Petrarch, we may often find it difficult to believe that Cicero and Virgil were the avowed models of his style, yet the grace, the harmony and the polished correctness of his Italian verses, clearly show how much his taste had been elevated and refined by his familiarity with the Latin classics.

But with their followers this study was degraded into a servile imitation of manner and a dry analysis of forms. They had no knowledge of that imitation which refines the

taste, without fettering the action of the mind; which shows where and how the forms of one work may be adapted to another; and transfuses as it were the spirit of ancient beauty into productions which bear all the characteristics of their own age. But, although the scholars of this class accomplished but little in real literature, their labors were far from being destitute of utility. The sixteenth century showed that however dry the pursuits of the fifteenth, they had prepared the way for a great and direct advance. The men who so successfully resumed the work, begun by the three great writers of the fourteenth century, were like them endowed with that original genius, which while it avails itself of all that has been accomplished by others, creates more than it borrows and gives even to the ideas and inventions of other men an air of originality and a coloring of its own. They were deeply imbued with the classic spirit which prevailed in all the studies of the age, but they partook of it as their master had done. Style, elegance of description, elevation of philosophy, polish of language, all were classic; but the subjects and tone of their works were modern and original. The metrical romance which Ariosto carried to a degree of perfection, which has justly made it doubtful to whom the laurel of Italian epic belongs, were more numerous than the imitations of Dante, or of Boccaccio, or in short of any class except the lyric poems of Petrarca. Thus divided between the schools of visions, of lyric poetry, of prose tales, and of metrical romances, the genius of Italy found in forms of its own invention, sufficient variety to employ all its powers. When, finally, the example of Tasse

had shown how well the ancient epic could be adapted to the spirit of modern poetry, and when the revival of comedy and tragedy had begun to excite the emulation of all classes of writers, nothing but a very peculiar combination of circumstances could have led to the invention of a new branch of literature.

Such a combination was far from taking place. Italy had long ceased to be a nation. The great interests, the strong feelings, the ardent aspirations after freedom which had preceded the first revival of letters, had disappeared; or where they still continued to exist, but added new force to that truth already too evident, that individual virtues, when foreign to the age, serve but to call down contempt and misery upon those who were formed to be under other circumstances the benefactors of mankind. The nation which had hitherto been the guide of Europe, then became, in part, the humble follower of her own disciples. Translations, imitations, and servile copies, succeeded to original creation in almost every department, and the corruption extending to the language, seemed to threaten her literature with total destruction. Yet this very period gave rise to some of her choicest works in history and in science, and some of the brightest names in the scientific history of Europe are to be found among the Italian of this degraded epoch. The musical drama also, as every reader of Metastasio knows, from a mere idle recreation, became a branch of permanent literature, no less fascinating by the charms of its verse, than instructive by its truth to nature. Tragedy, comedy or satire in its more extended and artificial form, though each

can boast but a single name, were carried to a very high point of perfection.

There has been no time, therefore, in which Italy has not been distinguished by a certain degree of intellectual activity and has not made some progress in creative literature. But at the same time there has been a constant tendency toward the formation of particular schools, and except in the case of those great men, who however they may be situated, strike out a path for themselves, a strong disposition to follow in the beaten track of some well known guide. The true source of this must be sought in the political condition of the country, rather than in the natural character of the Italians. But it is in this tendency that we must seek for one of the causes of the constant neglect of the full historical novel, which, although contemporary with the *Divina Commedia*, first appeared in so rough or rather uninviting a form, as to hold out no attractions for men capable of relishing the superior beauties of the different writers, whose names we have had occasion to repeat so often.

This applies only to those writers of the second class by whom in every country this department is almost exclusively filled. The reasons which have kept back the higher order of men from this attractive field, lie still deeper in the character and history of the people.

The first of these we shall merely allude to, without venturing to enlarge upon it. It is found, we are at a loss whether to say in the peculiar cast, or in the absolute want of society. Here as in some other cases the general fact is apparent; but can only be illustrated by those who have made profound and

extensive observations, with the advantage which few foreigners ever obtain, of a free admission into Italian circles.

The second, and one which seems to us to have contributed more than any which we have hitherto mentioned, to retard and perhaps render impossible the success of the novelist in Italy, is the peculiarly romantic character of Italian history. Of the romantic cast of its scenery and of its people we have already spoken. The peculiar relations in which Italy has stood with regard to the rest of Europe and to the different states of her own territory during the most important periods of her history, have brought these materials into play in a manner which has left nothing to be done by the warmest imagination. In the place of one people united under the same government and impelled by the same motives, we find the whole population divided into rival states. Where the craggy peaks and wild fastnesses of the mountains offered a shelter for crime, or a secure retreat for feudal pride, the bandit built his tower, or the noble his castle. Amid the fertile plains of Lombardy, along the banks of the streams which roll their waters to the Mediterranean or to the Adriatic, the combined exertions of a bold and hardy populace had erected the walls of their independent cities. In none of these situations did the current of life flow smoothly. The robber traced from his watch-tower the movements of the inhabitants of the plain or valley, and hastened to plant his ambuscade at the first turn of the path. The noble closed or opened at pleasure the passes which his castle commanded, or, when least expected, descended with a train of daring

vassals to carry destruction to the fields and sometimes even to the gates of the wealthy cities which he coveted and despised. In them, in place of the bustling, cheerful, regular movement of industrious citizens, the cares of business and the turmoil of faction were wildly blended. Each house was a fortress, each street the field of innumerable conflicts. Commerce itself was a constant warfare, and the fleet that sailed for trade, went armed for resistance or for conquest. Thirst of wealth, ambition of power, party spirit excited to exasperation, and public jealousy ripened to the profoundest hatred, all that passion has of virulence and cruelty of terrific, were found in the events of those ages. The bloody contests which prevailed in the free cities, and gave to the daily life of every citizen the fearful excitement and uncertainty of war, would almost sicken us at the terror of an ill-regulated freedom; while the insatiable cruelty of an Ezzelino, or the inhuman ferocity which suggested the pastimes of a Visconti, present such pictures of the excesses of tyranny as would dispose us to choose any state rather than live exposed to the capricious jealousy of individual power. But when the mind shrinks loathing and horror-struck from the contemplation of these scenes, and is ready to deny the value of descriptions which seem to present nothing but a repetition of unnatural crimes, interest of another kind, characters of a different cast, arrest its attention and fix it upon these pages of blood. Amid the merciless contests of faction and at the side of remorseless tyranny, patriotism assumes a form and a power, which circumstances less trying could never have developed. The wild energy of the poetry and sub-

lime daring of the architecture we still admire, were caught from the events and necessities of those times, and it was by that terrific conflict of barbarous passions, that human nature was redeemed from the debasement of the Empire, and Europe put into that path of civilization, which has enabled us to judge with so rigid a justice the virtues and the vices of her infancy.

To whatever portion of Italian history we direct our attention, we shall find the same powerful and romantic development. Ferrucci the last hope of Florence in her last, long struggle for freedom, sinking beneath the sword of his assassin, and calmly replying to the blows with which a savage hatred vented its fury, "Thou but strikest a dead man!" would furnish a no less striking character for romance, than young Corradino renouncing the charms of power and ease, to reclaim at the point of the sword the heritage of his fathers, and paying upon the scaffold the penalty of his virtues and of his daring. What might not be made of the life of Filippo Strozzi, whose mind presented the two extremes of elevation and of debasement, as his history was marked by those of prosperous and of adverse fortune? Or where can we look for richer materials than we find in that of his sons Piero and Leone, in which daring adventure, strong passions, and variety and grandeur of enterprise combine to form a history that would task the ablest pen?

Were the composition of historical romance as easy as we are apt to suppose, were it so light a task, as at the first glance, it appears to combine the truths of history with the creations of imagination, in such a manner as to reproduce

and illustrate the events of distant and interesting periods, the circumstances which seem to render Italian history so favorable to fiction, would really prove what they seem. But it is in fact an undertaking which requires the highest exertions of the most gifted minds. Its basis is truth, and history must be thoroughly and skilfully studied. Its illustrations are those general traits of character and those every day occurrences of life, which though so deeply rooted in our own nature, as to be renewed in every age, are yet so flexible and subtle in their details that they adapt themselves to each and mingle with its leading characteristics. Its embellishments are like those of poetry, and must be drawn from the carefully gathered stores of an observant and reflecting mind, and so disposed, as to act, at the will of the writer and with the full force of his art, upon the fancy, the judgment or the heart.

When an Italian possessed of power equal to such an undertaking, enters upon the study of his native history with a view to illustrate it, he cannot long hesitate concerning the course which he should choose. For him more than for any other writer, is the composition of history a task of deep responsibility. He is responsible to the ages that are gone for the manner in which he repeats their lessons of awful warning. He is responsible to posterity for the weight which every word he writes, every character he paints, will throw into the scale of their happiness or of their misery ; aiding to forge the fetters that are to bind, or to work out the freedom that is to gladden them. He is responsible to his contemporaries, and severe will be the account that he must render them ; and well

does he know that as he suffers his mind to be swayed by the passions of his own times, he is preparing for himself the suspicions and the hatred either of his government, or of his countrymen at home, a garret in Paris, or a dungeon on the Spielberg.

Taking up his pen with such feelings and with such prospects, it is hardly possible for an Italian of genius to fix upon romance rather than history, as the medium of communication, with his contemporaries, and with that posterity, upon which, more than the writer of any other country, he is dependent for his reward. Every step he takes in the course of his researches, confirms this decision. The chronicles and documents which supply his materials, contain pictures and descriptions of so striking and dramatic a cast that he feels, as it were, transported by the simple and energetic language of the writer, to the very scene which he is describing. His own mind catches the glow, and kindling into enthusiasm, he repeats the tale with that magic power of narration and description, which raises Italian history in this particular above that of every other nation.

Another circumstance wholly dependent upon the political situation of Italy, concurs with these in retarding the progress of the historical novel, if it should not rather be considered as opposing an insuperable obstacle to its success. We are fond of speaking of the ennobling and refining influence of literature and of the glory of renouncing the coarser occupations of life for those elevated pursuits which extend the sphere of our actions and of our influence to the remotest posterity. That these sentiments really do mingle with the

varied motives which guide the pens of a large proportion of writers, is a truth that we should be loath to deny. That one still purer, the love of literature for itself, the delight which every creative genius must experience in contemplating those forms of beauty which arise under its own hand; the rapture which every elevated soul must prove in going onward from link to link in the great chain of moral and physical truth which binds this vast system of the universe; that these motives still continue to act upon some minds, and will still go on purifying and elevating the spirit of literature is so winning a belief that we should dread to find it untrue. But it cannot be denied that motives of a very different cast are, at least, as often listened to, as any of those which have so long, and might we not say, so vainly, formed the ideal perfection of literary character. The sacrifice of permanent glory to the thirst for immediate applause, is not peculiar to our own, nor to any age. It has acted with more or less power in all ages, and often upon the highest, as well as upon the lowest order of minds. It has assumed different aspects, adapted to the nature and to the necessities of the times. It has sacrificed poetry to the corruptions of a false taste, and history to the passions of the great. It has made eloquence the vehicle of corruption, and rendered satire subservient to the littleness of personal malice. The duties which literature imposes have been neglected; the deep responsibilities of genius have been forgotten; and here, as everywhere, where reputation becomes the sole end of our exertions, each aspirant has stripped himself for the contest without a thought beyond the prize at which he aims.

This passion no longer stands alone, if, indeed, it ever did. A more powerful stimulant and more in unison with the spirit of our age, acts with it. The one is dependent upon the other, and the gratification of the former is invariably attended by the full success of the latter. One who should attempt to renew the once just complaints concerning the neglect of literary merit, would have to go back to another age in search of his examples. Genius is not only esteemed, but rewarded, nor that with empty praise alone, but with a large share of that wealth and influence which are supposed to constitute the happiness of life and can really command its comforts. Nothing can be more just; nothing can contribute more powerfully towards placing intellectual superiority upon its proper basis. The man of letters who derives all his power from the resources of his own mind; who with no other reliance than his pen, is enabled to compete with pride of birth and hereditary wealth, and who when assailed by misfortunes and entangled in perplexing and harassing embarrassments, can draw from the inexhaustible treasures of his own intellect, the means, not merely of resistance, but of triumph; such a man does more to establish the superiority of mental, over every other form of power, than volumes of rapturous panegyric, or of metaphysical analysis.

The lot of genius was certainly never cast in better days. How far literature itself has gained by the change, may fairly be considered as a subject open to dispute. It is a question, however, which can only be decided by those, who at the distance of another century shall trace the literary history of

the present age. For our parts, it is a question which we can never approach, without feeling ourselves involved in perplexing doubts. And if at times we share in the pleasure with which every one must view this triumph of intellect, at others, we can hardly repress the conviction that the success of the individual is won with more than a partial sacrifice of the cause in which he is engaged.

But the point more closely connected with our present subject, is the influence of the pecuniary success of popular writers in directing their attention to particular branches of literature. Nor can it require illustration. Surrounded as we are with every form of proof which can be required in order to show how close a connection subsists between popular taste and the taste of popular writers, it is impossible to hesitate in our conclusions. Nor should we suffer ourselves to be deceived by a change of terms. Popular taste is but a synonymy for interest, and compliance with the former means nothing more than a discreet obedience to the dictates of the latter. Hence we find genius of a high order laboring in the composition of ephemeral productions, and pouring forth volume after volume of works in which its own taste must find much to condemn, and still more to amend. Hence we see the crowd of imitators, which, numerous as it always has been, exceeds anything that the annals of literature have hitherto recorded, and which, watching every fluctuation in public taste, follows blindly wherever it turns.

These circumstances naturally suggest a form of literature, by which the writer can constantly hold such a place in the public eye as to secure the favor of a large class of readers,

the only sure path to the purse of his publishers. This cannot be done by history, for the composition of history requires long and patient and laborious research; nor by poetry, unless the bard be gifted with the fertile genius of a Byron; nor by philosophy, nor by any branch of science, for however extensive and durable the fame which success in these departments may secure, it can seldom be attended with popular favor, or extensive gain. Prose fiction, whether in the form of novels, or of tales, whether grounded upon facts, or derived from the imagination of the writer, is the only branch of literature which can gratify at once the passion for immediate reputation and pecuniary profit. This enables him to keep constantly before the public; to prevent his readers, by the regularity of his appearance, from losing sight of him amid the crowd that never fails to flock into every successful path; and when he has once secured attention by writing well, to command it at will, by the mere authority of his name.

We have dwelt upon this point longer than we had intended, from a desire to induce our readers to examine and weigh carefully the correctness of our views, before we proceed to uncover the other side of the picture. The inducements which we have represented as contributing so much towards the cultivation of romance by men of great intellectual powers, exist not in Italy. The division of the territory into petty states and under the dominion of different families, renders the privilege of copy-right, even where it can be obtained, of little or no advantage. No sooner is a work announced in one part of the country, than the publish-

ers of other states, and often those of different cities within the same state, prepare themselves for its appearance. If it prove successful, it is immediately reprinted wherever there is a chance of finding purchasers. If it be a failure, the first publisher feels the loss, and nobody ever hears of it again. But as far as the pecuniary interest of the author is concerned, success and failure, are nearly alike in their consequences. He gains nothing, or at best but a trifle. Were this all, there would still be a certain appearance of justice in his lot. But he has often to lose in his own person, and while struggling with poverty, to view without the power of reclamation, the profits which others derive from the productions of his genius. But an example which we have from the lips of the individual himself, will place this melancholy truth in a stronger light than any observations of ours can possibly do. Botta's History of the American Revolution is well known in this country, and the translation of it has passed through two editions under the sanction of American copyright. The French translator, also, was liberally rewarded for his labors by the publishers of Paris. In Italy the editions of the original text have been multiplied in every part of the country, and have proved in every form, a fruitful source of gain to the editors. What in the meanwhile was the reward of the author? He had drawn upon his scanty patrimony in order to repay the expenses of the original publication, for no bookseller could be found in Paris willing to undertake it at his own risk. While the Italian reprints and the French translation were obtaining an unexampled circulation, the copies of the first edition were lying a dead weight

upon the author's hands ; and he was at last constrained to sell six hundred of them, at the price of waste paper, for a few sous a pound, in order to purchase for his wife the privilege of dying in her native land.

What then can induce the Italian to renounce the ease of a life of indolence or the advantages of commerce for the cares and anxieties, and in speaking of Italy we must add, the dangers of literature? We know of but two causes at all adequate to such a result. The love of literature for itself, and the thirst for a durable reputation. To these should be added, but as acting with them, rather than as a separate cause, the hope of doing something towards the regeneration of his fellow-citizens.

That the love of letters does exist in Italy, if not in perfect purity, at least, freer from the corruptions by which it is tarnished in other countries, would seem to be sufficiently evident from what has already been stated with regard to the situation of its votaries. And, in fact, when on the one hand we consider the obstacles which obstruct the path of the man of letters, in this unhappy country ; his sacrifice of peace and of domestic quiet ; the alternative to which so many are reduced of choosing between a prison and an exile ; and the meager and uncertain rewards, which attend the most successful exertions ; and upon the other contemplate the ardor with which the best talent of the land consecrates itself to literature ; and the unwavering devotion, with which it meets every sacrifice and hardship that its choice imposes ; we are struck with an admiration which we had never felt before ; and are compelled to acknowledge that beautiful provision of

Providence, which when every ordinary motive would turn us back from the paths of intellectual culture, decks them with a winning, an irresistible loveliness, stronger than the suggestions of indolence, or the attractions of interest. Neither is the prospect of an ephemeral reputation, embittered as it is, by all the cares and vexations, and yet deprived of all the advantages which make it attractive in other countries, sufficient to account for the literary devotion of a modern Italian. He undoubtedly labors for applause, as every aspiring mind must do; but the fame after which he endeavors is that tardy fame which is sculptured upon the tomb, and which by an unaccountable, though undeniable illusion, reconciles man to the trials which he actually endures, by the hope of distant tributes of love and veneration which he can neither hear nor enjoy.

If the view which we have taken of the personal inducements to literary exertion in Italy, be correct, it will necessarily follow that men of genius will choose that course which promises to lead more directly and surely to the reward after which they aspire; or, in other words, they will naturally adopt that branch of literature which gives the greatest security of durable fame. We can hardly be accused of rashness or of prejudice, when we assert that of all the various forms of composition, although none may lead more promptly than romance to immediate applause; yet none is so insecure a guide to permanent reputation. It was one of the first inventions of modern literature. It was one of the earliest and most curious pictures of the middle ages. It has followed every turn of society and every where adapted itself to the

feelings and character of the age. But as these give place to new feelings and to new characters, the fictions which formed the delight of one century have been almost instantly forgotten, if not caricatured and despised in the next. Nor has this proceeded more from those changes in our pursuits and in our mode of life, which call for a concurrent change in works of this kind, than from the nature of the work itself, which holding a middle station between poetry and history and neither shackled by the difficulties of the one, nor requiring the laborious research of the other, presents temptations to the formation of habits of hasty and careless writing, which few have the strength or the courage to resist. Our own age has already witnessed the rise of three new forms. Two of them, though at first hardly less popular than the other, are nearly forgotten. The third and most recent, still survives. Whether it be destined to share the fate of its predecessors, is a question which cannot yet be decided. Bound as we still are by the spell that it has thrown around us, we are unable to see beyond the magic circle, and tell how far the current that has swept away every other class will carry this. Then it is distinguished from all others by one great advantage. With the same privilege of taking its subjects from real life and thus representing human nature as it is, it possesses the additional one of throwing light upon those parts of history, over which the pen of the historian passes with a faint and rapid stroke. But history has accused it of yielding too often to the temptation of misrepresenting and falsifying its pictures, and this even in the hands of the greatest of its mas-

ters.* Here the advantages and disadvantages are peculiar to this class. In every respect and in the fatal facility with which it may be written, it is upon a level with all other prose fiction.

But these disadvantages, notwithstanding their tendency to repress that ardor without which no writer can hope for success, might be overlooked by the Italian, were it possible for him to believe that this might be rendered more subservient to the cause of Italy than any other kind of composition, and that whatever might be his fate as a writer, he would have secured the gratification of contributing something towards the future prosperity of his country. But he cannot fail to perceive how inadequate and ill-calculated such an instrument is to the accomplishment of what every enlightened Italian aspires after. Were Italy really oppressed with that torpor which many suppose, scarce anything could be better adapted to rouse her than that exciting mixture of historic truth and high colored fiction which acts so powerfully upon the warm blood of the south. But the tragedies of Alfieri have done more towards forming the Italians to that stern and elevated patriotism which is essential to a successful effort for freedom, than romance ever has or ever could have done; and the events of the last forty years have scattered those seeds, which even though they fall by the way side or upon stony ground, never fall in vain. Italy now requires the slow but certain guidance of sober history. At the side of those passions which should work out her freedom,

* V. Guizot, *Hist. de la Civ. en Eur.* Lec. 7.

are those wild and fanciful hopes, which if left to their free play would poison all its sources. It is only by chastening these in the school of real life, that so fatal a catastrophe can be prevented. Excitement and passion have done their part. If reason speaking with the voice of experience be listened to, they will not have done it in vain. Whatever has a tendency to work upon the imagination and carry excitement beyond the point which it has already reached, although it may hasten the moment of action and produce by a convulsive effort that which the natural course of events is inevitably bringing about, will retard for, at least, another century the actual progress of Italy and of Europe.

Thus the only causes which seem to us capable of moving the minds of Italians of the highest order, tend to confirm that neglect of historical romance which has prevailed at every period of their literary history. As long as these remain in force, so long will the success of this school be doubtful. Literature has always been the child of circumstances, and they alone of her followers have been successful, who have known when to yield to their impulse and when to temper it. For the last twelve years there has been a struggle in Italy, between the state of things which we have hastily sketched in the present paper and the enthusiasm kindled by the romances of Scott. Had the writer who is acknowledged to be at the head of this party, been endowed with a fertility of invention proportioned to his accuracy of observation, and a force corresponding to the delicacy of his genius, it would be difficult to conjecture how far he might have succeeded in triumphing over the obstacles which have

proved fatal to the cause when entrusted to the hands of his followers. As it is, his beautiful production stands almost alone. We shall endeavor, in another paper by a full examination of the work of Manzoni, and a sketch of those of his disciples, to enable our readers to decide for themselves, how far we are right in the opinions which we have ventured to express in this.

LIBRARIES.*

"Qui primus, bibliothecam dicando, ingenia hominum rem publicam fecit."

Pliny.

M. BALBI has long been advantageously known by several works of great merit, upon some of the most important branches of statistics and general geography. The chief part, if not the whole of his career, as an author, has been devoted to profound and extensive researches upon these subjects; and the reputation which he enjoys has been earned by long and assiduous labor.

The volume, of which the title stands at the head of the present article, is one of the most recent and interesting of his publications. Its immediate subject is a description, in part historical and statistical, and in part bibliographical, of the public and private libraries of Vienna. In the course of this, M. Balbi has entered into an examination of the literary

* 1. *Essai statistique sur les Bibliothèques de Vienne*, par Adrien Balbi. Vienne. 1835. 8vo.

2. *Catalogue de la Bibliothèque de son Excellence, M. le Comte de Boutourlin*. Florence. 1831. 8vo.

3. *Manuel du Libraire et de l'Amateur de Livres*, par J. C. Brunet. 3me ed. Paris. 1820. 4 tom. 8vo.

and numerical value of the principal libraries of ancient and modern times, and given a succinct and lucid exposition of the principles upon which calculations of this kind should be based. The inquiry is conducted throughout with singular ability, and contains several new and striking views. It is shown that the Imperial Library of Vienna, regularly increasing from the epoch of its formation, by means equally honorable to the sovereign and to the nation, held, until the French revolution, the first place among the libraries of Europe. Since that period, several other institutions have risen to a much higher numerical rank. Yet the progress of the Imperial Library has never been interrupted; and the great value of several of the private collections, which have, at different epochs, been incorporated with it, gives it a decided superiority over many others of much greater apparent pretensions. The other public, as well as the private libraries of Vienna, correspond to the high character of the principal one.

It will be sufficiently apparent from this brief sketch, that a large portion of the present work can have but few attractions for the American reader. That part, however, which is devoted to a comparative examination of the great libraries of ancient and modern Europe, and an explanation of the principles by which this examination has been conducted, has strong claims to the attention of all those, who prefer exact details and cautious reasoning to careless and extravagant conjectures. The gross errors, which still prevail upon this curious subject, and which, through the ignorance or negligence of the compilers of many of the books of reference, as well as of the class-books for schools, are daily becoming more extended

and deeper rooted, give these claims an additional force. We propose, therefore, to offer our readers a concise analysis of those chapters of the work before us, which treat of general bibliographical statistics; and shall translate or abridge the pages of M. Balbi, without any further acknowledgment than the simple avowal, that we are almost wholly indebted to him for the materials, which form the basis of the first part of the present paper.

No one of the libraries of the first class, now in existence, dates beyond the fifteenth century. The Vatican, the origin of which has been frequently carried back to the days of St. Hilarius, in 465, cannot, with any propriety, be said to have deserved the name of library before the reign of Martin the Fifth, by whose order it was removed from Avignon to Rome in 1417. And even then, a strict attention to the force of the term would require us to withhold from it this title, until the period of its final organization by Nicholas the Fifth, in 1447.* It is difficult to speak with certainty concerning the libraries, whether public or private, which are supposed to have existed previous to the fifteenth century, both on account of the doubtful authority and indefiniteness of the passages in which they are mentioned, and the custom which so readily obtained, in those dark ages, of dignifying every petty collection with the name of library. But many libraries of the fifteenth century being still in existence, and others having been preserved long enough to

* An interesting account of the early history of the Vatican library may be found in Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, Tom. VI. Lib. I. pp. 142 et seq.

make them the subject of historical inquiry before their dissolution, it becomes easier to fix, with satisfactory accuracy, the date of their foundation. We find accordingly, that, including the Vatican, and the libraries of Vienna, Ratisbon, and the Laurentian of Florence, which are a few years anterior to it, no less than ten were formed between the years 1430 and 1500.*

The increase of European libraries has generally been slowly progressive, although there have been periods of sudden augmentation in nearly all. Most of them began with a small number of manuscripts, sometimes with a few printed volumes, and often without any. To these, gradual accessions were made, from the different sources, which have always been more or less at the command of the sovereigns and nobles of Europe. In 1455, the Vatican contained 5,000 manuscripts. In 1685, after an interval of more than two centuries, the number of its manuscripts had only risen to 16,000, and that of the printed volumes did not exceed 25,000. In 1789, but little more than a century later, the number of manuscripts had been doubled, and the printed volumes amounted to 40,000.

Far different was the progress of the Royal Library of Paris. The origin of this institution is placed in the year 1595, the date of its removal from Fontainebleau to Paris by order of Henry the Fourth. In 1660, it contained but 1,435 printed

* These were, Turin, the University; Cesena, the Malatestiana; Venice, the Marciana; Oxford, the Bodleian; Copenhagen, the University; Frankfort on the Maine, the city. The Palatine of Heidelberg was founded in 1390, dispersed in 1623, restored in 1652, augmented in 1816.

volumes. In the course of the following year, this number was raised to 16,746, both printed volumes and manuscripts. During the ensuing eight years the library was nearly doubled; and before the close of the next century, it was supposed to have been augmented by upwards of 100,000 volumes more.

In most cases, the chief sources of these augmentations have been individual legacies and the purchase of private collections. Private libraries, as our readers are well aware, began to be formed long before public ones were thought of. Like these, they have their origin in the taste or caprice or necessities of their founders, and are of more or less value, as one or the other of these motives has presided over their formation. But when formed by private students with a view to bring together all that has been written upon some single branch of science, or by amateurs skilled in the principles of bibliography, they become more satisfactory and complete than they could possibly be made under any other circumstances. Few of them, however, are preserved long after the death of the original collector; but, falling into the hands of heirs possessed of different tastes and feelings, are either sold off by auction or restored to the shelves of the bookseller. It was by availing themselves of such opportunities, that the directors of the public libraries of Europe made their most important acquisitions. This is, in fact, the history of the Imperial Library of Vienna; and it can hardly be necessary to add, that it was thus that the rarest and most valuable portions of that collection were brought together.* It is thus

* One of the most remarkable of these purchases was that made of the

also, that the Vatican has acquired, within the last few years, by the purchase of the library of Count Cicognara, a body of materials, illustrative of the history of the arts, which leaves comparatively little to be wished for, by the most diligent historian. *

It can hardly be necessary to enlarge upon this subject. Every one who has engaged, even in a small degree, in historical researches, must have observed how soon he gets out of the track of common readers, and how dark and difficult his way becomes, unless he chance to meet with some guide among those, who, confining their attention to a single branch of study, have become familiar with almost every thing, which can serve to throw light upon it. And when a public institution has gone on through a long course of years, adding to the works derived from other sources these carefully chosen stores of the learned, it is easy to conceive how much it will contribute not merely towards the full gratification of literary curiosity, but to the actual progress of literature itself.

But these opportunities are too uncertain to be relied upon, as they are too important to be suffered to escape, when they present themselves. The principal libraries of Europe now depend for augmentation upon their respective endowments, and upon the laws made by government in their favor.

private library of the Prince Eugene, for a life income of 10,000 florins. It was composed of 15,000 printed volumes, 337 manuscripts, 290 folio volumes of prints, and 215 portfolios or boxes.

* The Count Cicognara is well known by his elegant and learned history of sculpture. The catalogue of his library, published by himself, numbers 4,800 articles. It was sold for 20,000 dollars.

The latter secure them an annual increase in exact proportion to the activity of the press, in the country to which the institution belongs. In France, every publisher is bound by law to deposit at the Royal Library a certain number of copies of every work that issues from his press. A similar law entitles the Imperial Library of Vienna to one copy of whatever is published within the Austrian dominions. Thus the annual increase of these institutions is not only immense, but keeps pace with the progress of the press, and is gradually transforming them into permanent depositories of the annual intellectual harvest of the nation. Could this law have been enforced from the first moment of the invention of printing, how many curious points in literature, how many important questions in history, which are now perplexing and obscure, would be placed in a clear and instructive light by the authority of full and incontrovertible documents! But the augmentations derived from this source can only extend to national literature, and to such foreign works as are reprinted by native booksellers.* The greater and more valuable part of new foreign works can only be obtained by purchase. Hence arises the necessity of an extensive fund, and the equally great necessity of using it judiciously. The following table, which

* It may be not amiss to observe, that, as far as France is concerned, the number of these last is very large. Nearly all the fashionable English literature, and a considerable proportion of the more important new English works, together with the newly prepared editions of American standard classics, are republished by two or three rival houses in Paris before they are dry from the press in England. The same is done with some German and Spanish works, and with almost all the new works of Italy. Brussels plays off upon the French booksellers the turn which they play upon the English.

we translate from M. Balbi, shows the annual appropriations of some of the principal libraries of Europe. As he was not able to state with certainty the exact annual expenditure of the Royal Library of Paris, he has given that of the cabinet of prints which is attached to it. This will help us to form some idea of the sum allotted to the other departments.

Comparative View of the Annual Expenditure of some of the principal Libraries of Europe.

		Franks.
Bodleian,	Oxford,	75,000
Imperial,	Vienna,	47,500
Royal,	Berlin,	29,680
Advocates',	Edinburgh,	25,000
University,	Göttingen,	20,000
Royal,	Madrid,	14,000
University,	Bologna,	10,385
Royal,	Dresden,	10,000
University,	Padua,	5,000
Marcian,	Venice,	5,000
Cabinet of Prints of the Royal Library of Paris,		15,000

We add the following table to render the view of the state of these institutions more complete.

Table of the Officers employed in the Imperial Library of Vienna, with their respective Salaries.

Titles.	Salary in Franks.
Prefect or Inspector,	12,500
First Keeper, with the title of Aulic Counsellor,	10,550
Second Keeper,	5,000
Third, "	3,500
Fourth, "	2,500
First Under Keeper,	2,250
Second "	2,000
Third, "	1,750
Fourth, "	1,500
Aspirant, "	1,000
Three Attendants, each one,	600

In trying to form an estimate of the comparative value of libraries, we cannot but be struck with the unsatisfactory nature of the numerical calculations on which we are constrained to found it. What idea can be formed of the value of any given library, by the mere comparison of the number of volumes which it contains, with that of any other? There are probably but few of our readers, who cannot recall, within the circle of their own observation, some instance of the insufficiency of numbers as the elements of such a comparison. Thus far, however, no other has been discovered; and the judicious reader must trust to his own experience and judgment for giving due weight to all those circumstances, which may be justly supposed to affect the real value of libraries almost numerically equal.

But, after we have once fixed upon numbers as the basis of our calculations, we seem to be almost as far from the mark as ever. Even if there had been a special effort on the part of all the writers, who have touched upon this subject, to involve it in doubt and perplexity, they could not have succeeded more fully, than they have done while pretending to elucidate it. The question is so curious, and displays in so strong a light the danger of relying upon careless compilers and credulous travellers, that we cannot resist the temptation of translating a part of the interesting chapter, which M. Balbi has devoted to it.

"This portion of comparative statistics," says M. Balbi, "is in very much the same state, in which the subject of population remained during the second half of the last century. We possess only approximative data concerning the libraries which are best known, while the

most contradictory opinions are hazarded with regard to all others. The natives of a country often repeat without examination the exaggerated statements of some unscrupulous librarian, who, without troubling himself about the truth of his assertions, seeks only to raise the credit of his library by exaggerating the number of its volumes. A similar confidence is often given to those traditional estimates, by which the grossest of all the errors, which prevail upon this subject, are handed down from father to son. Nor is this all; but men, excited by a mixture of personal and national pride, and relying upon calculations, which they have made upon a false principle, frequently accuse of ignorance, or of inexactness, the conscientious writer, who, after a careful comparison of the best authorities, has ventured to advance an opinion different from theirs. Men of learning often pursue the same course; and, though wholly ignorant of the nature of statistical calculations, and the varied information which they require, boldly reject the estimates, which have been obtained through official sources, or which are the result of the long and laborious researches of men both conscientious and learned.

“One of the principal causes of the astonishing diversity of opinions, which prevail upon the subject of libraries, is the difference in the methods, which have been adopted by different writers, for estimating the literary wealth of the same library. One counts only the printed volumes. Another adds the manuscripts. A third fixes at a certain number of volumes the essays and pamphlets, which are preserved in portfolios, or stitched together, all of which had been excluded from the first estimate. An adherence to this principle brings into another list all the scattering prints and maps, which, as they belong to no particular work, could not be reckoned among printed volumes. Nor does the difference cease here; for, while some writers, adopting an entirely new method, raise their table to a formidable array of ciphers, by counting as separate volumes every pamphlet, which the library may chance to contain, others strike off a large portion from the sum thus obtained, rejecting in their enumeration all duplicate copies, of whatever kind

they may be. These various methods of estimation should be carefully distinguished from the first-mentioned errors, by which the mistakes of travellers, and of men of learning unacquainted with statistics, are repeated and propagated by the ignorance or negligence of compilers.

"It is very much with the wealth of libraries, as with the population of some of the cities of Asia and Africa, in speaking of which a more accurate census, and the criticisms of competent judges, have reduced the millions of inhabitants, to a few hundred thousand. Thus the recent catalogues of some libraries, on an examination of them by travellers or librarians familiar with the principles of statistics, have reduced by a third, or a half, and sometimes even by nine-tenths, the ridiculous exaggerations, which still continue to disgrace many works of high and well-merited celebrity.*

"Previously to the Revolution, the Royal Library of Paris was supposed to contain from three to five hundred thousand volumes. An intelligent and judicious writer, the late M. Barbier, had, in a work published in 1805, reduced them to two hundred thousand.† But M. Van Praet, the present librarian, who, in the year 1791, had counted the whole library volume by volume, had found only 152,868 volumes, viz.: 23,243 folios, 41,373 quartos, 88,252 octavos and books of smaller size.

"We had always heard the Library of St. Mark in Venice estimated at 150,000 volumes, and consequently supposed, that, by stating it at 90,000 in our work upon the 'statistics of Portugal,' published in 1822, we could not be far from the truth. But, on our return to Venice in the same year, we were assured by its learned librarian, the Abbé Bettio, that it actually contained only 65,000 printed volumes and 5,000 manuscripts. Yet, as late as 1832, we have seen more than twice that number assigned to it by a statistical writer of high rank."—pp. 45–48.

* An instance of this may be found in the Tabular View of Libraries in one of the best school books ever written; Woodbridge's General Geography.

† *L'Annuaire administratif et statistique du Département de la Seine, pour l'An XIII. (1805.)*"

This subject will become still clearer, by a glance at a few passages from the table of comparative estimates, which M. Balbi has compiled with singular patience and industry.*

"Comparative Table of the principal Opinions published with Regard to the Number of Volumes contained in some celebrated Libraries."

PARIS, ROYAL OR NATIONAL LIBRARY.

Authors.	Volumes.	Manuscripts.	Pamphlets.
Ebert,	350,000	70,000	
Petit-Radel,	350,000	50,000	350,000
British Review,	450,000	80,000	450,000
Malchus,	500,000	50,000	
André,	800,000	50,000	

MAZARINE LIBRARY.

Malchus,	90,000	3,437
Boismarsas,	150,000	4,000

MADRID, ROYAL LIBRARY.

Villenave,	100,000	a great many.
Haendel,	125,000	
Hassel,	180,000	
Malchus,	200,000	2,000

THE ESCURIAL.

Bisinger,		60,000
Ebert,	17,800	4,300
Moreau de Jonnès,	130,000	15,000

ROME, VATICAN.

Schnabel,	30,000	4,000
Ebert,	30,000	40,000
Valéry,	80,000	24,000

* In the original this table fills ten octavo pages. We have confined our extract to such heads as we supposed most likely to prove interesting to the American reader.

Authors.	Volumes.	Manuscripts.	Pamphlets.
Malchus,	160,000		
Bailly,*	400,000	50,000	
D'Haussez,	800,000	38,000	
Eustace, from	200,000 }		
	to a million ! }		
Quarterly Review, largest in the world !			

FLORENCE, LAURENTIAN.†

Ebert,		8,000
André,		5,000
Hassel,	20,000	
Malchus,	120,000	
Bailly,	90,000	3,000

OXFORD, BODLEIAN.

Meidinger,	130,000	20,000
Quart. Rev.	over 200,000	
Ebert,	300,000	25,000
Bailly,	400,000	25,000
André	500,000	30,000
Schnabel,	700,000	30,000
Oxford Guide,	more than any library in Europe, except the Vatican." — pp. 35—43.	

After having thus pointed out the errors and inconsistencies into which his predecessors have fallen, M. Balbi proceeds to give the result of his own inquiries, in a new estimate of the principal libraries of ancient and modern times. This table is evidently the product of long and laborious researches. He has availed himself, for the composition of it, of all the facili-

* *Journal de la Société Française de Statistique Universelle.*

† It should be remembered that this celebrated library contains manuscripts only. Hence a double error on the part of the above cited authors. It was only by the recent legacy of the Count d'Elci, that it became possessed of printed works, which, however, are exclusively composed of editions of the fifteenth century," and have not yet been placed in the Library.

ties, which an extensive correspondence could afford, and has thus been able to draw his information, in several cases, from direct official sources. In others, his familiarity with statistical calculations, and his personal knowledge of many of the institutions of which he speaks, afford the best assurance of the general correctness of his assertions.

"Comparative View of the Great Libraries of Ancient and Modern Times."

Cities.	Libraries.	Volumes.	Manuscripts.
Paris,	Royal,	624,000	80,000
Munich,	Royal or Central	540,000	16,000
St. Petersburg,	Imperial,	432,000	15,000 (?)
Copenhagen,	Royal,	410,000	16,000 (?)
Vienna,	Imperial,	284,000	16,000
Berlin,	Royal,	280,000	5,000
Pekin,	Imperial,	280,000	
Dresden,	Royal,	260,000	2,700
Göttingen,	University,	250,000	5,000
London,	British Museum,	220,000	*22,000
Oxford,	Bodleian,	200,000	25,000
Wolfenbüttel,	Ducal,	200,000 (?)†	4,500
Madrid,	Royal,	200,000	2,500 (?)
Paris,	Arsenal,	186,000	5,000
Stuttgart,	Royal,	174,000	1,800
Milan,	Brera,	169,000	1,000
Naples,	Bourbon Museum,	165,000	3,000
Florence,	Magliabecchiana,	150,000	12,000
Breslaw,	University,	150,000	2,300
Munich,	University,	150,000	2,000 (?)
Edinburgh,	Advocates',	150,000	6,000
Jedo,	Sjogoun,	150,000 (?)	
Miako,	Mikado,	150,000 (?)	

* In this number the 19,093 charters, diplomas, and original documents are not comprised."

† It will be observed that an interrogative point is affixed to those numbers which M. Balbi considers doubtful.

Cities.	Libraries.	Volumes.	Manuscripts.
Alexandria,	the largest of the } Ptolemean libraries, }	110,000 (??)	
Tripoli in Syria,	Kadis,	110,000 (?)	
Cairo,	Caliphs,	110,000 (?)	
Alexandria library,*	destroyed, }	100,000 (??)	
	by the Arabs, }		
Rome, Ulpian,	founded by Trajan,	100,000 (??)	
Cordova,	Caliphs,	100,000 (??)	— p. 71.

Some surprise will be felt upon viewing the rank assigned in the preceding table to the libraries of Japan. The estimates of our author are, in this instance, derived from the statements of a recent traveller, M. Siebold, whom he honors with the appellation of “learned and conscientious.” These libraries, according to M. Siebold, are divided among the princes, the nobles, and the monasteries. Besides the works printed within the empire, they contain a large number of ancient and modern Chinese books, together with many rare manuscripts in Japanese and Chinese, maps, topographical plans, and sketches in natural history. There are also, in the libraries of some amateurs, extensive collections of European books, chiefly of a scientific character, and for the most part in Dutch. The activity of the press in that country is astonishing, but nevertheless, as would seem from the work of M. Siebold, unequal to the productive power of the authors; for, in one of the royal libraries, may be seen a modern work upon the natural history of the empire, of which the plates alone would fill 800 volumes.

*In admitting the third Alexandrian library into this table, M. Balbi has not done justice to his own knowledge of the subject. It seems impossible that any one who has read the XXVIII. and LI. chapters of Gibbon should place the least confidence in so absurd and ill-supported a tale.

But we should be guilty of great injustice towards our author, were we to pass over the ninth chapter of his volume, in which he has explained at length the process, which he has followed in the formation of his comparative estimate. The reasoning refers more particularly to the Royal Library of Paris, the claim of which to the first rank among all the libraries of the world has been disputed.

In the year 1822, this library contained, according to MM. Van Praet and De Mane, keepers of the printed books,

450,000 volumes,

450,000 pamphlets, essays, and fugitive pieces, bound up in volumes, or distributed in portfolios or drawers.

80,000 manuscripts, inclusive of the printed works in Chinese.

1,200,000 charters, diplomas, etc.

6,000 volumes and portfolios, containing 1,200,000 prints.

Now in order to estimate these different elements, we will suppose :

1st. That each manuscript forms a volume, such being the usual method of estimating this portion of the literary wealth of public libraries.

2d. That every ten pamphlets or fugitive pieces, taken together, form a volume. This is a moderate calculation ; for an ordinary octavo contains only from sixteen to eighteen sheets.

3d. That fifty charters, diplomas, etc., taken together, form a volume.

By means of these reductions we shall find that 450,000 pamphlets, etc., are equivalent to 45,000 volumes. 1,200,000 diplomas, charters, etc., are equivalent to 24,000 volumes. Taking the manuscripts, and the 6,000 volumes and portfolios

of prints for an equal number of volumes, we find that in 1822 the Royal Library of Paris contained :

450,000	volumes	of all sizes.
45,000	"	in pamphlets, etc.
24,000	"	in diplomas, etc.
80,000	"	of manuscripts.
6,000	"	of prints, engravings, etc.
<hr/>		
605,000		

At the same epoch the annual increase of the library, as reported by MM. Van Praet and De Mane, amounted to about 4,000 volumes, and 3,000 fugitive pieces, pamphlets, etc., printed in France, and about 3,000 volumes purchased at public sales or abroad.

Since 1822, there has been a great increase in the activity of the French press. The following table, formed by a comparison of the *Journal de la Librairie* of M. Beuchot, with the manuscript catalogue of the books, pamphlets, etc., deposited at the Royal Library, shows the progress of this augmentation of activity, and supplies the data for an approximative calculation of the increase of the library through the channel of the French press. This extends, however, only to the third quarter of 1828, the last time that our author had it in his power to consult the catalogue of the library. The estimate for the subsequent period is derived from an approximative calculation, based upon the proportion, which the products of the French press, as recorded in the *Journal de la Librairie*, bear to the same products as registered during the correspondent years in the catalogue of the Royal Library. The facts contained in the second and third columns of the table form the elements

of his calculation, and the basis of the inductions that he draws from it.

Table of the Articles printed in France.

Year.	Number of Articles.	
	Recorded in the "Journal de la Librairie."	Entered on the Catalogue of the Royal Library.
FIRST PERIOD.		
1822	6,893	7,016
1823	7,213	6,900
1824	8,337	7,994
1825	8,971	8,723
1826	9,754	10,655
1827	9,800	16,744
Sum of the first period,	50,968	58,032
SECOND PERIOD.		
1828	9,022	
1829	9,027	
1830	8,456	
1831	7,390	
1832	7,577	
1833	8,060	
Sum of both periods,	100,500	

Now we will say; as 50,968, the sum of the works announced by the *Journal de la Librairie*, during the six years, which form the first period, to 58,032, the number representing the works entered upon the catalogue of the library during the same years, — so 100,500, the sum of the works announced in the same "Journal," during the first and second periods, to the number x of works entered upon the catalogue during both

periods taken together, or from 1822, through all 1833. This proportion gives us $x = 114,800$.

Now, adopting the supposition of M. De Mane, that the number of the pamphlets and fugitive pieces is equal to that of the volumes; and that these last form half of the annual product of the press; and supposing, as has already been shown by a calculation to be more than probable, that the totality of the works or articles deposited at the library from the beginning of 1822, to the 31st of December, 1833, amounted in round numbers to 115,000, we shall have half this sum, or 57,500, for the number of volumes, and 57,500 for the number of pamphlets and fugitive pieces, taken separately. Dividing these last by ten, we shall have 5,750 volumes to be added to the first sum.

It has already been shown, that, at the beginning of 1822, the Royal Library contained 605,000 volumes. In order to ascertain its actual state (i. e. in 1835,) we will say,

	Volumes.
in 1822,	605,000
augmentation by means of public sales and purchases from abroad,	36,000
augmentation through the French press, offering 57,- 500 volumes of works, and 5,750 volumes of pamph- lets, amounting in all to 63,250, or in round numbers	63,000
	<hr/> 704,000

This number should be raised to 706,000 on account of the increase in the department of prints,*

*For an account of this augmentation, see "Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève," 1834.

The Royal Library of Paris, therefore, is the largest in existence. It will be easy to prove, that it is the largest that ever has existed.

The number of writers, and consequently of books, in the bright days of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome, could not have been very great. It must, on the contrary, have been limited by various causes, which contributed powerfully to retard the composition of new works, and prevent the multiplication of new editions. In fact, the histories of cities and of nations, together with descriptions of the earth, which have become exhaustless sources for the writers of modern times, must have been but sterile themes, at a period in which history was confined within the limits of a few centuries, and hardly a sixth part of the world, now known, had been discovered. Add to these considerations, the difficulties of communication, by which the inhabitants of different countries, and often those of different sections of the same country, were kept apart; together with the number of arts and sciences, which were either wholly unknown, or confined within very narrow bounds; and it will become evident, that, for every thirty or forty authors of the present day, ancient Europe could hardly have produced one or two.

Another circumstance, which, however, has escaped the attention of M. Balbi, is the undeniable fact, that an increase in the number of readers leads to a proportionate augmentation in the number of works prepared for their gratification. We have every reason to suppose, that the reading class of the ancient world was small in comparison with that of the modern. Even setting aside the circumstance of the

narrow limits, by which the creative literature of ancient Europe was bounded, Greece and Rome being almost the only nations whence new productions were derived, we shall still be constrained to acknowledge the vast distance, which separates the creative literary power of modern, from that of ancient times. Our schools, which abound with such a variety of class-books upon every subject, bear little or no resemblance to those of Greece and Rome; nor can the text-books prepared for our universities be brought into comparison with the oral instructions of the old philosophers. Passing by, also, the subjects which have been opened to our research by the discoveries of modern science, and confining our attention to the single branch of philosophy, in the old sense of the word, which has always been more or less studied and disputed upon, since the earliest Greeks, we shall probably find that the productions of any one modern school outnumber those of the whole body of Greek philosophers. How much more would the balance lean towards the moderns, were we to add all the varieties of the French, and German, and English, and Scottish schools, to say nothing of those whose tenacious subtilties have procured them the name of schoolmen! If, going a step further, we consider that reading, which the peculiar cast of modern civilization has classed among the luxuries of life, is one of those luxuries, in the enjoyment of which all classes come in for a share, we shall find here also a great distinction between ancient times and our own. During that epoch of splendid decay, in which the immense wealth of the Roman senators was found insufficient to satisfy the longing for new forms of stimulant and of pleasure, their

reading, as we are told by a contemporary historian,* was confined to Marius Maximus and Juvenal. What would they not have given for a modern novel, or to what unlimited extent would not the imagination have poured forth its fantastic creations, had the art of printing been at hand to keep pace with the productive powers of the mind, and the cravings of a morbid intellect! On every score, therefore, the numerical difference between the intellectual wealth of ancient and of modern Europe, which is the only point in question, must have been decidedly in favor of the latter.

The high price of the materials for writing, and the difficulty of procuring them, must also have been a great obstacle to the multiplication of books. When copies could only be procured by the slow and expensive process of transcription, it seems impossible to suppose that a large number could have been usually prepared of any ordinary work. Those of our readers, who are aware that only about four hundred and fifty, upon an average, were struck off of the celebrated *Princeps* editions, will readily assent to the correctness of this opinion. The barbarous system of ancient warfare must have also caused the destruction of a great many works, raised the price of others, and rendered extremely difficult, not to say impossible, the accumulation of a very large number in any one place. The difficulties, which the bibliomaniacs of our own times encounter in procuring copies of the editions of the fifteenth century, and the extravagant prices, at which some of them have been sold, are enough to show how small a part of an entire edition has been able to pass safely through the short

* Ammianus Marcellinus.

space of four centuries, which is all that has elapsed since their publication. How few copies, then, of a work published in the times of Alexander, could have reached the age of Augustus or of Trajan! With facts like these before us, how can we talk of libraries of 700,000 or 800,000 volumes in the ancient world? When we find it so difficult, at the present day, in spite of the testimony of intelligent travellers, and of all the advantages we possess for making our estimates, to ascertain the truth with regard to the great libraries of modern Europe, how can we give credit to the contradictory and exaggerated statements, which were promulgated in ages of the darkest ignorance, concerning ancient Rome and Alexandria? "After an attentive examination of this subject," says our author, "it seems to us improbable, if we should not rather say, impossible, that any library of ancient Europe, or of the middle ages, could have contained more than 300,000 or 400,000 volumes."

But even allowing 700,000 volumes to the largest of the Alexandrian libraries, that, namely, of which a great part was accidentally destroyed during the wars of Julius Caesar; allowing the same number to the library of Tripoli, and to that of Cairo; and admitting that the third library of Alexandria contained 600,000 volumes, and the Ulpian of Rome, and the Cordovan founded by Al-Hakem, an equal number; it will still be easy to show, that the whole amount of one of these was not equal to even a fifth part of a library composed of printed books.

Every one, who has had anything to do with publication, is well aware of the great difference between the space occupied by the written, and that occupied by the printed letters.

It is well known, that the volumes of ancient libraries consisted of rolls, which generally were written only on one side. Thus the written surface of one of these volumes would correspond to but half the printed surface of one of our books, of which every page is covered with letters. A library, then, composed of 100,000 rolls, would contain no more matter than one of our libraries composed of 50,000 manuscripts.

It is well known, also, that a work was divided into as many rolls, as the books which it contained. Thus the Natural History of Pliny, which in the *Princeps* edition of Venice forms but one folio volume, would, since it is divided into thirty-seven books, have formed thirty-seven rolls or volumes. If it were possible to compare elements of so different a nature, we should say that these rolls might be compared to the sheets of our newspapers, or to the numbers of works published in numbers. What would become of the great library of Paris, were we to suppose its 706,000 volumes in folio, octavo, etc., to be but so many numbers of five or six sheets each? Yet this is the rule, by which we ought to estimate the literary wealth of the great libraries of antiquity and of the middle ages, which were composed of rolls, and even those of the middle ages which contained only manuscripts. "Hence," says M. Balbi, "notwithstanding the imposing array of authorities which can be brought against us, we must persist in believing, that no library of antiquity or of the middle ages can be considered as equivalent to a modern one of 100,000 or 110,000 volumes."

Small, however, would be the interest, which we should feel for these magnificent establishments, were they designed

solely for the benefit of a few individuals, or of one favored class. They would still be splendid monuments of the productive powers of the human mind, and of the taste or learning of their founders; but they would have no claims to that unbounded admiration with which we now regard them. There is a republican liberality in the management of the great libraries of the continent of Europe, which is well worthy of our imitation. In these alone is the great invention of printing carried out to its full extent, by the free communication of all its productions to every class of society.* No introduction, no recommendation, no securities are required; but the stranger and the native are admitted, upon equal terms, to the full enjoyment of all the advantages, which the uncontrolled use of books can afford. As this mode of accommodating, or rather of meeting the wants of the public, is the real object of these institutions, they are provided with librarians, who, under different titles corresponding to the duties imposed upon them, receive from government regular salaries, proportioned to their rank, and to the services which they perform. To these the immediate superintendence of the library is wholly intrusted. They take care of the books. They enter the titles of new ones upon the catalogue, and arrange them in their proper places. They prepare memorials for new purchases, and direct all binding and repairs. This, however, is but a

* Ovid, in the touching little elegy which serves as introduction to the 3d book of the "*Tristia*," gives the following complete description of the public libraries of Rome.

"Quæque viri docto veteres cepere novique
Pectore, lectoris inspicienda patent."

Many words might be added to this, but not a single idea.

part of their duty. At a stated hour of every day in the week, except of such as are set apart for public or religious festivals, they open the library to the public. The hall is set round with tables, which are provided with ink, and convenient frames for the books of each student. The librarians at their respective posts await his orders. Thus undisturbed, and supplied with every thing which the library contains, that can aid him in his studies, the scholar may pass from three to five hours of every day, without any expense, and with no other care than that natural attention to the books he uses, which every one capable of appreciating the full value of such privileges, will readily give. Nor do his facilities cease here. Five hours a day are insufficient for profound and extensive researches; and the writer who has to trace his facts through a great variety of works, and examine the unpublished documents which are to be found in public libraries alone, would be obliged to sacrifice a large portion of every day, if his studies were regulated by the usual public hours of the libraries. For such persons, a proper recommendation can hardly fail to obtain the use, at their own houses, of the works they may need. In this manner the door is thrown open to every one who wishes to enter, and science placed within reach of all who court her favors.

But is this view of the subject correct? Is it true that science requires such aid; and does not this accumulation of books contribute rather to form a taste for ostentatious erudition, than to build up a pure literature, at once vigorous, original, and profound?

It cannot be expected that we should enter into a full

examination of this question. A single page from the literary history of any one of the nations of Europe would be more than sufficient to refute the opinion, which has found its way, we know not how, into the minds of some, whose own experience and example form the best commentary upon their belief. We shall endeavor to meet the objection under one only of its various aspects; and, if our reasoning on this be found correct, we may fairly trust to our readers for the application of it to the rest.

And, in the first place, it seems to us, that, setting aside the subdivisions, which any pretension to logical accuracy would require, all the works which compose the public libraries of Europe may be divided into two classes; books for study, and books of reference. The number of those works which can be accurately studied, is not only comparatively small, but is doubtless susceptible of still further reduction. The progress of science enlarges the sphere of our observations and of our studies, by opening new fields for speculation and research; but, at the same time, it simplifies and facilitates them, by reducing the mass of observation and experiment to a few general and comprehensive principles. We begin by observing and making experiments. We next discuss and reason upon the results, which are thus obtained; and accurate reasoning never fails to lead, sooner or later, to a discovery of the principles on which they depend. Whoever engages in the study of a science in the first stage of this progress, will find a mass of materials, interesting in their nature, but repulsive and perplexing from their want of connection, and of the certainty, which can only be felt in those sciences which

are based upon clear and well-established principles. In its more advanced stages, it is found simple, lucid, and connected. Here, then, dividing lines are drawn between scientific works, composed at the different periods of this development. Students are ranged upon opposite sides of them, according to the diversities of their aims and tastes. They who wish to study the science in its results, find all they want in the latest treatises. Another class goes further, and extends its examination to the works of all those, who have attempted to give a fuller development to its acknowledged principles, or to add to the store by new discoveries. Last comes the student, who with a thorough knowledge of the actual state of his favorite science, wishes to examine its history, trace its progress from its earliest origin, and follow the course of the speculations and experiments which have progressively contributed to its formation.

Here, therefore, we find ourselves among books of reference, useless to the first class of students; of more or less value to the second; indispensable to the third. What private library can supply them? What public library in this country contains the materials for an accurate history of any one department of science? Take even the most limited, or rather one of the most recent of all, the science of political economy. Here our researches are confined to one definite period. We have no dusty archives to explore, no time-worn manuscripts to decipher. The origin of the science is within the memory of our fathers, and we ourselves have witnessed its sudden growth and rapid development. Yet how much is to be done, how many authorities to be weighed, how many

different treatises to be analyzed and compared, before we can venture to say, Here is the history, for such was the rise, such the progress, such the changes of opinion, such the received, and such the rejected theories of political economy! The writers of the first French school, of the Scotch school, (and if we wish for history we must go beyond the publication of Adam Smith's great work,) the Italian, the new French, and the new English schools, all have not merely a claim upon our attention, but are entitled to a full and accurate examination. And even then our task would be incomplete; for literary justice would require us to trace, through the works of general political writers, the hints and remarks which have contributed to the progress of the branch we are studying, by the discovery of truth or by the exposition of error.

If such be the obligations of the student, whose researches are confined to a subject so new, what must be the necessities of the historian who attempts to throw light upon those periods, for which the testimony of printed authorities is to be confronted with that of manuscripts and public documents, and where ignorance and prejudice have combined with the more powerful incentives of interest, to perplex his path by contradictory statements and conflicting opinions! It has been said, that the history of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" could not have been written in America; and, in fact, although the personal fortune of Gibbon enabled him to purchase for his own library nearly all the materials, which he employed in the composition of his great work, yet he was more than once indebted for important facts and views to the great libraries of the continent. Now most of the

works by means of which his history was compiled, were of necessity works of reference; works which few, perhaps, may consult, fewer still would think of reading; but which, nevertheless, supply the materials for our richest and noblest instruction.

If it be said that the class of readers, whose wants extend to works of this description, is small, we would reply, that as far as America is concerned, this is true at the present moment, but that every appearance indicates a great and speedy augmentation in their number. The present state of things is a necessary consequence of the actual condition of our literature. Holding a distinguished rank in several branches, there are still many in which we have as yet accomplished little or nothing. There are exceptions. But how far do they go, and what is the true character of them? The best life of Columbus is the work of an American; but it was written in Spain. The "History of the Northmen" is a work of great learning and research; but Mr. Wheaton collected his materials and wrote in Europe, with all the advantages of a high public station. These cases, therefore, instead of making against us, show how great a change has taken place in the literary aims of our countrymen, and how rapidly their wants are extending beyond the bounds, which individual wealth can meet *

How far is our community prepared to supply these wants? The call for a sound literature is universal; and there is no one who understands the real state of the country, who does

* This was written in 1837, consequently before the publication of Mr. Prescott's elegant and instructive histories.

not perceive, how promptly the impulse, already given to our literature in some departments, has been followed by the ambition to carry out the work into other branches. A literary class is gradually forming itself into a distinct order; opening for many new springs of wealth, for all new sources of enjoyment, but still dependent upon the other classes of society for its subsistence and its success, and destined to form for them a literature either superficial and ephemeral, or profound and durable, in exact proportion as its intellectual wants are neglected or supplied. Of the nature of these wants we have already spoken. Books are needed, not confined to any single branch, but embracing the whole range of science and of literature, which shall supply the means of every species of research and inquiry, and which, placed within reach of all, shall leave idleness no excuse for the lightness of its labors, and poverty no obstacles, which industry may not surmount. What has been done, or what is doing, towards the performance of this duty?

No reply can be given to this question, which will not require many limitations. Much has been done at Boston and at Cambridge. The Boston Athenæum has made already a large collection of valuable works, and follows, we believe, though perhaps at somewhat too respectful a distance, the progress of the literature of the day. The library of Cambridge is of a high order. Forty thousand volumes of printed works go far towards supplying the ordinary wants of the members of our oldest university. And when we consider the care and judgment with which a large part of them have been selected, we are disposed to place this far above many of

the European libraries, which, in a numerical point of view, are vastly its superiors. In the department of American history, it is the richest in the world. It contains the choicest works of English literature; and it is provided with good editions of the classics of Greece and Rome, as well as of many of the most valuable among the great writers of Italy, Germany, France, and Spain.

The Philadelphia library is estimated at about 42,000 volumes. Among these there is a considerable proportion of valuable articles, and the Spanish department is uncommonly complete. The New York Athenæum has 25,000 volumes. The library of Congress has about 20,000; but in this last, if we except the law library, which, though too exclusive in its character, has been formed upon a sounder basis, there are far too many of those trifling productions, which, after the year of their publication is over, become a useless burden to its shelves. Besides these, there are libraries in many of our cities; and each of our Universities and Colleges contains a collection of more or less value, and pretty well adapted to the wants of academic students.

The general regulations of these libraries do not, as far as we have been able to learn, differ in any material particulars. With few exceptions, the libraries of our colleges are restricted to the use of the students, the professors, and the members of the corporation or directors, under whatever name they may be classed; none of these are supposed to study in the library, but call at stated hours for the books they want; and strangers and students, not connected with the institution, can only obtain books by a special concession or through some individual of

the privileged body. The other libraries are generally held by shares open to subscription.

Such, we believe, is the general character of our public libraries. And here we may be allowed to renew the question, how far do they meet the wants of our community?

Whoever reflects, though but for a moment, upon the numerous branches into which modern literature runs, and remembers that the literary glory of a nation can only be secured by a certain degree of success in each of them; whoever considers the immense mass of varied materials, without which no historical work of importance can be composed, or the extensive learning which is required of even the most gifted genius of an age like ours, and adds to these considerations the general and undeniable fact, that of those who would gladly devote themselves to literature, but a few can ever hope to obtain by their own resources the command of the works that are essential to the successful prosecution of their studies, --- will be ready to acknowledge that we have, as yet, done but a small part of what may be justly claimed from a nation, which aspires to the first rank for the liberality and politeness and high moral tone of its civilization. Late, however, as we are to begin, scarce any thing in this department has been accomplished in Europe, which might not be done with equal success in America. And so numerous and manifest are our advantages in some important particulars, that a prompt will and sound judgment in the execution of it might, in the course of a very few years, render the American student nearly independent of those vast collections, which, in Europe, have required centuries for their formation. The undertaking,

however, in order to be successful, should be a national one. Without urging, that no State is fully equal to it, or that in the hands of any single State, it would not answer the same purpose, we may be permitted to say that the enlargement of the library of Congress upon those broad principles, the application of which to the collection of books has become a difficult and important art, would reflect an honor upon the country, equal to the permanent advantages which it would secure to every member of the community.

The first class in such an institution should be devoted to national history. And here, although we have neglected to do what might easily have been done a few years ago, yet it is still in our power to do more than any nation has ever done for its own history. The purchase of the manuscripts of Washington was the first step. The papers of Mr. Madison are another valuable acquisition. Were these to be followed up by the purchase of the papers of the other distinguished men of our revolution, what a body of invaluable documents would be brought together for the historians of the country! No individual, no single State, could accomplish an undertaking like this. But the voice of Congress would be heard in every part of the Union; and with whatever veneration these relics might be regarded, and however unwilling their owners might feel to intrust them to the hands of an individual, or to the library of any State institution, gladly would they meet the first offers of Congress, and feel as if they had performed their duty toward their ancestors, by placing within a sure asylum the best records of their worth, and the materials from which posterity will raise the most durable monument to their

glory. If the same course were to be pursued with regard to the other public men of our country ; if the private papers of our presidents, or, to avoid an enumeration, of which it is easier to find the beginning than the end, if the papers of all those men, whose lives will form an integral part of American history, were collected in the same archive, instead of being left to the chances of preservation or destruction, to which they are inevitably exposed while passing through the hands of heirs differing in their tastes and pursuits, a large and perhaps the most valuable portion of our history would be placed beyond the control of chance, and the influence of those casualties which have involved so many portions of European history in impenetrable obscurity. Many important documents also, which, for fear of a premature publication, are now likely to be destroyed, would be readily intrusted to a public and responsible institution, which should undertake to withhold them from every eye until the proper moment for making them public had arrived. What collection of manuscripts could compare with such a collection as this ? What parchment, however venerable from the dust of ages, could awaken emotions, like those with which we should contemplate the original records of the events which interest us most, prepared during the hurry of action and in the hour of trial, and speaking to us, as it were, with the very tones of the epoch which they commemorate ?

Another important source of history is supplied by the industry of our historical societies. Many of the documents which they collect, must, from their nature, remain in the archives of the societies ; but all the published volumes,

which, in many cases, form valuable accessions, not merely to the materials for our history, but to our historical literature, might be regularly transmitted to the library of Congress and deposited in the class of national history. And this circumstance itself might perhaps contribute to awaken new energy in those societies, which languish for want of encouragement, or of that stimulus, which a consciousness that an attentive public is watching their course, never fails to impart. In this manner, the history of the past would be secured upon the evidence of incontrovertible and characteristic documents, while that of the present and of the future would be placed under the sure protection of the pride and emulation of rival bodies.

For the other departments of our library, our chief dependence would necessarily be placed on the acquisition of books from Europe, both by the direct purchase of private libraries, and the subsequent collection of such works as are not to be found in private sales. The first of these methods, as we have already shown, has ever proved the surest source of important and extensive acquisitions. It was thus that nearly 58,000 printed volumes and 800 manuscripts were added, at different epochs, to the Imperial Library of Vienna. No other part, perhaps, of that immense collection can be compared with this, whether we consider the choice and elegance of the editions, or the taste and learning with which the works themselves were selected. It will be long, before such opportunities can become frequent in America; but they still occur from time to time in Europe. When the fifty thousand volumes, which the library of Sir James Mackintosh is said to have

contained, passed under the hammer, what an occasion was offered, for laying the foundation of a perfect library!* We have never seen the catalogue of that sale, nor heard the price at which it was made; but no one acquainted with the cast of Mackintosh's mind, and the extent and variety of his acquisitions, can doubt that his library was nearly complete in some departments, and highly valuable in all. Here the purchase of the whole collection would have secured, for a moderate price, many things which cannot be obtained separately but at a great and even extravagant one.

The library of Count Boutourlin, which has been recently offered to Congress, is a parallel case. It is smaller than that of Sir J. Mackintosh, for it contains barely twenty-four thousand volumes. Yet in these twenty-four thousand, the scholar will find ample materials for the gratification of his curiosity in some of the most interesting branches of literature.

Count Boutourlin deserves to be classed among the most intelligent and industrious of European bibliopholists. During the course of a long life, he formed two of the most remarkable libraries ever collected by a private individual. The first was destroyed in the conflagration of Moscow. The second is still in the hands of his family.† This last was made in Italy, and with the concurrence of several peculiarly favorable circumstances. Many books and manuscripts,

* This was the estimate given in the papers of the day. I was afterwards told by *Sismondi* that it was a gross exaggeration, although the library was very valuable.

† It has since been sold and dispersed.

which had hitherto been inaccessible to any purchaser, had been put into circulation by some changes connected with the political revolutions of the country, without being brought into the ordinary course of trade. Other works of great value were exposed for sale, but in that indirect manner well known to the amateurs of rare books and paintings in Italy. The extensive pecuniary resources of Count Boutourlin enabled him to avail himself of these opportunities; and his profound knowledge of bibliography secured him from imposition. The purchase of a private library, which had been originally formed after the suppression of some of the old convents of Tuscany, gave him the basis of his new collection, and put him in possession of some of the rarest articles which it contains. The remainder was the work of a patience and assiduity, seldom, if ever, surpassed. Nearly every article was a personal purchase. Many were brought to him in sheets; others merely divested of their original binding. These were to be numbered, and subjected, in short, to that rigorous examination, by which the skilful bibliopholist distinguishes the really rare from spurious editions. Thus, unwearied in his labors and unsparing in his expenditures, he continued to the last years of his life daily adding to his collection, and has left behind him a monument of taste and skill which any bibliopholist might envy.

The catalogue of the Boutourlin library is divided into classes. The class of manuscripts is composed of 244 articles. Among these are several autographs and many pieces of great rarity. That of the "Divina Commedia" is one of the most beautiful we have ever seen. It is written on vellum,

in Gothic letters, which evidently belong to the first half of the fourteenth century, and in beauty and regularity of execution are not inferior to the neatest type. It contains ninety-eight folio sheets, written in double columns. The titles are distinguished by red ink; the initials of the chapters are alternately red and blue; those of the beginnings of the three divisions are of a larger size and ornamented with colored arabesques.

This curious manuscript was obtained from the last of the celebrated family of Malespini, to a member of which the second part of the poem was originally dedicated. The arms and seal of the family, which it still bears, the form of the letters in which it is written, which is of the age of Dante, and the circumstance of the dedication, would seem to favor the supposition, that has been hazarded by some skilful judges, that this is the identical copy presented by the author to his friend and patron.

The manuscript of the poems of Filicaja is enriched with corrections in the handwriting of the author, and might furnish materials for a new edition of his works.

Petrarch's "Africa" is contained in a beautiful old manuscript. There are manuscripts of some of the choicest works of Latin literature; and, in the miscellanies, there are many curious historical documents, which have never been published.

The editions of the fifteenth century form, as our readers already know, one of the most difficult objects of bibliographical research. The texts of the Greek and Latin classics, as contained in some of these editions, enjoy an authority

equal to that of the most precious manuscripts. Their typographical execution makes them curious monuments of the early perfection of this art. Such is the rarity of these editions, and the value attached to them, that it may be safely said that no efforts could, at the present day, make a collection of them complete. In this class the Boutourlin library contains six hundred and forty-two articles, exclusive of the Aldines, and of an extensive collection of sermons and discourses.

One of the most beautiful pieces of this department is the "Natural History" of Pliny, printed in 1470. That of Livy, executed in the same year, in three folios, is hardly less remarkable. The "*Rei Rusticæ Scriptores*" is rendered of inestimable value by the marginal and interlineary notes of Poliziano, written with his own hand, and affording a striking proof of the exactness which this extraordinary man carried into all his studies. The Florentine Homer, published in 1488, forms an epoch in the annals of Greek typography. It was the first printed edition of the works of the "sovereign poet,"* and its appearance was greeted as a triumph of the art. It is still much esteemed for the correctness of its text; and with its broad margins, the yellowish tinge of the paper, and antique though graceful form of its type, is one of the most interesting remains of the art of printing in the fifteenth century.†

The class of editions without date contains 169 articles.

A separate class is devoted to the works of the celebrated

* *Quegli è Omero poeta sovrano.*

† This work has been sold several times for prices ranging between sixty and ninety pounds sterling. See Brunet.

enthusiast Savanarola. It contains 53 pieces, and is probably as nearly complete as it can be rendered.

No name stands so high in the history of printing as that of the Aldi; for there is none, to which we are indebted for the preservation of so many of the most important monuments of antiquity. The history of their editions has been often written, and is considered one of the most interesting branches of bibliographical literature. The Boutourlin Library contains 386 articles of the Aldine press, some of which are among the rarest of these celebrated editions. The beautiful folio Theocritus, printed in 1495, the works of Aristotle, of Horace, of Caesar, of Livy, of Euripides, of Demosthenes, of nearly all, in short, of the classics of Greece and Rome, with many original editions of distinguished writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are in the Boutourlin collection. If to these we add the Bodonian, which is complete, and the numerous copies of works printed during the interval which elapsed from the death of the younger Aldus, to the first editions of Bodoni, we shall find the history of printing traced from near its origin to our own times, in well-preserved specimens of the most remarkable productions of the art.

Several divisions still remain to be spoken of, which, for extent and importance, are hardly less worthy of description than those which we have more minutely specified. But descriptions of this kind are never satisfactory. It is only when you find yourself in the midst of a large library, view the imposing array of its countless volumes, and are brought, as it were, face to face with nearly all that the human mind

has accomplished in literature, and all the forms that art has devised in order to perpetuate these productions, that you can feel with full force the advantages which such collections secure.

It should, however, be added, that every part of the Boutourlin Library is in the highest state of preservation. The old editions are remarkably free from spots, and many of them have been rebound with great elegance. In others the original binding is still preserved, affording, as those acquainted with the state of this art in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries well know, curious specimens of taste and skill. The more recent and the modern works are nearly all bound in morocco or Russia leather.*

* We add, for a further illustration of the subject, a list of the divisions of the catalogue, with the number of articles contained in each class:

Manuscripts,	243
A portfolio containing forty-five pieces, from the tenth to the seventeenth century, composed of bulls, diplomas, etc., count- ing as one manuscript,	1
Editions of the fifteenth century,	964
Aldines,	423
Bodonians,	377
Italian classics,	1868
Theology and Ecclesiastical History,	603
Arts, Sciences, and Fine Arts,	974
Belles-lettres and Literary History,	1217
History,	1260
	<hr/>
	7930

If we allow three volumes for each article, which would probably be a just proportion, we should have $7930 \times 3 = 23790$, the whole number of volumes contained in the Boutourlin Library.

In these classes, several things are grouped together, which we have spoken of in the text as separate. The sermons, etc., and editions without date, for example, are classed under the head of the editions of the fifteenth century.

Here, then, we find the nucleus of a great library, around which it would be easy to form a collection, that should leave us little cause to envy even the noblest libraries of Europe. There is, it is true, one department, in which we could never pretend to vie with them. We mean in the beautiful specimens which they possess of ancient manuscripts. But all the real utility that can be derived from these might be secured by careful collations, and by causing the most important unpublished works to be copied. Both of these measures are practicable. The latter, if conducted with judgment, would put us in possession of exact copies of many documents of the highest importance to the student of history, and which are often inaccessible to private individuals in Europe itself.

We would be understood, however, as leaving no room for the immediate action of bibliomania. If, when the real wants of society are supplied, there should be a disposition to indulge the passion for luxurious editions, we would be far from withholding from our bibliomaniacs the exquisite delight of feasting their eyes upon leaves of yellow hue and tomes of pure black letter. The extravagant bibliomania, which has prevailed since the close of the last century, may not have been altogether useless; and we would fain believe that the character of our modern editions has been improved by this excessive partiality for the old. But no public library, designed solely to foster a growing taste for literature, by placing within reach of every student all the facilities that his pursuits may require, can be the work of a bibliomaniac. It is not by the elegance of a few choice copies, nor by the possession of a few rarities, which boast an older date than

any of a rival institution, that the wants of the student can be satisfied, or the cause of real literature advanced. Good, or in other words, correct editions answer every literary purpose just as well as rare ones; the latter are rather the ornaments, than the appropriate furniture of a library, and, although valuable additions, where the more important object has been secured, should never be suffered to engross any extraordinary share of attention, at the earlier periods of its formation. *

Other sources remain to be spoken of, which, as we have already been carried beyond the limits which we had originally set to our paper, we shall rather allude to, than develop. One of the most important of these, is the purchase of all the works necessary for the completion of the particular classes, which are incomplete in the private libraries, that form the basis of the public one. The celebrated catalogue of Brunet will here furnish an unerring guide.† There are

* A distinction should always be made between the bibliomaniac and the bibliopholist; the man who prizes an old edition merely because it is old, and one who attaches a just value to particular editions of good authors, for the qualities of the text and readings.

† The "Manuel" of Brunet forms four octavo volumes, to which a supplement of three volumes was added in 1834. The first three volumes of the "Manuel," as well as the supplement, contain a dictionary of the principal works published since the invention of printing. The arrangement is alphabetical; the author's name being employed, where known, the title of the work, when anonymous; and with all the details, with regard to editions, which are necessary in order to guard against deception, or a bad selection. The prices, as far as they could be ascertained from catalogues and a long practical acquaintance with the trade, have been scrupulously marked.

The fourth volume contains a catalogue, in which all the best works, upon every subject, are arranged under their respective classes. We

but few articles of importance in any department of literature, which are not cited in this catalogue. All the divisions of history, the various schools of philosophy, treatises upon the arts and sciences, and a large proportion of the productions of polite literature, are arranged in it with an exactness and skill in classification, which give this work a decided superiority over every other bibliographical treatise that we have seen.

To these sources should be added a competent endowment, or appropriation, to be employed according to a carefully formed plan of annual expenditure. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose, that a library can be formed at the present day, in such a manner as to answer the purposes of a literary community, without a strict attention to method. A carefully formed plan, and a rigid adherence to it, are no less essential to the success of this, than of any other undertaking. Bibliography is a science, vast, and full of difficulties; embarrassed moreover by the disadvantage of being constantly liable to misinterpretation and unmerited censure. Yet when properly understood, it contributes in the promptest and most efficacious manner to the progress of every other branch of knowledge. By its aid the student in every department knows where to go, what to consult, how much assistance he can

know of nothing so complete in its kind, as this catalogue; nor is there any work, to which the student can have recourse with so much confidence and satisfaction, in order to ascertain what has been written upon any branch of literature. It should be observed, however, that all the classes of this catalogue are not equally full. The French is the most complete of all. The English, Italian, Spanish, and Oriental are good; the Latin and Greek nearly, if not fully complete. For the German, reference is made to a German work of the same description.

hope for from others, and how far he must brace his nerves to a new and unbroken path. The application of profound bibliographical knowledge to the formation of a library is the only course that can lead surely, promptly, and economically to the end.

There would still be many considerations to urge upon our readers, were it our intention to engage in a full examination of our subject. But we have aimed solely at collecting a few facts, and throwing together a few suggestions, in the hope that they might be gathered up and applied by some one, better able than we are to do them justice. The subject is one that may be deferred, but cannot long be neglected. It will go on gaining upon public attention, until seen by all in its true light, and in all its bearings. Then the connection between a sound literature and the means used for its formation will be felt. Then the numerous and immediate advantages of such a form of encouragement, as that which we have ventured to propose, will be clearly seen and fully understood; and the rich harvest of glory, which our scholars will reap in every branch of study, will convince even the most incredulous, that literature asks no favors, and receives no aid, for which she does not repay the giver with a tenfold increase.

VERRAZZANO.*

Ma misi me per l' alto mare aperto,
Sol con un legno, e con quella compagna
Picciola dalla qual non fui deserto.

Dante.

A note at the first part of the twentieth page of the first volume of Mr. Bancroft's learned and elegant History of the United States, suggested the idea of the following paper. The Strozzi Library, there spoken of, is no longer in existence; but the manuscripts of that collection passed into the hands of the Tuscan government, and were divided between the Magliabecchian and Laurentian libraries of Florence. The historical documents were deposited in the former. Among them was the cosmographical narration of Verrazzano, mentioned by Tiraboschi, upon the authority, as we should suppose, of Pelli, and which Mr. Bancroft expresses a desire to see copied for the Historical Society of New York. It is contained in a volume of Miscellanies, marked "Class XIII. Cod. 89. Verraz.;" and forms the concluding portion of the letter to Francis the First, which is copied at length in the same volume. It is written in the common running hand of the sixteenth century, (*carrattere*

* Delle Navigazioni et Viaggj, raccolte da M. Giovam-Battista Ramusio, iv. vol., fol.; Venezia, appresso i Giunti; (tom. iii. MDLXV., MDCVI.

corsivo), tolerably distinct, but badly pointed. The whole volume, which is composed of miscellaneous pieces, chiefly relating to contemporary history, is evidently the work of the same hand.

Upon collating this manuscript with that part of the letter which was published by Ramusio, we were struck with the differences in language, which run through every paragraph of the two texts. In substance there is no important difference, except in one instance, where by an evident blunder of the transcriber *bianchissimo* is put for *bronzina*. There is something so peculiar in the style of this letter, as it reads in the manuscript of the Magliabecchian, that it is impossible to account for its variations from Ramusio, except by supposing that this editor worked the whole piece over anew, correcting the errors of language upon his own authority.* These errors indeed are numerous, and the whole exhibits a strange mixture of Latinisms and absolute barbarisms, with pure Tuscan words and phrases. The general cast of it, however, is simple and not unpleasing. The obscurity of many of the sentences is, in a great measure, owing to false pointing.

The cosmographical description forms the last three pages of the letter. It was doubtless intentionally omitted by Ramusio, though it would be difficult to say why. Some of the readings are apparently corrupt; nor, ignorant as we are of nautical science, was it in our power to correct them. There are also some slight mistakes, which must be attributed to the transcriber.

A letter, which follows that of Verrazzano, gives, as it seems to us, a sufficient explanation of the origin of this manuscript. It was written by a young Florentine, named Fernando Carli, and is addressed from Lyons to his father in Florence. It mentions the arrival of Verrazzano at Dieppe, and contains several circumstances about him, which throw a new though still a feeble light upon some parts of his history, hitherto wholly unknown. It is by the discovery of this letter, that we have been

* He did so also with the translation of Marco Polo. See Apostolo Zeno, Annot. alla Bib. Ital. del Fontanini. Tom. II. p. 300; ed. di Parma. 1804.

enabled to form a sketch of him, somewhat more complete than any which has ever yet been given.

The history of both manuscripts is probably as follows. Carli wrote to his father, thinking, as he himself tells us, that the news of Verrazzano's return would give great satisfaction to many of their friends in Florence. He added at the same time, and this also we learn from his own words, a copy of Verrazzano's letter to the king. Both his letter and his copy of Verrazzano's were intended to be shown to his Florentine acquaintances. Copies, as is usual in such cases, were taken of them; and to us it seems evident that, from some one of these, the copy in the Magliabecchian manuscript was derived. The appearance of this last, which was prepared for some individual fond of collecting miscellaneous documents, if not by him, is a sufficient corroboration of our statement.

The libraries of Florence contain nothing further relative to Verrazzano. We have examined the Magliabecchian, the Laurentian, the Palatine, and that of the Academy of Fine Arts.

Neither could we discover any thing concerning him, among the printed works of the Riccardian. The arrangement of the miscellaneous manuscripts in this last, of which there is no index, made it impossible to ascertain any thing with regard to their contents, without carrying our researches further than circumstances would warrant. The private libraries to which we have had access are equally deficient in all notices of this unfortunate man; and Ramusio was doubtless in the right, when he said, that all but the letter to Francis had been lost.

As the family of Verrazzano has but recently become extinct, it was natural to suppose, that the best chance for discovering something more complete, or more positive, concerning the existence of other documents, would be by ascertaining what was contained in the family library. This we were enabled to do, by the kindness of the gentleman by whom it was arranged previous to its being sold, and whose passion for bibliography had led him to examine every part of it with minute attention. All, however, that was found in it relative to Giovanni, was a

manuscript bound up in the family copy of Ramusio, and a few loose papers. These last add nothing to what was already known. The former was purchased by Captain Napier, R. N., and is now in England. We presume that it is nothing more than a copy of the abovementioned cosmographical description, or perhaps of the whole letter, from the Magliabecchian manuscript. Should the present paper chance to meet the eye of Captain Napier, we trust that his well-known passion for Italian history will lead him to favor the public with a description of his manuscript, if, contrary to what we have reason to believe, it contains any notices as yet unpublished.

GIOVANNI VERRAZZANO, was born of Pier Andrea da Verrazzano and Fiammetta Capelli, both citizens of Florence. Conjecture, as to his history, commences with his infancy; and it is only by a process of probable reasoning, that we can arrive at any conclusion even with regard to the year of his birth. The line of his ancestry is better known, and has been traced with a certain degree of evidence to an early part of the Middle Ages. Nor will it be uninteresting to add, that the family continued to our own day, having become extinct in the person of the Cavalier Andrea da Verrazzano, who died at Florence in the year 1819.

A highly probable conjecture of Pelli places his birth about the year 1485.* That his education was not neglected, is evident from his subsequent career; nor would it be going

* "Non essendo nato Giovanni nel 1480, al tempo dell' ultimo catasto, per non vedervisi in quello dato in *portata* dal Padre col restante della *famiglia*, e per crederlo in età capace di grandi imprese nel 1524, si potrà ragionevolmente dire nato circa il 1485." — *Elogj degli Illust. Toscani*. Tom. II. No. 30.

too far to say, that it must have corresponded in some respects to the rank and pretensions of a family, which counted among its ancestors some of the most distinguished men of the republic. However this may be, it would seem certain that the passion for adventure, to which he is indebted for his reputation, was manifested at an early period of his life. He resided several years at Cairo; but at what epoch, and for what purpose, cannot now be ascertained with certainty, although there can be but little doubt, that it was in the course of those commercial speculations, which led the Italians to establish themselves wherever these aims could be prosecuted to advantage. Whether also his travels in Egypt and in Syria were excursions made for the gratification of his curiosity, or in quest of gain; and whether they had any connection with his residence at Cairo, or were undertaken at a previous or at a subsequent period, are questions, which, in order to refrain from venturing too far beyond the legitimate bounds of historical conjecture, we are constrained to pass over in silence. It is evident, however, from several allusions and comparisons in his letter to Francis, that, whatever may have been the nature of his travels by land, he had made more than one voyage in the Mediterranean; and the rank to which he had attained in the service of France, as early as the year 1523, would naturally lead us to suppose, that these voyages had been attended with a certain share of success and distinction. How else can we account for his having been chosen, in an age that abounded with bold and skilful adventurers, to direct the first effort made by France in the career of maritime discovery?

But such has been the fortune of Verrazzano, that here, where light first begins to break in upon his history, we find ourselves involved in a new question, with which the carelessness of a modern historian has encumbered a path already sufficiently intricate and obscure.

It has been confidently asserted, that Verrazzano made three voyages of discovery in the service of France. The first is said to have taken place in 1523; and the second in the following year. Of the third we shall have occasion to speak more fully in the sequel of our paper.

The supposition of the first voyage is founded upon the opening paragraph of his celebrated letter to the king of France. The author of this supposition is Charlevoix, who, as he quotes from Ramusio, would not seem to have derived his information from any other text of the letter of Verrazzano, than the copy which we still read in the collection of that editor. In this, according to the French historian, Verrazzano, supposing Francis to have been already informed of the success and the details of his voyage, simply states, that he had sailed from the port of Dieppe with four vessels, which he had succeeded in bringing back in safety to the same port; from whence, continues Charlevoix, he started once more, in the month of January, 1525, upon a predatory excursion against the Spanish.*

* See Charlevoix, T. I. p. 41. We would here correct a slight error, which has inadvertently dropped from the pen of Mr. Bancroft. This gentleman says, (History of the United States, Vol. I. p. 17,) that "the Italian [Verrazzano] parting from a fleet, which had pursued a gainful commerce in the ports of Spain," etc. Verrazzano's own words are: "*Avrà V. M. inteso il discorso fucemmo con quelle armate in guerra per li*

If, however, we turn to Verrazzano's letter, we shall find that it reads very differently from the account thus given of it. He says, that, after the tempest which he had encountered on the northern coast, he had not written to the king concerning the vessels sent out upon discovery, supposing him to have been already informed of the manner, in which he had been impelled by the violence of the winds to take shelter in Brittany, with only two ships, the Dolphin and the Normandy; that he had there made the necessary repairs; that he had then made a predatory excursion along the coast of Spain; and, finally, that by a new arrangement, of which, also, he supposes the king to have been already informed, he had resolved to continue the first voyage with the Dolphin alone.

It will here be seen that Verrazzano, so far from saying any thing of his having returned to Dieppe, explicitly states, that he had been driven by the wind into a port of Brittany. The assertion of Charlevoix, therefore, that Verrazzano had successfully led his fleet back to Dieppe, is a flat contradiction of the passage which he cites. Thus the proof of the first voyage of Verrazzano is reduced to the first line of the paragraph in question, and the words *seguire la prima navigazione* ("continue the first voyage,") at the close of the same paragraph. After an attentive consideration of the whole passage, we have been unable to discover any thing in the language of it, which can justify the opinion of Charlevoix. Tiraboschi, *lidi di Spagna*, etc.; Charlevoix, "*pour aller en course*." This, of course, was not commerce, nor would the war which was then raging between their respective monarchs, admit of any amicable intercourse between France and Spain.

with his usual acuteness, suggests that the voyage given out by the French historian as completed, may have been undertaken merely, and interrupted by the tempest alluded to in the paragraph which we have cited.* This suggestion, to which Tiraboschi was led by his critical sagacity alone, is confirmed by a passage in the letter of Carli, who says, that when Verrazzano was driven back by the tempest, he was abandoned by one of his Florentine companions. The explanation of the whole paragraph is thus rendered natural and easy; and we are justified in concluding that the voyage actually accomplished by Verrazzano was, inasmuch as discovery was concerned, the continuation of an undertaking, whose commencement dated further back than his departure from near the island of Madeira.†

We are at length upon sure ground. Verrazzano has told his own story, and with that unaffected simplicity which never fails to command belief. He sailed from a desert rock, near the island of Madeira, on the 17th of January, 1524, in the ship

*“Ma forse il primo fu solo tentato ed impedito dalla burrasca.” — Tiraboschi, Tom. VII. par. 1, p. 261.

† We subjoin the original paragraph, for the satisfaction of such of our readers, as may wish to examine the point for themselves. “Da poi la fortuna passata nelle spiagge settentrionali, Serenissimo Signore, non scrissi a vostra serenissima e cristianissima Maestà, quello che era seguito delli quattro legni, che quella mandò per lo oceano ad iscoprir nuove terre, pensando di tutto sia stata certificata come dalle impetuose forze de’ venti fummo costretti, con sola la nave Normanda e Delfina afflitti, ricorrere in Brettagna, dove restaurati, avrà V. S. M. inteso il discorso facemmo con quelle armate in guerra per li lidi di Spagna, di poi la nuova disposizione con sola la Delfina in seguire la prima navigazione, dalla quale essendo ritornato, darò avviso a V. S. M. di quello abbiamo trovato.”

We have followed in this extract the Magliabecchian manuscript.

Dolphin, provisioned for eight months, well armed, and provided with those articles which experience had shown to be of value in an intercourse with the natives of the west. The Dolphin is described as but a caravel in burden; but this was an age in which the success of bold enterprises seems to have been calculated rather by the character of the men who conducted them, than by the fitness and extent of the means employed for their accomplishment.

Starting with the favor of a light but constant wind, he stretched boldly to the westward, with a slight northerly inclination in his course, and in the first twenty-five days had already sailed eight hundred leagues. On the 24th of February, he was assailed by a violent tempest, which his crowded caravel could hardly have weathered, unless guided by a bold and experienced mariner. For twenty-five days more he held his way with unwavering constancy, although evidently less favored by the wind, for in all this time he accomplished but half the distance of his first run. At length he came within sight of land, a long line of low coast stretching to the southward as far as eye could reach, and lighted by the blaze of innumerable fires. His first impulse was to land; and, after a fruitless search for some convenient harbor, he cast anchor off the shore, and landed in his boat. As he drew nigh to the beach, the timid natives hastily fled, stopping, however, from time to time, to gaze with expressions of savage wonder at their strange visitants. Curiosity soon got the better of their apprehensions; and, encouraged by the signs and gestures of the seamen, they returned towards them with demonstrations of wild delight, amazed at their dress and

aspect, and eagerly pressing forward to point out the best place for landing. Nor was there less in the appearance of the natives, to excite the admiration of the Europeans. Naked, except at the waist, which was covered with skins and girdles of grass, interwoven with the tails of various animals, and at the head, which some wore decked with garlands of feathers, the darkness of their skins and of their thick hair seems to have set off, to the eyes of Verrazzano, their fine forms and striking features. He was strongly reminded of the East; and traced out a resemblance between the natives of the two countries, which subsequent observations have partially confirmed. This first interview was confined to expressions of mutual wonder, and nothing occurred on either side to interrupt the harmony of the parties.

Pursuing his course northward, he continued to note with care every thing that the nature of his situation allowed him to observe. Not far from his first landing-place, he remarked another tribe, which, as near as he could judge, resembled the former in situation and appearance. The shore was covered with a fine sand, which formed a beach of nearly fifteen feet in breadth, and broken by small hillocks. Further on, the coast was indented with inlets and arms of the sea, and assumed, as he continued to advance, a richer and more winning aspect. Broad fields spread their verdant treasures before him; and woods, more or less dense, displayed the variegated foliage of our American forests. He seems to have been overpowered with the beauty of the scene, and at a loss for words to describe it. "Think not," says he, "that they are like the Crimean forests, or the solitudes of Scythia, or

the rigid coasts of the North, but adorned with palm trees, and cypress, and laurel, and species unknown to Europe, which breathe forth from afar the sweetest of odors." Nor is it surprising that his kindling imagination should have filled them with spices and aromatic liquors, and discovered traces of gold in the very color of the soil. The lakes and ponds of fresh water gave a new charm to the scenery, and his eye was caught with the wild fowl of various species that hovered around them. A mild and temperate climate, a serene sky, rarely and transiently tainted with vapors, and constantly refreshed by gentle western breezes, complete the enchanting picture which he has drawn of this region; while a smooth sea, with a clear and tenacious bottom, seemed to combine security for the mariner with all the charms that attract the landsman.

The coast now verged more decidedly to the west. Yet no harbor was to be seen, and in order to obtain a supply of fresh water, of which he began to feel the want, Verrazzano was constrained to make one more attempt to land in his boat. He approached the shore, but could not reach it; for the waves, rolling in with unbroken fury upon the open beach, rendered all access impracticable. To add to his embarrassment, the natives had assembled upon the beach, and seemed to invite him to land, with amicable gestures and expressions of curiosity and amazement. In order to make some reply to these friendly demonstrations, he ordered one of his men to swim as nigh to the shore as he dared, and to endeavor to convey to the natives some of the toys which he thought would prove most acceptable to them. The sailor succeeded

in conveying his precious burden to those for whom it was destined ; but, in endeavoring to return to the boat, was overpowered by the breakers and thrown breathless upon the sand. No sooner did the natives perceive his danger, than, hastening to his assistance, they drew him from the water, and raising him by the arms and legs, carried him higher up the beach. At this moment he recovered from his swoon, and becoming aware of his situation, began to cry aloud for help. To this the savages replied with cries no less vehement, and which probably would not have gone far towards removing his fears, if their actions had not speedily given him the best warrant of their good intentions. Placing him gently upon the ground, at the foot of a small hillock, they seemed for a moment to be lost in admiration of the whiteness and delicacy of his skin. A fire was soon kindled ; and, while his terror-stricken companions were every moment expecting to see him devoured under their very eyes, the kind-hearted natives proceeded to warm and restore him by its blaze. The impression which this act made upon Verrazzano and his crew may be easily imagined. We wish we could say, that it was properly rewarded. But many admire what they could never perform, and civilized man seems to have devised laws for his own guidance, of which he is unwilling to extend the advantage to barbarians.

Fifty leagues further to the north, Verrazzano again landed, and succeeded in penetrating nearly two leagues into the interior, with about twenty of his crew. The natives had fled to their forests ; but two, a young woman and an old one, less fortunate than the rest, were overtaken by the Eu-

ropeans. The beginning of the interview was friendly, the latter offering them food, which was gladly accepted by the elder, but contemptuously rejected by her companion. The kidnapping of savages was too common an event to excite even a passing remorse in the mind of a seaman of that age; and the occasion thus presented, too tempting to be neglected. They seized, therefore, upon the girl, and taking at the same time a boy of about eight years, who was hanging at the back of the old woman, began to retrace their steps towards the sea. Fortunately for the young savage, they were at a distance from the boat, and their way lay through woods, which increased both the danger and difficulty of their return. Nor was the girl disposed to submit tranquilly to her captors, but by the violence of her cries, and by her vigorous resistance, showed them, that it is often easier to attempt, than to accomplish an injustice. At last, wearied with the fruitless struggle, and perhaps not wholly free from the apprehension of danger from the natives, they released her and contented themselves with their less troublesome, though less valued prize, the boy. *

The remarks which Verrazzano made upon this part of the coast, and which were collected during the three days that his ship lay at anchor off the shore, give a favorable idea of his habits of observation, although they contain nothing which would now be thought worth preserving. We shall venture, however, to follow him on his visit to the harbors of New York and Newport.

* This boy reached France in safety, as appears from the letter of Carli; but we know not what became of him afterwards.

A northwesterly course, which he pursued without variation for a hundred leagues, sailing only during the day and casting anchor at night, soon brought him to the shores of New Jersey. He here came upon a beautiful spot, situated among hills, through which a vast river rolled its waters towards the ocean. There was water enough, at its mouth, for a ship of any burden; but he resolved to try the passage first in his boat. Rowing cautiously forward, he was soon met by the natives, who, far from giving any signs of fear, advanced towards him with joyful gestures and shouts of admiration. Numbers also were hastening over from the opposite shore, and eagerly pressing forward to catch a sight of the strangers. But, in the midst of this novel scene, the wind, suddenly rising, began to blow with great violence; and before he had penetrated beyond half a league into the *beautiful lake* (*bellissimo lago*), which seemed so inviting, he was compelled to return to his ship, and, weighing anchor, take his course eastward.

He passed Block Island, which struck him by its resemblance to the Island of Rhodes. This is the only spot which he speaks of as having named. He called it Louisa, in honor of the mother of his patron. Fifteen leagues more brought him to the harbor of Newport. He had not yet entered the port, when his vessel was surrounded by nearly thirty canoes, filled with wondering savages. At first, none ventured to approach the ship; but, stopping at the distance of about fifty paces, they sat gazing in silent admiration at the strange objects, which had thus risen like magic before them. Then of a sudden, giving vent to their feelings, they broke out

into a long shout of joy. The seamen, on the other hand, did all they could to win their confidence, and soon succeeded in alluring them sufficiently near, to catch the beads and bells and such like toys, which were thrown to them. At sight of these, every apprehension vanished, and, smiling as they contemplated them, they drew nigh and entered the ship. Among them were two kings, whose forms, if we may trust Verrazzano, were of the finest mould. One seemed to be about forty, the other, twenty-four years of age. The elder was arrayed in a robe of deer skins, skilfully wrought with rich embroidery. His head was bare, with the hair carefully tied behind. His neck was adorned with a large chain, set off with various-colored stones. The dress of the younger was nearly the same. The appearance of the people corresponded to the fine make of their sovereigns. Their complexion was remarkably clear; their features regular; their hair long, and dressed with no ordinary degree of care; their eyes black and lively; their whole aspect pleasing, and bearing a striking resemblance to that cast of countenance, which distinguishes the busts of the ancients. In short, to borrow the language of the discoverer, "they were the most beautiful and genteel mannered people he had met with in all his voyage." Nor do the females seem to have appeared less attractive, and, though viewed only at a distance, to have made a less favorable impression upon our mariners. Like the men, they were in part naked, and in part attired in highly ornamented skins. Their hair was studiously decked with ornamental braids, which were left free to fall upon the breast. Some wore rich skins upon their arms, and a

certain distinction of dress seems to have been observed by those of different ages and conditions ; for the more advanced in years wore their hair like the females of Syria and of Egypt, while those who were married were distinguished by variously formed pendants in their ears. The natives seem moreover to have been fully sensible of the charms of their females ; for, although repeatedly asked and even urged to allow them to enter the ship, they could never be prevailed upon to consent, or trust them within reach of the Europeans. So that, while the males were amusing themselves on board, their wives and daughters were constrained to wait for them in their canoes, and could only gratify their curiosity by a distant view.

During a stay of more than fifteen days, Verrazzano continued his observations upon the country and its inhabitants. With regard to the latter, besides the qualities of which we have already spoken, he was particularly struck with their total ignorance of the value of gold, and the preference which they gave to beads and toys over more costly and useful objects. He made several excursions up Narragansett Bay, and examined it with considerable attention. To those who have traced the windings of its lovely shores, his rapturous descriptions will hardly seem exaggerated ; and, although the Indian canoe no longer sports upon its waters, and the woods which shaded its main land and islands have given place to the corn-field and the neat cottage of the husbandman, yet the eyes that have dwelt on them through the first years of life, will scarcely fail to recognise, even in their present form, the original outlines of his glowing picture.

His voyage was now drawing to a close. On the 6th of May, he bade adieu to the friendly natives of Rhode Island, and, coasting along towards the north, explored, without landing, an extent of two hundred leagues. The spot, where he now cast anchor, seemed the reverse of all those which he had hitherto visited. The woods were dense, and filled with the trees of a colder climaté; the soil barren, or barely yielding a scanty supply of roots. The inhabitants, also, clothed in the skins of wolves and bears, seemed to share in the rugged nature of the land in which they dwelt. They repulsed every attempt at friendly intercourse, and held no further communication with the ship than was necessary, in order to secure the exchange of some of their own commodities for the hooks and knives and sharpened steel of the strangers. Nor did they go to the ship or suffer the seamen to land to carry on their bargain; but, standing upon the rocks, they passed the articles of exchange backwards and forwards by a long cord, and, as soon as the trade was completed, hastened back to their woods. In spite of this threatening reception, Verrazzano landed, penetrated several miles into the country, examined some of the huts of the natives, and succeeded in forming some idea of their condition and manner of life. On his return they followed close upon his track, discharging their arrows, and venting their hostility in wild cries of impotent rage.

Leaving this inhospitable shore, the intrepid navigator still held his course onward, following the line of the coast, till within nearly the fiftieth degree of northern latitude. Thirty-two islands, all lying near to the shore, were discovered in the

course of fifty leagues. The ports and passages, formed by their juxtaposition, reminded him of the Adriatic along the coast of Dalmatia. His provisions now began to fail, and a broad space of unknown sea still separated him from France. The object of his voyage had been in a great measure accomplished. He had discovered above seven hundred leagues of a new world, and held sufficient communication with the inhabitants to enable him to form some idea of their state and character. Yielding to these considerations, he bore away for Europe. His passage was prosperous; and he entered the port of Dieppe early in the month of July, 1524, about five months and a half from the day of his departure from the rock near Madeira.

He now hastened to transmit to the king a full narrative of his voyage. This forms the celebrated letter to Francis First, the only authentic document concerning Verrazzano, which has reached us. And Ramusio, to whom we are indebted for the preservation of it, says, that, even in his time, nothing else relative to him could be found, all having perished during the last fatal wars of Florence. Enough, however, is contained in this letter, to give a general idea of the character of the writer, and enable us to form a tolerable estimate of his qualifications for the hazardous career in which he was engaged.

That he was possessed of the first and most important of these, firmness and modest courage, is sufficiently evident from the whole tenor of his narrative. And the tone of this production is so peculiar and so strikingly characteristic, that the author, without once speaking of himself, and without

seeking, either directly or indirectly, to give weight to his own acts and opinions, leaves upon the mind of the reader a distinct and lively impression of the superiority of the individual, whose exploits he is studying. He was occasionally led away by the prevailing passion of the age, and predisposed to discover qualities in the soil and nature of the countries he discovered, which were not always warranted by their actual appearance; yet there is a general air of exactness in his remarks, and a tact in seizing upon the most striking features in the aspect as well of the country as of its inhabitants, which would justify us in attributing to him no common powers of observation. He makes no attempts at combining his scattered remarks into a systematic description,—that species of combination which affords the best proof of a philosophic mind, when supported by a broad basis of facts, and of a superficial one, when that basis is neglected. There are only one or two instances, also, where he indulges in the habit, so common to travellers, of making use of that which they see and hear, in order to discover a thousand things which they can neither see nor hear; of perverting those analogies, which are so sure when applied to nature, and so uncertain when applied to man, unless the application be accompanied by a perfect knowledge of all the circumstances which vary and modify our nature in every form of society. He writes as a European, and consequently employs terms, that are not always adapted to the state of society which he describes. His kings are represented as surrounded by their gentlemen of attendance; the queen, by her ladies. These, however, are but words, and their import is corrected by the whole tenor of

the passages in which they are found. He evidently aims at nothing more, than a plain and faithful description of what he had done and seen.

The letter closes with a cosmographical exposition of his voyage. From this we learn with what views he actually set out, and in what manner he had reasoned upon those wonderful discoveries which had produced so complete a revolution in the science of geography. The discovery of a passage to Cathay was the end that he proposed to accomplish; and, though he was already convinced, that Europe and Asia were separated towards the west by a vast tract of intervening land, yet he felt equally sure that some strait must necessarily open a passage through it to India. He enters upon this disquisition with the zeal of a man confident in the soundness of his theories; and, as the voyage which he had completed was but a prelude to the greater undertakings which he had projected, he endeavors, by the exactness and fulness of his reasoning, to inspire his patron with the same feelings. The minute details and observations, of a character more strictly professional, had been carefully noted in another work, to which he refers for a fuller view of his nautical system. This work has unfortunately shared in the fate of all that belonged to Verrazzano, either having perished with its author, or being lost among the confused miscellanies of some French or Italian library.

The return of the successful navigator was hailed with the warmest expressions of joy. All hopes of again seeing him had long been given over; and many had lamented, and still more had blamed, the temerity, which had exposed him to

a wretched death among the frozen waters of the Northern ocean. But no sooner was it known, that he had not only arrived in safety, but had actually succeeded in discovering an extensive tract of land, till then unknown even to the boldest navigators of the age, than he was greeted as a man of the highest powers, and worthy to be classed with the first members of his profession. The cupidity of commerce, too, was suddenly awakened. The result of his interview with the king was looked for with the greatest anxiety. Hardly any doubt was entertained concerning the success of his representations, or that he would be immediately despatched to prosecute his undertaking, with means better proportioned to its magnitude and importance. The merchants of Lyons were already reveling in visions of the wealth, that was to pour in upon them from these new sources.

Whether, however, another voyage ever took place, or whether the plans of Verrazzano and his friends were thwarted by some sudden change in the feelings of Francis, or by the disasters which followed the fatal battle of Pavia, are questions around which historians have drawn so thick a veil of doubts and contradictions, that it would be impossible to fix upon any opinion, that should appear equally satisfactory to all classes of readers. But, as all our knowledge of the rest of Verrazzano's life is wholly dependent upon the solution of this question, we shall endeavor to state, as clearly and succinctly as is compatible with the nature of the subject, the principal points at issue, and the result of our own inquiries.

Ramusio, a contemporary of Verrazzano, to whose care, as

has already been said, we are indebted for the preservation of the only authentic document that we possess concerning him, positively asserts, that he set out a second time, in order to pursue his discoveries in the west.* The course and details of this voyage are not given; but in Ramusio's time it was generally believed, that Verrazzano, upon landing on the coast, was overpowered by the natives, and eaten within sight of his companions. The scene of this horrid event is not known; but the ship must have returned, or how could the fatal tidings have reached France? Such was the contemporary belief concerning the death of Verrazzano. The fate of Magellan and that of Cortoreal add not a little to its probability.

This statement is contradicted by Charlevoix, who, however, rejects only one part of it, its tragic conclusion.† He acknowledges that a second voyage was undertaken; but says that nothing more was ever heard of the ship or of its crew. He gives it out also as certain, that the mysterious fate of Verrazzano long deterred the French from making any new attempts in the career which he had opened.

The next story is that advanced by the author of the *Chronological Essay on the History of Florida*.‡ This writer asserts, but upon what grounds it would be difficult to

* Ramusio, Tom. III. p. 438.

† Charlevoix, Tom. I. ut supra.

‡ This work we have not seen, but quote from Tiraboschi. Vol. VII. p. 262. His quotation also appears to have been taken at second hand; but it is acknowledged that the author brings no proof in confirmation of his assertion, a circumstance, which, in treating of facts so remote, and so variously related, would of itself be sufficient to cast strong suspicions upon his testimony.

guess, that Verrazzano was taken by the Baskians in 1524, carried by them first to Seville, thence to Madrid, and there banished.

The most serious objection to the account given by Ramusio was advanced by Tiraboschi, in the short account of the life of Verrazzano, which he has inserted in the seventh volume of his *History of Italian Literature*. It is founded upon a passage in one of the letters of Hannibal Caro, which had until then escaped the attention of all who had engaged in this obscure subject. The letter is addressed from Castro to the members of the household of Monsignor de' Gaddi; and contains a humorous account of a journey which Caro was then making.* Addressing the different members of the family in turn, he proceeds thus; "As for you, Verrazzano, a discoverer of new worlds and their wonders, I cannot as yet tell you any thing worthy of your map, for we have not thus far passed through any country, which had not been already discovered by you or by your brother." From this remarkable passage, Tiraboschi conjectures, that Giovanni himself, and not his brother, a person wholly unknown to the writers of the age, was the individual addressed; that having been badly rewarded for his services to France, he had been constrained to seek a sustenance by taking service in the family of Bishop Gaddi; and that consequently the statement of Ramusio, is incorrect; or that the second voyage of which he speaks, took place much later than was generally supposed. He adds, however, that the uncertainty which hangs over the life of

* "Delle Lettere Familiari del com. Annibal Caro." Venetia, 1587, appresso Bernardo Giunti. Tom. I. pp. 6, 7.

Verrazzano is so great, as to render it impossible to come to any satisfactory conclusion.

Each of these statements will doubtless seem more or less probable to different readers, according to their particular manner of weighing historical evidence. There are difficulties in all, which no process can reconcile, and which, whatever view we take of the subject, can hardly be gotten over. Yet on the other hand, so many circumstances seem to concur in favor of one statement and against all the others, that it is almost impossible to refrain from leaning decidedly towards it.

The author of the Chronological Essay upon the History of Florida has not, as far as we have been able to ascertain, found a single follower. It may be said of Charlevoix, that the whole of that part of his work which relates to Verrazzano, is exceedingly inaccurate and fanciful. He not only misrepresents his language, but, with the letter to Francis before him, gives a wrong date to the voyage, placing it a year later than it really took place, and making Verrazzano guilty of the extravagance of addressing himself to Francis for encouragement, at a time when that monarch was a prisoner in the hands of the Spanish, uncertain and anxious for his own fate. Neither does he pretend to tell us why, or by what authority, he so boldly rejects the narrative of Ramusio. He even attributes the interruption of the French voyages of discovery to the terror inspired by the fate of Verrazzano; and, although this forms one of those pretty chains of cause and effect, with which some historians are fond of adorning their pages, yet for those who are disposed to believe it, it

may not be useless to observe, that this part, at least, applies equally well to Ramusio's account of the common belief of his age.

The passage, which we have cited from the letters of Caro, is, as far as we know, the only argument that can be reasonably urged against the current tradition. But even this admits of an explanation; nor do we see the necessity of adopting the conjecture of Tiraboschi, although his authority be of the highest order.

In the first place, the second conjecture of this acute critic, namely, that Verrazzano's last voyage was subsequent to his residence in Rome, may be easily reconciled with the account given by Ramusio, who does not attempt to fix the date of this voyage. This, however, we must confess, seems highly improbable; nor would it be so easy to account for the long silence in which Verrazzano was lost, during the thirteen years which had elapsed between his first voyage and the writing of Caro's letter. It seems far more probable, that he was immediately despatched upon his second expedition, while the enthusiasm excited by the first was still warm, and before Francis had advanced into Italy upon his unfortunate attack on the Duchy of Milan. Verrazzano returned to France in July; we learn by Carli's letter, that he was expected at Lyons in August; Francis entered Italy near the beginning of October, and his progress there was successful up to the 24th of February, in the following year, (1525,) on which day he was defeated and made prisoner in the battle of Pavia.* Thus there was time enough to have

*Robertson, "Charles V." Book IV. Guicciardini, Lib. XV. Cap. 5.

fitted out a small fleet, long before this last event; nor was any thing more natural for a monarch like Francis, than to continue, during the exuberance of spirits produced by his own success, a career of adventure which promised such happy results to his kingdom. The representations also of the merchants of Lyons, who, as we learn from Carli, were anxious to open, by means of Verrazzano, a communication with the lands which he had discovered, must have had some weight with the King, even if success had not always been, with Francis, a sufficient motive for engaging in enterprises far more hazardous and difficult. Nor was the honor, which would redound to him from the subjection of distant territories, a slight consideration with one so full of the conceits of chivalry; nor the hope of sharing or eclipsing, in this new world, the glory of the Emperor, whose throne received such lustre from his vast possessions in the west, a prospect likely to escape the attention of a sovereign, whose whole life was one long contest with his hated rival. In short, there are, in the personal character of Francis and his subjects, and in the state of his affairs at the return of Verrazzano, so many reasons why the second voyage should have been immediately undertaken, that we know not how to refuse our belief to the contemporary writers who say that it was.

The chief difficulty that remains, consists in the appellation of "discoverer" as applied to Verrazzano's brother. But this is not so great, as would at first appear. In whatever way we read the passage, both as it stands in the edition cited by Tiraboschi and in the one before us, we must extend the

honor of the title to both of the brothers. Giovanni was undoubtedly the most celebrated; and, as in the case of the Cabots, the glory of one member of the family may have thrown a shade over that of the other. But we can see no reason for supposing, upon the ground taken by Tiraboschi,* that no other than Giovanni can be here spoken of, when the appellation which should distinguish him is applied indiscriminately to both. Nor does it seem a slight confirmation of this view, that the active life, which he had hitherto led, would hardly have admitted of his settling down in quiet indolence, among the attendants of a churchman, while the spirit of adventure was still in vigor in almost every part of Europe; although, on the contrary, the knowledge of the horrid fate of a brother would naturally account for the abandonment of his profession by the individual, whose residence at Rome is placed beyond all doubt by the testimony of Caro.

It would be superfluous to add, that we feel strongly disposed to accept of Ramusio's statement. Apart from its claims to belief as the current contemporary tradition, it should be observed, that it is not given with that appearance of indecision, with which a candid historian qualifies the narration of uncertain events, but with that simple exactness with which we repeat a notorious and well-authenticated fact.

* "Che non siano state scoperte da voi o da vostro fratello." If the *e* were changed into *e*, Tiraboschi's conclusion would seem to be a necessary consequence of the passage; but, as it now reads, and we have consulted more than one edition, it seems evident, that each of the brothers is meant to be spoken of, as an original discoverer. That the name of the person addressed should stand first, is but a common form of epistolary courtesy.

When, moreover, we consider the zeal, with which Ramusio devoted the greater part of a long life to the subject of maritime discovery; the opportunities which he enjoyed of deriving his information from Verrazzano's personal friends; his extensive correspondence with some of the most distinguished navigators, as well as with many of the first literary men of the age; and that his celebrated collection was made at no greater distance than Padua, where nothing short of the grossest negligence could have kept him in ignorance of the existence of Verrazzano, at Rome, but a few years previous, and in the family of a well-known prelate; the evidence in favor of his correctness seems to be placed beyond all doubt.

But, was the second voyage really his last; and was it while sailing under the auspices of France, or under those of England, that he met with so sad a fate? Such was the question first started by the learned author of the *Memoirs of Sebastian Cabot*.

In 1527 a voyage of discovery was made under the auspices of Henry VIII. The expedition appears to have been composed of two ships, the *Sampson* and the *Mary of Guilford*. The pilot of one of these, a Piedmontese, was killed by the natives, and one of the ships was lost in a gale off the American coast. But although the other returned in safety, and many distinguished men were said to have taken part in the voyage, the only authentic account concerning it is found in a letter of the captain, published by Purchas, and which escaped the attention of the industrious and learned Hakluyt.

We learn, however, from this editor, that there existed in

England a map of the American coast by Verrazzano, which the celebrated navigator had presented to Henry VIII., and which forms the basis of the map appended by Hakluyt to his early work of *Divers Voyages*, published in 1582.

Now when did Verrazzano visit England? and what were the circumstances under which he presented his map to the king? We are still in the sea of conjecture with only here and there a land-mark by which to shape our course.

If with the historian of Cabot we suppose him to have taken part in the English expedition of 1527, must we renounce our belief in the second voyage from France? Or was there sufficient time for a second voyage in the service of Francis before he entered into that of Henry? We have already explained at length our own view concerning this voyage, and the converse of the very same reasons which we have adduced in its favor, would be sufficient to account for the neglect with which the navigator would have been received at his return, however great the success of his expedition. It was to England that the mother of Francis turned at that moment of universal consternation; and what could be more natural than that Verrazzano also should have sought a protection in the friend and ally of his imprisoned sovereign? In this case we must qualify Ramusio's assertion concerning the companions of Verrazzano, who, according to this editor, shared in his melancholy fate.

But how could Ramusio have remained in ignorance of so important a fact as the passage of Verrazzano from the service of England to that of France? In the short paragraph which he has devoted to this subject, he speaks of the pro-

tection of Francis as that on which the success of these great enterprizes depended, and though he does not explicitly assert that the last voyage was made from France, yet from the language which he employs, it is evident that he thought so.

And on the other hand is it probable that so diligent and accurate an editor as Hakluyt should have spoken of Verrazano's map in such high terms, and have selected it for the basis of his own, unless he had seen and examined it with his own eyes? It is hardly a safe conjecture that this was the map alluded to by Caro, and that it was the brother who presented it to Henry. Hakluyt, it is true, says that it was presented by Giovanni; but he also says that Giovanni had been three times upon the American coast, which, supposing him to have perished in the expedition of 1527, can only be sustained by adopting our conjecture as to the second French voyage, and including as one of the three that in which he lost his life. In short, whichever way we turn, whatever opinion we adopt there are doubts which cannot be met, objections which cannot be removed.

All that we know with certainty, is, that one great action distinguished him from the mass of adventurers, in an age which had produced a Columbus and a Cabot; while doubt and mystery have enveloped the rest of his career, leaving us uncertain whether we should lament the untimely fate which gave him a prey to the barbarous appetite of cannibals, or execrate the ingratitude which compelled him to sacrifice to a struggle with the daily necessities of life, a mind formed for daring and successful adventure.

CHARLES EDWARD.

"O, better loved he canna be,
Yet when we see him wearing
Our Highland garb sae gracefully,
'T is aye the mair endearing.
Though a' that now adorns his brow
Be but a simple bonnet,
Ere lang we 'll see of kingdoms three
The royal crown upon it."

As you enter the left aisle of the church of St. Peter's, the first object which attracts your attention is a marble slab, cut out like the doors of a vault, with two figures on the sides, and three heads in medallion above. In the character of these heads there is nothing very remarkable, although the artist has evidently given to every feature the last touches, as if engaged upon a subject worthy of the highest efforts of his chisel. But in the figures at the sides of the vault-door there is something so sweet and so touching, such a mingling of grace and solemnity in their delicate forms and thoughtful countenances, that, as they stand there with their faces cast down and their torches reversed, with an expression rather of sadness than of poignant grief, a feeling of sympathetic melancholy steals over you unawares, and you instinctively raise your eyes once more

to see who they were, whose last slumbers are guarded by forms of such angelic beauty. Then, perhaps, you will find something more than you could distinguish at a first glance — piety, resignation, and somewhat of that sorrow which, however manfully the heart may bear up against it, still ever leaves traces of the struggle behind. On the tablet above are engraved in golden letters, without any other comment than a verse of Scripture, which, for the propriety of the allusion, would have suited any tomb as well, the names of the last three descendants of the royal house of Stuart.

Of two of these, history, of which this great fabric is so full, has but little to record, beyond the weakness and superstition of the father, and the benevolence and purer piety of the younger son. But the elder has left a brighter trace behind him, and for a while bid fair to rival the glories and redeem the errors of his race. Then came a dark cloud, and the name of the Stuarts was blotted out from the living page of history for ever. It is to the heroic daring, and romantic adventures of this brief though brilliant period, that we propose to call the attention of our readers in the following pages.

The year 1721 had opened under happy auspices for the partisans of the Stuarts, for an heir had been born to the throne, and their hopes and affections, so long chilled by the weakness of the father, were turned with double warmth to the son. All the pomp of royal etiquette had been rigorously observed at the birth of Charles Edward. The nobles of his three kingdoms had been summoned to attend on this important occasion ; the apartment was crowded with cardinals and prelates ; rich gifts were offered around the cradle, and a

royal salute from the cannon of St. Angelo showed how deep an interest the Catholic world still felt in the fortunes of a family which had sacrificed a throne to its zeal for the religion of its fathers.

The first years of the young prince were passed under the eye of his mother, to whom he is supposed to have been indebted for that heroic fortitude which was far from being a family trait, and in which his father was so singularly deficient. One of his earliest instructors was the Chevalier de Ramsay, the friend and pupil of Fénélon. Charles Edward soon spoke English, French, and Italian with equal facility, and displayed very early a decided taste for music. But in other branches, although provided with good masters, his progress was far from being great, and the President Des Brosses, who had frequent opportunities of seeing him in his youth, says that his mind, at twenty, was by no means so well formed as it ought to have been in a prince of that age. It was not, however, from any want of intelligence, but his thoughts were elsewhere, and Rome, with all the charm of her arts and the grandeur of her antiquities, could not call them away from their favorite subject of meditation. The presentiment of his destiny seems to have weighed upon him from a child. English travellers were his favorite guests, and England was the favorite topic of his conversation. On a sail from Gaeta to Naples his hat fell into the sea. The sailors were for putting about to row after it. "Let it alone," said he; "the waves will carry it to England, and I will some day or other go there for it myself."

When fourteen years old, he followed his cousin, Marshal

Berwick, to the siege of Gaeta. The trench was already opened, and immediately upon his arrival he entered it and remained some time there, with the greatest coolness, in the midst of a shower of balls. Next day he went to wait upon the Marshal at his quarters in a house against which the enemy were directing their fire. The walls were riddled with bullets, and his attendants made every effort to prevent him from entering; but in spite of all their entreaties, in which the Marshal, too, had vainly united, he persisted in making his visit. All these little traits were carefully noted by his adherents, who repeated them to one another with the fondest anticipations. "Would to God," says Marshal Berwick in a letter to his brother, "that the worst enemies of the Stuarts could have been witnesses of his conduct during the siege. It would have won many of them back again."

From Gaeta he went to Naples, where he produced the same favorable impression at court, by the grace and elegance of his manners, which he had done at the army, by his coolness and intrepidity. The summer following he made a campaign in Lombardy, and two years after visited the principal cities of Upper Italy, in all of which he was received with the honors due to his rank. The next few years must have hung heavily upon his hands, for he had tasted just enough of the excitement of active life to feel the oppression of that monotonous existence where one day passes like another, and at the end of the year one finds himself nearer to nothing but his grave. His passion for music served to while away some portion of the time, and the weekly concerts, in which he played the violoncello and his brother sang, were frequented

by men of taste as the best music in Rome. But his favorite amusement was the chase, which gave a freer play to his natural vivacity, and enabled him to preserve the active habits he had formed in the camp.

Hunting in the Pontine marshes is not that tame amusement which it has come to be with us. You build a hut of boughs and branches, or clearing away the earth from some moss-covered ruin, spread a bed of leaves or straw in one corner, and your table of stone in another. Here you come for shelter from the storm, and here is cooked the game which you have won during the day, and here you sleep. Around you expands the broad tract of the marshes, with its long grass and green trees, so beautiful to the eye. Before you is the deep blue of the Mediterranean, where you see the sun set with a glow unknown to northern climes; and at night you may hear afar off the deep murmur of its waves mingling with the solemn voices of the night wind. Behind you and at your side, mountains, girding the plain as with a cincture, and swelling upward, one behind another till they are lost in the distance. The Circean cape to the south, with its dark outline stretching boldly into the sea, and reminding you of Ulysses and Circe, and the days when history and fable were one. To the east the precipitous wall of the Apennines, with Cora, whence Juno's temple looks down upon you from its rocky seat, and Massimo, hanging like an eagle's nest amid precipices and crags. And on the north the gently swelling slope of the Alban mount, with the white-walled convent that crowns its wooded cone, and the vineyards and olive-orchards that cluster in rich profusion around

its base. And the game is worthy of a scene where every object carries you back to days in which the chase was a living image of war; the boar, with his bristled skin, his foam-covered tusks and flaming eyes. The dogs, a strong, bold breed, and trained to the deadly sport, rouse the fierce animal from his lair, and, yelling wildly on his track, tell you where to look for your prey. On he comes, with a quick, short step, grinding his teeth, until the foam flies from them like spray, his small eyes glowing like living fire, and breaking his way through brush and brake with headlong speed. Every huntsman has his stand in the space through which he is expected to pass, and each fires in turn, as he draws nigh; but it is a quick hand and a sure eye and perfect coolness alone that can give you success. Wo to the poor dog that is first to approach him, when, maddened by pain, and with speed diminished by the loss of blood, he turns for the final struggle. Some are ripped up by a single thrust of his tusks, some tossed in the air, some crushed beneath him as he falls; and not unfrequently the huntsman too, counts himself happy, if a slight flesh-wound is the only mark which he bears away from the deadly contest.

Such scenes were for Charles Edward no bad preparation for what he was so soon to undergo, in guiding the last effort of the Stuarts for the throne of their fathers. At length, the long wished-for moment seemed to have arrived. France was on the point of taking an active part in the war of the Austrian succession, and looked to a rising in favor of the exiled family as the surest means of finding employment for the English monarch at home. A body of fifteen thousand men

was to invade England under the command of Marshal Saxe, and all the principal measures were to be concerted at Paris, with Charles Edward himself. Still the whole negotiation was enveloped in a veil of the deepest mystery. At Rome the Bailli de Tencin and Cardinal Acquaviva acted as agents for France, and not a word was said to the ambassador. Charles Edward, the most important personage in the whole drama, was to be kept as long as possible in the background, and to conceal both his departure from Rome and his arrival at Paris.

A hunting party to the marshes was made the pretext for leaving Rome, and the Prince pretending to have sprained his foot on the road, separated from his companions, and, assuming the medal and dress of the Spanish courier, pushed forward for Genoa. Here he embarked in a felucca for Antibes. The wind was against him, and he was compelled to pass through the midst of an English squadron, enemies now, but soon, he hoped, to become his subjects and defenders. On the 13th of January he reached Antibes, near the spot where, seventy-one years later, Napoleon was to land on his return from Elba. Reporting himself and his companion to the commandant as Englishmen, under the names of Graham and Mattock, he mounted a post-horse and took the road for Paris. At Avignon, he had an hour's interview with the Duke of Ormond, and by the 20th was already in the capital.

Here every thing seemed to favor his hopes. The army of invasion was assembling in the north and a fleet of transports at Dunkirk. Marshal Saxe, who till then had manifested but little inclination for the enterprise which he had

been chosen to command, was completely won over by the prince's enthusiasm, and entered heartily into his views. The king, it is true, still refused to receive him at court, and his negotiations were drawn out through indirect channels; but here, at last, was something done, and something doing, and the speedy promise of more.

But all these bright prospects were suddenly overcast. A tempest scattered the French and English fleets, as they were upon the point of engaging, and wrecked several transports in which a portion of the troops had already been embarked. Marshal Saxe was ordered into Flanders to take command of the army, with which he fought, next year, the decisive battle of Fontenoy; and the court relapsed into that system of tergiversation and indifference by which it had already tried the patience of the Jacobites so severely. Charles Edward retired to Gravelines, deeply depressed, but not disheartened; and not long afterwards, took a house in the neighborhood of Paris, where, to use his own words, he led the life of a hermit. Months passed away in fruitless remonstrances and negotiations, until he became convinced that no efficient aid could be expected from the court of Versailles. It has been subsequently shown, that Louis the Fifteenth had been induced to abandon an enterprise which promised him so much advantage by the remonstrances of his Protestant allies, justly alarmed at the prospect of so formidable an accession to the Catholic cause.

And now it was that the heroic character of the young prince shone out in full lustre. It had been in compliance with the wishes of his adherents, rather than his own free

will, that he had consented to the French invasion ; for, unlike a prince of our times, his heart revolted at the idea of ascending the throne of his fathers under the escort of foreign bayonets. His partisans were far from sharing his scruples, and the assistance of a body of French troops was a condition upon which they had constantly insisted throughout all their negotiations. This they could no longer count upon, and it now remained to be decided whether the enterprise should be abandoned, or made with such forces as could be raised upon the spot.

His decision was promptly taken, and fully aware how much opposition it would meet with in every quarter, he resolved to carry on his preparations with all possible secrecy. There was living at that time, at Nantes, an adherent of the Stuarts by the name of Walsh, whose father had distinguished himself, on several occasions, by his devotion to the exiled monarch, and had received the title of Count in reward for his services. The son had engaged in commerce and privateering, which, according to the ideas of Brittany, were no spot upon his nobility. To him it was that Charles Edward addressed himself for the means of transportation, and by his zeal and activity an old ship of eighteen guns, called the Elizabeth, and the Doutelle, a frigate of twenty guns, were fitted up, as if for a cruise to the northward, and freighted with arms and ammunition. Another exile, a banker, named Rutledge, advanced part of the money, and Charles sent word to his friends in Rome to raise what they could upon his jewels, declaring that he should never be able

to wear them with any degree of pleasure, when he remembered how much better they might have been employed.

The moment that his preparations were completed, he set out from the castle of Navarre, where he had been staying with his friend and cousin the young Duc de Bouillon, and hastened with the utmost secrecy to the place of embarkation at St. Nazaire, at the mouth of the Loire. The letters announcing his intentions to his father and to the king of France were kept back until he was beyond the reach of remonstrance. The wind was against him, and he was compelled to curb his impatience for a few days longer. At last it changed in his favor, and on the 2d of July, 1745, entering a fisherman's boat in the disguise of a student from the Scotch college at Paris, he was quickly wafted to the side of the Doutelle. Walsh himself had assumed the command; and with him were seven others, devoted adherents of the exiled family, who had resolved to stand by their prince in this last and apparently desperate effort for the throne of his fathers.

On the 12th, they were joined by the Elizabeth at the rendezvous at Belle Isle, and spread their sails for Scotland. The first three days went calmly by; but on the fourth they descried a strange sail, which, approaching the Elizabeth, hoisted English colors. It was the lion, a fifty-eight gun ship, commanded by Captain Brett, afterwards Lord Percy. The Elizabeth immediately ranged up with her, and opened a destructive fire. For several hours a heavy cannonade was kept up on both sides, during which both captains were wounded, and each vessel suffered severely. At the sound of the first gun, Charles Edward, forgetting his assumed cha-

racter, hurried to the deck, calling loudly for a sword, and insisting that the Doutelle should come in for her part of the honors of the combat. "Monsieur l' Abbé," said Walsh, taking him hastily by the hand, "this is not your place; have the goodness to withdraw to your cabin." The combat lasted till nightfall, when both ships, being too much disabled to keep the sea, sought the nearest ports as best they could. The Doutelle held on her course, but this casual encounter deprived the young prince of his arms and stores, which had been embarked on board the Elizabeth.

Once again they were menaced with the same danger from three ships of war which they fell in with towards the south of Long Island, and only escaped by keeping close under the western coast of Barra, and anchoring between South Uist and Eriska. As they approached the land, an eagle was seen hovering over the ship. "It is the king of birds," said the Marquis of Tullibardine, "come to welcome your Royal Highness to Scotland." It was on the 21st of July, and with a joyful heart Charles Edward set foot, for the first time, on the soil of that kingdom towards which, from earliest childhood, all his hopes had been directed.

His first care was to despatch a messenger to Boisdale of Clanranald, by whose influence over the mind of the elder brother, he hoped to obtain an immediate declaration of the clan. Boisdale obeyed the summons, but with a manner which showed there was little to be hoped from the interview. "I can count upon MacDonald of Sleat, and the laird of MacLeod," said the prince. "Undeceive yourself," was the inauspicious reply; they have both resolved not to

raise a single man; unless your Royal Highness comes attended with regular forces."

This was a bad outset, and some of the party, it is said, began already to wish themselves safely back in France. Charles Edward was not so easily discouraged, but, setting sail, held on his way among the islands, to Loch Nanuagh, between Moidart and Arisaig, where he again cast anchor.

The next morning, Clanranald the younger, with MacDonald of Kinloch, and the lairds of Glenaladale and Dalily, came to wait upon him. But it was evident that they, too, had adopted Boisdale's opinion, and were unwilling to risk their fortunes upon so hazardous a cast. Charles Edward put forth all his eloquence, in order to move them; and, finding arguments fruitless, addressed himself to their feelings. "I am your prince, your countryman, your friend," said he; "do not abandon the son of your king!" In the group on the deck was a younger brother of MacDonald of Kinloch Moidart, who, without knowing the full purport of the conversation, had caught enough of its meaning to understand how nearly it touched the loyalty of his clan. His eyes lighted up, his color went and came, and in the warmth of his emotions, he grasped the hilt of his claymore with an energy that drew the prince's attention. "And you," said he, turning to the only one who appeared to feel for his situation, "will you not fight for me?" "Yes," replied the gallant youth, "if I were the only one in all Scotland to draw my sword, I would be ready to die for you." "I have at last found a defender," cried the prince, bursting into tears; "give me but a few more such Scotchmen as this, and I am sure of my father's throne."

The impulse was irresistible, and the chiefs, giving way to their enthusiasm, swore, with one accord, to lay down their lives in his cause.

Charles Edward now landed, sending back the Doutelle to France, with letters to his father and the king. A guard of a hundred men immediately gathered round him, and from every quarter came young and old, men, women and children, flocking in to look upon the face of their natural sovereign.

Meanwhile, measures were taking for raising the clans. Clanranald went in person to Sir Alexander MacDonald, and the laird of MacLeod, two chiefs of great influence, who held three thousand men at their disposal. But they persisted in their refusal to rise, without the support of regular troops. Lochiel, chief of the Camerons, had come to the same decision, but resolved, out of respect to the prince, to be himself the bearer of these unwelcome tidings. "Do not risk it," said his brother; "I know you better than you know yourself. If the prince once sets his eyes upon you, he will do with you whatever he pleases." Lochiel persisted, and, repairing to Charles's head-quarters, frankly declared his disapprobation of the enterprise. "'T is true," said the prince, "I am come alone, when you looked to see me with an army." Evasive answers, and hopes which perhaps are false, are all that I have been able to get from the ministers of Louis, and I thank Heaven for it. Let the Elector of Hanover surround himself with foreign guards; it is to the nation itself that I look for support. The first victory will, perhaps, hasten the arrival of the French, who will then come as allies, not as protectors." "Give me a few days for delib-

eration," said Lochiel, deeply moved by the prince's energy. "No, no," replied he, with increasing animation, "I have already a few friends with me. With these I shall raise the royal standard, and announce to Great Britain that Charles Stuart is come to reclaim the crown of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, whose faith and friendship my father has so often vaunted, may remain at home; the newspapers will tell him the fate of his prince." This bitter reproach was too much for the high-spirited chieftain. "Be it what it may, I will share it with you, and so shall all those over whom nature or fortune has given me control."

Without loss of time he returned home to gather his clan. This was all that Clanranald was waiting for in order to call out his own; and small parties were soon afoot under the MacDonalds of Keppoch and Tierndreich. The rendezvous was fixed at Glenfinnain, a long, narrow valley, watered by the little torrent of Finnin and opening on Loch Shiel, with a mound in the centre, on which the royal standard was to be raised.

Hither Charles Edward repaired on the morning of the 19th of August; but not a plaid was to be seen, and the solemn silence of a mountain solitude overhung the glen. The only trace of living thing that he could descry was a sombre little hut, and towards this he directed his steps. The occupants received him with respect, but could give him no relief from his perplexity. It was eleven in the morning, and two hours had passed anxiously away, when the notes of a distant pibroch were heard among the hills. As the sound became more distinct, it was recognized as that of the Cam-

erons ; and shortly after, eight hundred clansmen were seen winding their way through the pass to the place of rendezvous. They marched in two columns, and brought with them, as the first fruits of their rising, two companies of English, whom they had made prisoners. All now gathered around the mound, where the Marquis of Tullibardine, the royal standard-bearer, unfolded the royal banner, a tissue of red silk, with a white space in the centre. As its broad folds opened upon the wind the mountaineers threw up their caps into the air with a shout which scared the young eagles from their nests among the crags, while the pibrochs breathed forth the shrill strain of their songs of triumph, so deep and so spirit-stirring, among the echoes of the hills. And then was read the manifesto of James the Eighth, proclaiming Charles Edward regent during his absence, and the prince himself, taking the word, "told his faithful adherents how he had chosen this part of Scotland to land in, because he knew that it was here he should find the truest-hearted subjects of his father, and that he had come to conquer or to die with them." When the ceremony was completed, a guard of fifty men escorted the banner to the prince's tent, and the little army encamped in the valley for the night.

Small as his army was, Charles Edward resolved to lose no time in beginning active operations, for he knew that every thing depended upon the first impression, and that one successful blow would go farther than a thousand declarations. The alarm had been given, and Sir John Cope was already advancing against him at the head of a strong body of regular forces, with the hope of securing the passes and cooping him

up among the mountains; nor could the Jacobites of the south be expected to declare themselves, until they saw some means of efficient protection at hand. He advanced, therefore, directly towards his adversary, holding his way through those wild mountain-passes and rugged glens, where every now and then some little band came to swell his forces, as the streams that flowed by him were swollen by the torrents from the hills. Upon reaching Corryarrack, the first news that he received was that Cope had suddenly renounced his plan of invasion, and was in full retreat. "Fill me a cup of whiskey," cried he, on hearing these unexpected tidings, and turning to his men, "I give you the health of this good Mr. Cope, and may every general of the usurper prove as much our friend as he has been."

A pursuit was instantly begun, and pushed on with Highland impetuosity as far as Garvymore, where he paused awhile to give his army a short breathing-space. But why lose more time in following an enemy who already gave himself up for conquered, when by pressing forward, he might seize upon the capital, gathering in his adherents all along the important districts through which he would pass, and striking terror into his adversaries by a blow so daring and so unexpected? "To Edinburgh, to Edinburgh!" then, was the universal cry, and thither he directed his course, marching cheerfully at the head of his men, with his Highland bonnet and plaid, and the brogues which he had sworn never to change until he had beaten his enemy.

At Blair, the seat of the Duke of Athol, the clan gathered promptly around the Marquis of Tullibardine, who, by all the

Jacobites, was looked upon as the real duke. As the young prince continued his advance, the flame spread wider and wider. Sir George Murray and Lord Nairne came to offer him their swords, and the laird of Gask came with his tenantry, and the laird of Aldie with his, and as he approached Perth, he was joined by the duke, at the head of two hundred men. He was now in the midst of the cherished associations of his race, for Perth had been the favorite residence of the three Roberts and the first and second James, and at a short league's distance was the venerable abbey of Scone, where the Scottish kings were wont to receive their crown, in the days of Scotland's freedom. No wonder, then, that the inhabitants should flock out to meet him, welcoming him with feasts and acclamations, and that blushing dames should plead for the honor of a kiss from his royal lips!

Here he staid a week, in order to introduce a little more system into his army, and exercise his men to some general evolutions, and raise a small contribution among the inhabitants; for a single guinea was all that remained of the money he had brought with him from France. Here, too, he issued several proclamations, and among them, one in reply to the offer of thirty thousand pounds, the price set upon his head by the cabinet of London, ever ready to employ any means, however infamous, for the attainment of its ends. "If any fatal occurrence," said he, at the close of his proclamation, in which he had been compelled, by the importunities of his council, to imitate a conduct which he reprobated so deeply, — "if any fatal occurrence should be the consequence of this, may the blame fall exclusively upon those who were the first

to set so infamous an example." On Sunday he attended church, and listened with an air of deep attention to a sermon on the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah, in which the prophet foretells, in such glowing colors, the renewed glories of Israel. Then, having accomplished all the objects of his halt at Perth, he continued his march on the capital.

Fresh reinforcements continued to join him at every step. At Dumblane he was met by the MacDonalds of Glencoe, and by the MacGregors, still true to the faith of Rob Roy, whose own son was serving among the levies of the Duke of Perth, at the head of his father's band. At Doune, the ladies of Cambras were assembled before their houses with white ribbons as decorations for the soldiers, and with refreshments for the prince, who, unwilling to delay his march, could only quaff a wine-cup to their health, without dismounting. Some asked to kiss his hand, and one fair damsel, bolder or more enthusiastic than her companions, begged the honor of a kiss on her lips, which was gallantly given and promptly returned. Eight miles above Stirling is the ford of Grew, where some opposition was to be expected from Cope's dragoons. But when the army reached it, the banks were clear, and Charles Edward, brandishing his naked sword, spurred his horse into the stream and was the first to reach the shore. Stirling opened its gates without resistance, the garrison taking refuge in the castle. His march now led him over the field of Bannockburn, a name so stirring to Scottish hearts, and Falkirk, where base jealousies and treachery, their never failing attendant, had checked in mid bloom the bright career of Wallace. The castle of Linlithgow, so dear to the chivalrous

James the Fourth and to the unfortunate Mary, was again thrown open, with flourish of trumpets and waving of banners, to a descendant of the Stuarts; and at length, on the 17th, from the heights of Corstorphine, he caught his first view of Edinburgh.

Meanwhile, the royal city was a scene of confusion and dismay; for of all its old fortifications the castle alone was tenable, and the army on which it had relied for defence was still at a distance. A few corps of volunteers had been hastily raised, in the urgency of the moment, and there were still two companies of Cope's dragoons, which he had left behind him on his march into the Highlands. But the danger from within was no less imminent than that from without; for the Jacobites formed a large proportion of the population, and hatred to the Union would probably range many of the Whigs on the same side. The lord provost and counsellors themselves were well known to favor the prince in their hearts; and although they continued to perform all their functions with a strict regard to their oath of office, it was difficult to believe that they would neglect so favorable an opportunity of aiding a cause to which they were so warmly attached. When the news of Charles Edward's landing first came, his enterprise had seemed so rash that no one ever dreamed of anything like a serious contest. His followers were said to be a few wild Highlanders and men of desperate fortunes, whom the riot act alone would be sufficient to disperse. Thus every apprehension was lulled, and men continued their usual avocations with little or no interruption. Every other question was absorbed in the approaching elections. But when it

was known that Sir John Cope had commenced a retreat, that the prince was in full march for the capital, and that the country was rising on all sides to his support, men began to look upon his undertaking in a more serious light; the Jacobites, with hopes which they could but imperfectly conceal, and the Hanoverians, with a dejection proportioned to their former confidence. Everything now wore the aspect of a surprise; sudden alarms, exaggerated reports, hope and fear prevailing by turns, each transition equally sudden and equally extreme; counsels uncertain, and varying with every new tale; the ill-disguised exultation of anticipated triumph and party hate, the more bitter from having been so long suppressed; and that indefinable agitation with which men look forward to some great event, from which they know not whether they have most to hope or to fear.

In the midst of this uncertainty came a letter from the prince to the lord provost and council, summoning them to throw open their gates without delay, and receive the representative of their sovereign with the submission which they owed him. A deputation was sent to negotiate, which soon returned with a letter signed John Murray, saying that the prince's manifesto was a sufficient guaranty for the citizens, and calling upon them to open their gates without further delay. This had hardly been read, when a despatch from Sir John Cope was brought in, announcing his speedy arrival with all his forces. This was a last ray of hope for the Hanoverians, and some few again ventured to talk of resistance. At length, it was resolved to send another deputation to the prince, and thus contrive to gain time, the favorite resource

of men who are at a loss what to decide. But Charles Edward, refusing to receive them, sent forward a body of seven or eight hundred men, with orders to find or force an entrance. They arrived just as a gate was opening to let out the carriage of the deputation on its way back to the stables, and some of them, springing forward, forced their way into the streets. Their companions quickly followed, and when, next morning, the citizens awoke from their slumbers, Edinburgh was in the hands of the Highlanders.

The joyful intelligence was quickly carried to the prince's head-quarters, at the little village of Slateford, where, curbing his impatience as best he might, he had thrown himself upon his bed in his clothes, and had barely slept two hours when the messenger arrived. He immediately mounted his horse and put his army in motion. It was still early in the morning as he approached the city; but the King's Park by which he was to enter, was already filled with a crowd of both sexes and every age. From an eminence near the Hermitage of St. Anthony, he could see the white banner of the Stuarts waving once more from his ancestral towers of Holyrood. But the guns of the castle, which was still in the hands of the Hanoverians, commanded the usual entrance, and it became necessary to throw down a part of the park-wall for his passage. The Duke of Perth had presented him with a beautiful bay charger for the occasion, which he mounted on entering the park. He was still dressed in his Highland costume, distinguished only by a scarf of azure and gold, and the glittering cross of the national order of St. Andrew. His hair fell in ringlets from under his simple blue cap, and as he rode

along, the youthful bloom of his countenance, and the mingled grace and dignity of his manners, drew forth a burst of admiration from the assembled multitude. Some stubborn old Whigs pretended to discover in his smile a slight dash of melancholy, which was of no good augury for a day of triumph. But for far the greater number it was the smile and air of Robert Bruce, and as they fed their fancies upon this resemblance to one so dear, they promised themselves that the Bruce's star, too, would shine upon him, and that his simple bonnet of blue would soon be exchanged for the crown of the three kingdoms. At the palace-gate stood James Hepburn of Keith, a gray-headed old man, well known for his hostility to the principles of divine right, but who, seeing in the return of the Stuarts the only hope of obtaining the revocation of the detested act of Union, now advanced, with his sword drawn and a solemn air, to usher the prince to his apartment.

It was a happy day for Charles Edward. Thus far everything had succeeded even beyond his warmest hopes ; and as he paced his paternal halls of Holyrood, the cries of the crowd below compelled him from time to time to show himself at the window, and he could hear the distant shout from another quarter of the city, where the herald was solemnly proclaiming the accession of James the Eighth. But this very success imposed the necessity of a still greater display of vigor, for his strength consisted almost wholly in an excited feeling, which nothing but constant action and fresh triumphs could keep alive. Without waiting, therefore, to enjoy the welcome he was receiving at Edinburgh, he advanced directly towards Sir John Cope, who was already within a few miles of the

city, with an army formidable both by numbers and discipline.

The English general was just entering the plain between Preston and Seaton, when two officers, whom he had sent forward to select a camp for the night, came back at the top of their horses' speed, to announce the approach of the enemy. He instantly halted, and ranged his troops in order of battle, extending his wings towards the sea on one side, and the village of Tranent on the other. In a few moments the enemy came in sight, and each army as they drew nigh to one another, sent up a shout of defiance. Charles Edward had chosen a road which brought him out upon a high ground on his adversary's flank, from which his Highlanders could charge down with their mountaineer impetuosity. This manœuvre compelled Cope to change his order, resting his right on Preston and his left on Seaton house, with the sea behind him, and in his front a morass defended by a broad, deep ditch. The position seemed impregnable.

Meanwhile, these manœuvres had drawn out the day, and when both armies came into position, it was too late for an attack. Charles Edward went with the Duke of Perth and another officer to dine at a little village inn. The hostess had hidden away her pewter spoons, for fear of the Highlanders, and had only a couple of wooden ones to supply their place with. Dividing these as they could, they contrived to drink the little dish of mutton-broth which was set before them, cutting the meat with a cleaver, and eating it with their fingers instead of forks. The British general was well supplied with every article of convenience and luxury.

Night set in cold and foggy. Through the mist gleamed the fitful light of the British watch-fires, and from time to time a random cannon-shot, breaking in upon the stillness of the scene, served to show that their experienced foe was keeping good guard. The Highlanders slept upon the ground, in their plaids, the prince in the midst, ever ready to share in the hardships that he imposed. He had hardly closed his eyes, when Lord George Murray came to tell him of a passage over the morass, which had just been pointed out by the owner of the ground, who at the same time offered to serve them as a guide. The offer was gladly accepted, and at three the men were under arms, and, filing off silently, began the passage under favor of the darkness, which effectually concealed their movements until the head of the column had reached the morass. Here they were challenged by the videttes, who discharged their pieces and galloped off to give the alarm. Charles Edward was the first to spring upon the little bridge which led across the ditch, and the head of the column, turning towards the sea, gave room for the rest to pass without breaking their ranks. The moment that all were over, a half-wheel to the left brought them into line, and the whole army pressed forward in battle order. On the right was the Duke of Perth, at the head of the MacDonalds, who claimed this as the post which Bruce himself had assigned them on the field of Bannockburn. The Camerons and Appin Stuarts formed the left wing, under Lord George Murray; and in the centre were the MacGregors, with the levies of the Duke of Perth. The second line was composed of the Athols and Robertsons on the right, and the

MacLachlans and MacDonalds of Glencoe on the left. The prince placed himself, with a small body-guard, between the two lines. An old cannon, too much shattered to be loaded with anything but powder, but which the Highlanders looked upon with a sort of blind veneration, was their only artillery. The English army, though nearly equal in number, was drawn up in a single line, with the cavalry on the flanks, and six pieces of artillery on the right.

Although the men had been under arms since three o'clock, it was broad day when the battle began; but the mist was still dense, and, swaying to and fro as the sunbeams broke through it, served to conceal the inequalities of the Highland line. As they came within gun-shot, they discharged their firelocks, and, shouting their war-cry, rushed forward, with drawn claymores, upon the enemy's ranks. Each man held a naked dirk in his left hand, and on his arm a little target of bull's hide bound together with brass studs. The English presented their bayonets, and stood firm to receive the shock. But the hardy mountaineers, stooping on one knee, struck up the bayonets with their targets, pierced their enemies from below with their swords, and throwing the dead bodies upon the second line, pressed on in their headlong career. Two balls pierced the chief of the MacGregors, as he was advancing to the charge:—"I am not dead, my children," cried he, instantly raising himself upon his elbow, "I am looking at you to see if you do your duty." The Stuarts and Camerons rushed upon the artillery, and mastered it in a moment. The British line wavered; the cavalry turned and fled, and in a moment the field was covered with the flying and their pur-

suers, and wounded and dead, and scattered arms; while here and there a few, held at bay by the nature of the ground, strove to make good their stand, or yielded themselves prisoners, without waiting to count their enemies. A large number of standards, six cannon, a supply of tents, ammunition, and baggage, and a military chest of four thousand pounds, were the immediate fruit of this victory, in which the conquerors lost but thirty or forty men, and the conquered five hundred killed and a thousand prisoners.

Next day the victorious troops made their triumphal entry into Edinburgh. First came the pibroch-players, a hundred men in all, playing the favorite old air of the Jacobites, —

“The king shall enjoy his own again,” —

the predictions of which seemed at last upon the point of being accomplished. Then came the clans, part in their mountain garb, and part decked out in the uniforms and ornaments which they had won from the English. Some bore aloft their own victorious banners, others those of the enemy; and a few, in the wildness of their exultation, fired their guns in the air. A ball from one of these grazed the forehead of Miss Nairn, as she stood waving her handkerchief from a balcony. “Thank Heaven,” cried she, “that it did not strike a Whig! for what would they not have said against these brave defenders of the good cause?” The prisoners, a train almost as numerous as the army itself, marched next, and the baggage and cannon of Sir John Cope closed the procession. Everywhere, as they passed along, the streets and squares were crowded with spectators; there was waving of handker-

chiefs from every balcony and window, and a mingling of shouts and benedictions, as though one wish and one feeling had animated the whole population.

In this scene of triumph and exultation Charles Edward took no part; but, entering Edinburgh quietly in the evening, returned without pomp or parade to his apartments at Holyrood. His thoughts were already running forward to London, the next great point in his progress, and the first question that he brought before his council was how to make the most of his victory. His own wish was to enter England without delay, and push directly forward for the capital, while the impression produced by his victory was still fresh in the minds of his enemies, as well as of his friends. The king was *still* absent, the troops scattered, the cabinet taken by surprise, the Whigs disheartened and dismayed; his adherents full of hope, and ready to spring to arms at the first waving of his banner.

But these were far from being the views of his council. "A march into England," said some, "is a serious enterprize, and demands mature consideration. The country is thickly peopled, and the parties nicely balanced. You have friends there, it is true; but they are so closely watched, that you cannot count upon them. The king is absent, but the cabinet is on its guard, with all the means and resources of an established government at its command. The troops are scattered, but they are gathering rapidly, and the ministry are levying new forces. Meanwhile, you have rivers to cross, and fortified towns to pass through, and supplies and provisions to collect on your march from men whom you dare not irri-

tate by your exactions, although you can seldom hope to win them by your forbearance. And what are your means for so great an enterprize? An army flushed indeed by victory, but which that very victory has reduced to a bare third of its original number; for a battle, as you well know, is for your Highlanders the signal of temporary desertion; if conquered, to seek a refuge, — if victorious, to secrete their plunder and enjoy their triumph. Soon they will all be back again, and many more with them, whom the sound of victory and the sight of spoil will draw forth, thus swelling your ranks and keeping alive that spirit of enthusiasm which stands them in the place of discipline. Await, then, their return; hasten the long-promised succors of France; establish yourself more firmly in Scotland; and then, with all the resources of one kingdom at your command, you can march with confidence and security to the conquest of another.”

Some went still further. According to them, the misfortunes of the Stuarts had begun with their claims to the throne of England. It was this that had brought the lovely Mary to the scaffold, and Charles had atoned by the same bloody penalty for an elevation so fatal to his race. “Think, then, of Scotland, the birthplace of your fathers, the true source of their greatness, the only spot where their names are hallowed by bright and enduring associations. Make this the foundation of your strength, the starting-point of your new career. Repeal that detested Union, by which her pure fame has been degraded and the blood of her children made the spoil of a foreign tyrant. Redeem her from this abasement; restore her to her former glory and her inalienable rights; atone for the

humiliation which the ill-judged policy, the fatal ambition of your fathers, have brought upon her; and what may you not hope from the self-devotion of gratitude, and the irresistible energy of independence?"

Thus compelled to remain in Scotland in opposition to his judgment and his wishes, Charles Edward resolved to make the most of this inauspicious delay for increasing his forces and organizing his government. He issued proclamations of amnesty and entire oblivion for all political offences. He sent circulars to all the local authorities, calling upon them to send in their reports and bring their contributions to Edinburgh. He despatched glowing accounts of his success to the court of France, urging the necessity of immediate coöperation in order to complete the work which had been so successfully begun. He renewed his applications to the chiefs who had not yet declared themselves, assuring them that they would be received as cordially as if they had joined him at the first moment; and he sent chosen emissaries into England to consult with his partisans there, and prepare the way for his invasion of that kingdom.

Meantime, his little army was encamped at Duddingstone, about two miles from Edinburgh, where, except that there was less of hardship in it, they led nearly the same lives as at their homes among the mountains. The tents of Cope's army had been pitched for their use, but it was long before they could accustom themselves to the restraint, breathing freer in the open air, and loving to sit round their watch-fires and listen to the songs of their bards. Every day the prince came to visit them, and make his rounds in person;

and wherever he saw a group collected, he would join in their conversation with a familiarity which went directly to their hearts, for it seemed to flow from his own; and he was always ready with some of those happy sayings which take such strong hold of the popular mind. Or if it chanced that some old bard was singing the glories of his clan, he would stop to listen and applaud, showing all the while, by his animated gestures and excited countenance, how deeply his imagination was struck by these wild old traditions of other days. Sometimes, instead of returning to town, he would pass the night in camp.

At Holyrood every thing wore the aspect of a splendid court, and the old halls, so long condemned to solitude, now rang once more with the sounds of festivity and triumph. Every morning a crowd of courtiers thronged the prince's levee, and the moment that this formality of royal life was over, he took his seat at the council-board. Then came the public dinner and the visit of his posts; and in the evening balls and receptions, where the wives and daughters of the Jacobites displayed their richest attire, and oftentimes, won by his grace and affability, would send next morning to pledge the jewels he had praised, in order to raise contributions for the good cause. New levies, too, were coming in from the mountains; new chiefs declaring their adherence and enrolling their vassals; and, notwithstanding the cautious policy of the Lowlands, a few small bands of volunteers were raised in the cities. But the most important event of all was the arrival of the Marquis d'Equilles as Ambassador from France, with letters from the king, and a small supply of arms and ammu-

dition ; and although he was not yet authorized to announce his mission openly, yet the presence of a Frenchman of rank, and the assurance that he would soon be followed by others with money and supplies, seemed a sufficient proof that the court of Versailles was at last beginning to open its eyes to its true interest, and would not long delay those more extensive succors, with the aid of which it would be so easy to decide the contest.

Feeble as these supplies were, Charles Edward resolved to put off his march into England no longer. Meeting the opposition of his council with the letters of his English adherents, who complained of being thus left a defenceless prey to the Hanoverians, he announced his fixed determination of entering England immediately, even at the risk of doing it alone. "I will raise my banner there," said he, "as I did in Scotland ; the faithful subjects of my father will gather round it, and with them I will either conquer or perish." The council yielded, and orders were issued for the march. By the troops the tidings were received with enthusiasm, for they were tired of the monotonous inaction of a camp, and longed once more for the excitement of marches and battles. In a general review of all the forces, they were found to amount to little more than seven thousand men ; but Scotland had been won with but half this number, destitute both of horse and artillery, and now they were supported by five hundred cavalry, they had seven cannon and four mortars, and, what was of far more account than all this, were glowing with enthusiasm and flushed by success.

Meanwhile, the interval had been employed by the English

government in active preparations for defence. The king had arrived from the continent and rallied his adherents around him. A strong division had been sent forward on the road to Newcastle under field-marshal Wade; another, under General Ligonier, had directed its march towards Lancaster, in order to cover the western frontier; while camps of reserve were forming at Finchley, and other points in the vicinity of the capital. The only road to London lay between the armies of Ligonier and Wade.

Charles Edward, with the boldness which had characterized all his measures, was for marching directly upon Newcastle, and fighting Wade on his way. But in this he allowed himself to be overruled by his council, who preferred entering England by Carlisle, where the nature of the country would be more favorable to the tactics of the mountaineers. It was on a Thursday, the 31st of October, at six o'clock in the evening, that the gallant young prince left his ancestral halls of Holyrood, which were never more to be trodden by the foot of a Stuart. That night he slept at Pinkie house, and next morning began his march. The more effectually to conceal his course, he had ordered lodgings to be taken all along the route to Berwick; and, dividing his troops, directed one detachment on Peebles, under the Marquis of Tullibardine, and putting himself at the head of the other, pressed forward towards Kelso, while a few small bodies took an intermediate road by Selkirk and Moss-paul. Redding, in Cumberland, was fixed upon as the general rendezvous.

Here, as on his advance through the Highlands, he march-

ed on foot at the head of his column, lightening the fatigue of the way by many a jest and merry saying,—the surest test, in the soldier's judgment, of his affection for those who were giving so strong a proof of their devotion to him. From Kelso, his route lay directly across the Tweed, and along the banks of the Liddel,* so often stained with blood in the wild wars of the border. The enthusiasm of the clans was at its height as they touched the English shore. They brandished their claymores, tossed their caps in the air, and uttered that shrill war-cry which seems like an invocation to the powers of havoc and blood. But Lochiel, in drawing his sword, wounded himself in the hand, and the evil omen instantly spread a superstitious dread through the ranks.

Crossing one more watercourse, the little streamlet of Eak, they halted at Redding, where they were soon after joined by the rest of the army. Charles now concentrated his forces, and advanced to lay siege to Carlisle. This city had once been classed among the strong posts of the kingdom, for it was the capital of the county, and exposed by its situation to sudden attacks from the Scottish border. But in the more tranquil times which had succeeded the union of the two crowns, the greater part of its defences had been suffered to fall to decay. The rampart still remained entire, but was in no condition to withstand a serious attack, and the only part which offered any chance of effectual resistance was the castle.

* The exquisite little Spanish ballad, *Rio Verde*, so beautifully translated by Longfellow in his *Outre Mer*, might, with a few changes of name, be applied to the Liddel.

The army of Marshal Wade, however, was within supporting distance; and the governor, relying upon this, resolved to defend himself to the last.

The moment Charles Edward heard that Wade was marching to the relief of Carlisle, he resolved to advance at once and offer him battle. Accordingly, leaving a small detachment before the town, he pressed forward with all his forces to Brampton, on the road to Newcastle. There he learned that the English general was still so far off, that, by a vigorous attack, he might hope to get possession of Carlisle before the relieving army could come up. The detachment he had left not being strong enough for this, a new one was despatched, under the Duke of Perth, to urge on the siege, while the main body remained at Brampton to watch the movements of the enemy. The trench was immediately opened, the Duke of Perth and Marquis of Tullibardine working, as they had fought, at the head of their men; the batteries were planted within eighty-five yards of the parapet, in spite of the fire of the garrison, which was heavy and well sustained, and fascines and ladders prepared for an assault. The governor now began to despair of making good his defence, and on receiving a second summons, hung out a white flag and offered to capitulate. Charles Edward came in person to receive the keys of the city, and Wade, on learning its surrender, retraced his steps towards Newcastle.

Two plans of action now presented themselves to the invaders; either to attack the enemy at Newcastle, or to march directly upon London. The former, could they have counted

upon meeting Wade in the field, would have been the wiser course; for in case of defeat, the frontier of Scotland was close at hand to retire upon, and a victory in England could hardly have failed to produce an immediate declaration of the Jacobites. But if, in adherence to the cautious policy which he had hitherto pursued, the English general should shut himself up in Newcastle, and protract his defence till the Duke of Cumberland, who had taken the place of Ligonier, could come to his relief, the prince would find himself hemmed in between two armies, either of which was singly his superior in number, in equipments, and in discipline. It was resolved, therefore, to march upon London, where there were strong reasons for believing that his partisans were sufficiently numerous to secure him a hearty reception. A portion of the Highlanders had deserted, but their places would soon be supplied by the English Jacobites, who would join him on his route, and his rear would be covered by the army of reserve, which had received orders to enter England without delay.

It was a bold game to play in the face of so experienced a general as the Duke of Cumberland. All along the road the bridges had been broken down, and all the usual means employed for throwing obstacles in his way. And in his own army there were many who, condemning the measure as needlessly hazardous, refused to give it that hearty coöperation which alone could insure its success. But here, as throughout the whole of his enterprize, Charles Edward felt that the boldest measures were the wisest.

A small garrison was placed in Carlisle, and, on the 21st

of November, the army was again put in motion, with the cavalry in advance. In Lancashire they were everywhere received with illuminations and ringing of bells; for here the Jacobites were far the greater number. Many a melancholy thought, and, perhaps, too, some sad forebodings were awakened at the sight of Preston, where, but thirty years before, some of the noblest chiefs of the Highlands had, by the treachery of one of their companions, fallen victims to their devotion to the exiled family. The event was still fresh in the minds of all, and the more so, from having been recorded in some of those touching little ballads, which perform one of the highest offices of poetry so beautifully, by preserving the memory of noble actions in the simple language of the heart. At Manchester, the prince divided his army into two columns, in order to advance more rapidly. His ranks were gradually filling up. Manchester and Preston had furnished six hundred recruits. A still more touching instance of devotion awaited him at Stockport. It was from an old lady by the name of Skyring that it came. When an infant in her mother's arms, she had been carried to see the landing of Charles the Second, and from that day loyalty became her worship. During the long exile of the Stuarts, she had every year set apart a portion of her income as a tribute to her rightful sovereign, carefully concealing from whom it came, lest her name should awaken unpleasant recollections of the ingratitude with which the services and sacrifices of her father had been repaid. And now that the last of this cherished race was come to claim his rights, old and infirm as she was, she sold her jewels and her plate, in order to raise a small

sum for his aid, and brought it to him in a purse, and laid it at his feet; "And now," said she, "let me die, for mine eyes have beheld him."

At Macclesfield the two columns met again. The advanced posts of the Duke of Cumberland were at Newcastle under Lyne, in Staffordshire, near enough to cut them off from the road to London. To prevent this, and deceive the enemy, a party of thirty horse was sent forward on the Newcastle road, as if the whole army were marching in that direction. Cumberland fell into the snare, and prepared himself for battle. Meanwhile, the prince was pressing forward in two columns, by Congleton and Gasworth, to Derby, which he entered in triumph on the 4th of December. The road was now open, and London but forty leagues distant.

Charles Edward had hardly entered his quarters, when a courier from Scotland brought him the welcome intelligence of the arrival of Lord Drummond at Montrose, with his own regiment, the royal Scotch, two squadrons of cavalry, and the pickets of the Irish brigade of Count Lally, whose tragic death,* after years of brilliant service, has left so deep a stain upon the name of Louis the Fifteenth. There came, at the same time, letters from his adherents in Wales, full of hope and promise; and from Newcastle, though garrisoned by the enemy; and some, too, from London, which, though less de-

* The filial piety of Lally Tollendal was a noble example for the Prince of Moskowa. But the son of Marshal Ney still retains his seat in the Chamber of Peers, while the ashes of his father lie undistinguished in their humble sepulchre, without any other record than the simple offerings with which individual gratitude piously labors to atone for the wanton violation of public justice.

cided, still gave a flattering picture of his prospects. He instantly summoned his council, and laid his despatches before them, trusting that they, too, would catch new vigor from the cheering tidings.

Such, however, was far from being their feeling. They had looked around them, and found themselves alone, in the heart of a country, which, if not hostile, was at least indifferent, and which the slightest reverse might raise up against them. They had been weighing all the chances of victory and all the hazards of defeat, and counting one by one the obstacles in their way, till their hearts sank within them; and of all their former confidence, the only hope that remained was of safety and retreat.

When the prince laid his despatches before them, they listened in silence, and with the constrained air of men who have some unwelcome thing to say, which they know not how to bring out. At last Lord George Murray arose, and, in a set speech, drew a dark picture of their position, the state of the country, the wavering and unsatisfactory conduct of the English Jacobites, the difficulties that beset them on every side, and which seemed to increase with every step, the rashness of persevering in an enterprise from which they had so much to fear and so little to hope, and concluded by insisting upon the necessity of an immediate retreat. All seemed to mark their approbation by their looks and gestures. It was evident that the whole scene had been concerted. The Duke of Perth alone stood aloof, leaning his head upon the mantelpiece, and with a dejected countenance, which seemed to say that this was one of those occasions, in which the prince's will should be the law of his adherents.

Charles Edward was taken wholly by surprise, for never had his hopes been higher, and never had he been less apprehensive of opposition. The ardor of his troops, who, boasting that they had penetrated farther into England than their fathers had ever done, were eager to be led to battle; the promises of his adherents, who, from all sides, gave him the strongest attestations of their zeal for his cause; the landing of one part of his reinforcements, with the assurance that the first fair wind would bring the remainder, under the guidance of his brother and the Duke of Richelieu;—had all inspired him with such confidence, that he had almost fancied himself at the gates of Whitehall, when he was thus suddenly summoned to retrace his steps towards Scotland. It was in vain that he urged every argument, answered every objection,—that he addressed himself to the personal feelings, the pride, the love of glory, the professions of loyalty of the chiefs, and with tears of indignation and rage, declared that he had rather be buried twenty feet under ground than give his consent to a measure so fatal. The resolve of the council had been taken, and he was compelled to yield.

The retreat began before daybreak, and for a while the troops marched cheerfully on, in the confidence that three days more would bring them to London. But as day began to dawn, and they began to recognize by the way-side the same houses and fields which they had passed by but two days before,—“What does this mean?” said one to another. “Is this the victory that has been promised us? Or have we been beaten, that we are condemned to retreat?” And the feeling, gathering strength as it spread from rank to rank, at

length broke out in one unanimous cry of indignation, which the chiefs, with all the weight of their hereditary authority, could scarcely suppress. The prince came in the rear, silent, dejected, heedless of what was said or done around him. The hour of hope was past, and the fate of the Stuarts was sealed forever.

Two days passed before the Duke of Cumberland became fully aware of the enemy's intentions; and then, mounting a part of his foot behind the cavalry, and despatching orders to Marshal Wade to cut them off from the road to Scotland, he pressed forward in pursuit. But with the double advantage of a two day's start and the habitual rapidity of their movements, the Highlanders were already too far in advance to be overtaken. Wade continued to move with his usual hesitation, and when the Duke of Cumberland joined him, the main body of the retreating army was already well on its way towards Carlisle. The rear-guard, under Lord Murray, which had remained a little behind in order to repair some of the baggage-waggons, was the only portion which came in contact with the English, whom they defeated in the brilliant combat of Clifton enclosures, where Murray manœuvred with so much skill as to give his little army the appearance of double its number, and the Duke of Cumberland, but for a pistol's missing fire, would have been killed on the field.

On the 31st of December, the anniversary of the prince's birthday, the army reëntered Scotland. During the last few days it had been raining without intermission, and the worn tartans, the bare feet, and long beards of the men, showed what hard service they had been performing. This evil,

however, was easily repaired by a contribution of the city of Glasgow, which, having all along been distinguished by its hostility, could with more justice be singled out as a fit subject for punishment.

But not so with the injurious impressions produced by the retreat, which, as Charles Edward had clearly foretold, was everywhere interpreted as a confession of inferiority. The Hanoverian magistrates had resumed their functions; the English troops were returning into the kingdom; the partisans of the existing government were rising to its support; and several, who had hitherto kept aloof, in order to judge by the result, now came forward and declared themselves against the restoration. Edinburgh had opened its gates to General Hawley, and all the Lowlands seemed upon the point of being reconquered by the House of Hanover, with as much ease and rapidity, as they had been won by its opponents. In England, Carlisle, the only point which an effort had been made to retain, had been compelled to surrender after a few days siege, and its garrison of three hundred men were the first upon that dark roll of victims, which marked the bloody triumph of Cumberland.

Bitterly as he had been disappointed, Charles Edward resolved to struggle to the last, and one more gleam of hope came to cheer him in his sorrow. Still, his confidence in his adherents had been shaken, and we shall no more find in him that buoyancy of spirit, that frankness of heart, that freshness and overflowing of feeling, which enthusiasm inspires, until bitter experience comes to check its expansion by the proofs which it brings, in far too great abundance, of the selfishness

of human motives and the insincerity of man's professions. The army of reserve, which had not yet moved from Perth, was ordered to hasten forward in order to effect its junction with the main body, and with his united forces, nine thousand men in all, he proceeded to lay siege to Stirling. The town surrendered in two days, and the citadel, built, like that of Edinburgh, upon a precipitous rock, was immediately invested.

The loss of this important post might have produced another revulsion in public feeling, still wavering between the two parties. To prevent so fatal an occurrence, the English general resolved to advance and offer battle. Like Sir John Cope, he was too fully convinced of the superiority of his disciplined battalions to doubt the result for a moment; and accordingly, without waiting for the reinforcements which were hourly expected, he put himself at the head of the eight thousand men he had at hand, and marched rapidly forward towards Stirling. But before he set out upon his march, he caused five gibbets to be erected in one of the principal squares of Edinburgh, for the more speedy punishment of those of the rebels, who should be unhappy enough to escape death in the field.

Charles Edward's spirits revived at the prospect of a battle. He had with him nine thousand men, a larger army than he had ever commanded before, and among them were several regiments on whose discipline and experience he could fully rely. A thousand men were left to continue the siege, and with the rest he advanced to meet the enemy. The two armies were thus nearly equal in number, the English having received on the eve of the battle a reinforcement of a thousand

volunteers. If, as a whole, they were better armed, and trained by a more rigorous discipline, their adversaries had the advantage of a higher enthusiasm and the prestige of two victories. Hawley encamped in the plain of Falkirk, a name of bitter remembrance to the Scotch, for it was here that the first Edward had triumphed by treachery over the heroic valor of Wallace, and tradition still pointed out the withered trunk of the oak amid whose branches the unfortunate chieftain had sought shelter in his flight. But Bannockburn, too, was near, and at their head was the prince in whose gallant bearing and noble countenance they had traced, with the fondest hopes the air and the features of a Bruce.

The ground between Stirling and Falkirk was formerly covered by Torwood forest, some vestiges of which remain to the present day. Throughout its whole extent, it is an almost unbroken level, except about a mile to the south-west of Falkirk, where it rises into an irregular platform, which commands the plain, and affords an extensive view of the surrounding country. From this eminence the little stream of Carron descends, winding its course through the fields, to the scene of Bruce's victory. On its banks you now find a forge, and, in place of the wild heather which once covered the plateau, a thick-grown plantation of trees; but in the names of Battle-field and Red-burn,* tradition still preserves the memory of the day when fortune smiled for the last time on the arms of the Stuarts.

So far was General Hawley from dreaming of being at

* Those who love to compare traditions will remember the *Sanguineto* of Thrasymene. Will the name of Red-burn last as long?

tacked, that he had pitched his camp in the plain, without taking any measures to secure the possession of the eminence, and was enjoying a late breakfast at Callander castle, to which he had been invited, with a species of treacherous hospitality, by the countess of Kilmarnock, when news was brought him that Charles Edward had already crossed the Carron. Positive as the report was, he refused to credit it, and it was only upon the arrival of a third messenger, that he could tear himself from the pleasures of the table. When he reached his camp, the troops were already under arms, and a few bodies of the enemy were beginning to make their appearance on the plateau. The plain was covered with men, women, and children, flying, with whatever they could carry with them, from a spot which was so soon to become the scene of mortal strife. Some few, bolder than the rest, had climbed the steeple of the village-church in order to see the fight. And to increase the wildness of the scene, a violent storm had arisen, with wind and rain, fit precursors of the tempest which was so soon to rage beneath. The wind blew from the south-west, driving the rain full in the faces of the English, and the clouds, gathering fold upon fold, gave a double gloom to the evening shadows which were already approaching.

Hawley drew up his men in two lines, with the Glasgow volunteers and the clan of Campbell for a reserve. Among the officers in the first line was one whose name was one day to become glorious in the battle-fields of the New World, the gallant Wolfe. The British general had easily divined the enemy's intention in taking possession of the plateau, and sent forward a regiment of cavalry in order to seize upon it before

they could make good their hold. But it was too late. The advantage of position was already lost, and it now remained to be seen what discipline and experience could do towards atoning for the neglect.

The prince's army came out upon the plateau in two columns, which, displaying to the right and left, were quickly formed in line of battle. On this day the MacGregors shared with the MacDowals the post of honor on the right. Lord George Murray commanded on the right, and Lord Drummond on the left. In the second line were the regiments which had recently arrived from France. "Lally," said Charles Edward, as he rode along the line, "those English know you; they fought at Fontenoy." "True, my prince," replied the gallant veteran; "but to renew our acquaintance, my officers and I would like to be a little nearer to the first fire."

Hawley had often boasted that a single troop of horse would be enough to scatter the mountaineers; but as the day was far advanced and the tempest increasing, he ordered his whole cavalry to charge together, and the infantry to advance to their support. "Hold your fire till they come within fair gun-shot," was Murray's order to his line, and it was strictly obeyed. "T is certain death that we are going to!" murmured the horsemen, on hearing the order to charge; but they spurred forward their horses and rushed to the attack. The Highlanders let them come near enough to make their aim sure, and then, pouring in one tremendous volley, the whole line was, in an instant, enveloped in a dense veil of smoke. As the wind swept it away the ground was seen cov-

ered with horses and horsemen, wounded and dead and dying overthrown together, while the survivors were flying broken and disordered at the top of their speed. Only one battalion dared to charge. It was led by a young officer by the name of Whitney, who, as he drew near the enemy, recognized in their ranks an old friend of former days, John Roy Stewart. "We shall be with you in an instant," cried Whitney to his friend, as his troop came thundering on. "You will be right welcome," was the reply; and at the same instant a bullet from the Scottish ranks struck the gallant officer from his horse. His men rushed on to avenge his fall, and in the shock of the encounter overturned the first rank and trampled down several officers and men. But the second rank, slipping under the horses' bellies, stabbed them with their dirks, and then grappled the riders as they fell. The defeat of the cavalry was complete.

The infantry now advanced to the charge, and Murray again called to his men to let the enemy come close up before they fired. But the blood of the mountaineers was already warmed by the contest, and the MacDowals, springing forward and loading their pieces as they ran, threw in a close fire, which broke the English ranks almost before they had time to return it. A few only ventured to make a stand in a ravine on the right, where a small body of Cobham's dragoons rallied behind them, and sustained the combat a few moments longer. The MacDowals hesitated, and began to fall back for fear of ambuscade. Charles Edward, seeing their hesitation, advanced to their support at the head of his reserve, and in a moment the whole English army was driven from the field.

"Where are they?" said the officers to one another, as they looked around them for the enemy. "It is a ruse," cried Lord Drummond, "in order to draw us into an ambuscade; those are the royal Scots, who fought so well at Fontenoy." And this it was that saved the English army from total extermination. Hawley had fled with the cavalry; but General Huske, profiting by the mistake of the Scotch, drew off the remnants of his right wing and dragoons, which had held firm to the last, and retreated in good order towards Edinburgh, leaving six hundred dead on the field, and six hundred wounded and prisoners in the hands of the enemy. The prince's loss was forty killed and eighty wounded.

Had Charles Edward now marched directly upon Edinburgh, it can hardly be doubted that he might have easily gained possession of the city, and effaced by the splendor of this double triumph the unfavorable impressions which had been produced by his retreat from Derby. The hope, too, of another battle and the excitement of immediate action would have retained his Highlanders at their post, and prevented that general desertion with which his victory threatened him. But dissensions had begun to creep in among his officers, and the demoralizing effects of retreat upon an army so loosely organized, were apparent in all their movements. Instead of following up their success, and pressing upon the enemy before he could recover from his panic, the time was lost in idle recriminations, and the strength of the army vainly wasted in the siege of the castle of Stirling, which, firm on its rocky base, set all their efforts at defiance.

There was another cause, too, for this delay; and in order

to trace it to its source, we must go back to Italy, and to the year 1719. In that year had been completed the negotiations for the marriage of the Chevalier of St. George with the Princess Mary Casimir Clementine Sobieski, granddaughter of the heroic king of Poland, and believed to be one of the richest heiresses of Europe. Her father, having failed of an election to the throne, was living in Austria under the protection of Charles the Sixth, and it seemed as though there was something in the destiny of the two betrothed, which gave a peculiar propriety to their union. But the moment that the tidings of an event so important to the tranquillity of his own family reached the ears of George of England, he addressed a strong remonstrance to the imperial court, complaining of this infraction of the friendship that existed between the two nations, and calling upon the emperor to interpose his authority in order to prevent its accomplishment. Charles readily complied with his demand, and forbade the marriage; and shortly after, the young princess, who had escaped with her mother and was on her way to Italy, was arrested at Innspruck, and shut up in a convent. The evil star of the Stuarts seemed to extend its fatal influence to all those who ventured to share in their fortunes.

Among the exiles of the insurrection of 1715 was John Walkenshaw, Baron of Baronsfield, one of the prisoners of Sheriffsmoor, but who had succeeded in making his escape in time to avoid the fate by which so many of his companions had atoned for their fidelity to the exiled monarch. From that time he had continued to live on the continent, still attached to the cause for which he had hazarded life and for-

tune, and ever ready to give new proofs of his devotion. For him, as for all those of his party, the question of James's marriage was one of the deepest interest, and the news of George's interference and Clementine's arrest excited the highest indignation. At first, he endeavored to intercede with the emperor in her favor; but failing in this, he resolved to effect her liberation by stratagem. Another exile, by the name of Wogan, agreed to share the hazards of the attempt; and to complete the party, they took with them a Captain Toole and Major Wisset and his wife. An Austrian passport was obtained for the Count de Cernes and his family, pilgrims to the holy house of Loreto, and thus provided they set out upon their perilous enterprize. Lady Walkenshaw was to pass for the countess, and Wogan for her brother-in-law; while a quickwitted maid, whose love of a romantic adventure was heightened by the promise of a liberal reward, consented to play the part of the countess's sister, until she could change places with the princess in her convent-prison. So well arranged was the whole plot, that the party reached Innsbruck and succeeded in opening a communication with the prisoner, without exciting suspicion. Their offers of assistance were gladly accepted; the maid changed dresses with the princess, and taking her place in the convent, the rest of the party pushed on for the Venetian frontier. Thence they proceeded to Bologna, where the marriage was performed by proxy. The only reward that Walkenshaw would accept at the hands of the princess was the promise, that, if he ever became a father, she would stand godmother to his child. The promise was faithfully performed, and the daughter that was

born to him some time afterwards received at the font the name of Clementine.

When Charles Edward, on laying siege to Stirling, took up his quarters at the castle of Bannockburn, the Jacobite leaders of the neighborhood hastened to present their families at his little court. Among the young damsels who graced it, was one of remarkable beauty, whose aspect and manners, accustomed as he was to this sort of homage, struck him with peculiar force. But how much deeper was the impression, when he heard the name of Clementine, and learned that she was the daughter of that noble-hearted chieftain to whom his mother had been indebted for her freedom. The effect upon the mind of the young Clementine was equally strong. This was the prince of whom, from her earliest childhood, she heard so often ; his youth, the charms of his manners, the graces of his person, the romantic enterprise in which he was engaged, all conspired to awaken a feeling in her young heart, which she at first may have mistaken for loyalty, though she soon discovered that it was love. The camp was so near, and a long siege leaves so many hours unemployed, that Charles Edward, without any apparent neglect of his duty, could easily find time for long and earnest interviews. He had the story of his own romantic adventures to tell, and could draw for her bright pictures of the sunny South ; she, the youthful remembrances with which his mother's name was so closely interwoven, and that loveliest of all pictures, woman's heart, unconsciously yielding, with all the fervor and self-devotion of her sex, to the pure and gentle inspirations of a first and ardent love. Sincere and honora-

ble in his feelings Charles Edward promised himself that he would soon be able to place her by his side upon the throne of Scotland ; for she was of an ancient family, allied to the first houses of the kingdom, whose attachment would become all the stronger for so marked a distinction. But she had read the future with woman's truer instinct, and thought rather of the day when her voice and her love would be the sole charm and solace of his exile. And she was true to her word, and, when every hope had failed him, and the nearest and dearest had abandoned him to his fate, she sought him out in solitude, and in the darkest hour of his adversity united her destiny with his.

The drama was fast drawing to a close. The Duke of Cumberland, who, after the fall of Carlisle, had returned to London, no sooner received the news of the battle of Falkirk, than he resolved not to entrust the command of the army to subordinate hands any longer, but to put himself at its head, without delay, and complete the conquest of Scotland by the most vigorous measures. He accordingly hastened to Edinburgh, drew around him all those who had been distinguished for their adhesion to his family, issued the severest instructions to the rebels, and proclaiming his intention of putting a speedy termination to the war, marched out, with ten thousand men, in two columns, to meet the enemy. Charles Edward would gladly have risked the chances of another battle ; but his army was too much reduced by the customary desertion of the Highlanders to justify so hazardous a venture ; and raising the siege of the castle which was on the eve of surrendering, he crossed the Forth, and retreated towards the

Highlands. Here, in order to facilitate his march and distract the enemy's attention, he divided his army into two columns, one of which, under his own guidance, pursued the direct route through the mountains, while the other, led by Lord George Murray, took the road by the seacoast. Inverness was fixed upon for the general rendezvous.

Cumberland pursued him as far as Perth. It was the depth of winter, and while the severity of the weather and the natural obstacles of a wild and mountainous country arrested his troops at every step, and compelled him to proceed with the utmost precaution, his light-footed enemy was moving rapidly before him, and doubling every day, without any perceptible effort, the distance that lay between them. These considerations, and the news which he had received of the landing of a reinforcement of six thousand men under his brother-in-law, Prince Frederic of Hesse, induced him to retrace his steps to Edinburgh, where, after this short experience of the nature of the opposition he was to encounter, he would be better able to devise his measures for the effectual subjugation of the kingdom.

Charles Edward easily gained possession of Inverness, though defended by two thousand men, and spread his forces over an extensive tract of country. Nothing else could be done till the return of spring, and then, if France should, in the interval, fulfil her oft-repeated promises of support, there was every reason to hope that he might open the campaign with the defeat of Cumberland, and renew, under better auspices, his attempt upon England. These well founded hopes were defeated by the shameful negligence and dilatoriness of

the court of Versailles. His remonstrances were disregarded, his agents listened to with incredulity. It was in vain that he detailed all his wants, and reported all his successes. The king and his ministers, wavering and undecided in their councils, subjected to the caprice and passions of a vain and voluptuous mistress, frittered away in deliberation the time which should have been devoted to action, and persisted, with a half timid, half treacherous policy, in putting off to the morrow what could only be accomplished by doing it to-day.

Meanwhile winter wore away and spring came on, and the Duke of Cumberland hastened to take the field. Charles Edward made every effort to collect his army ; but six thousand men were all that he could bring together, and part of these were soon dispersed again by the scarcity of provisions. Cumberland advanced towards Inverness, and encamped within a few miles of his antagonist. Charles hoped to make up for his inferiority by a night attack, in which his men would have the advantage of their familiarity with the ground. Two thousand men were collected for the enterprise, and midnight, when the English camp would be buried in that deep slumber, which follows an evening of debauch, was fixed upon for the onset. But the night was so dark that even the Highlanders were delayed in their march, and at two in the morning, they were still three miles from the enemy. Charles Edward was at hand with a strong reinforcement, which he had collected in order to support the main body. Several of the chiefs still insisted upon proceeding ; but Murray, whose prudence as a tactician led him more than once to mistake the character of the troops he

commanded, and the real nature of his position, ordered a retreat. Tired, disappointed, and hungry, the men retraced their steps.

At break of day, Cumberland, little dreaming of the danger he had escaped, was under arms and advanced to offer battle. And now, for the first time, the prince allowed his impatience to overcome him. Six thousand men were all that he could muster, and his enemy counted ten thousand; but great as the disparity was, he resolved to risk an engagement. His council opposed his resolution with arguments and entreaties; they painted the state of the two armies, the one exhausted by privations and hunger, the other fresh and vigorous from a well stored camp. They urged the necessity of giving time for the remainder of the clans to come in; that every day would bring him a new accession of strength, and diminish that of his antagonist; that, by confining himself to a war of skirmishes and surprises, he could draw his enemy into the mountains, entangle him in their passes, harass him by cutting off his supplies, weaken him by surprising his detachments, and, having once got the advantage of number, of position, and of feeling upon his side, attack him at his own choice, and with the certainty of success. The French minister threw himself at Charles's feet, and begged him to wait but a few days longer. But argument and entreaty were vain. The evil star of the Stuarts had resumed its sway, and the unfortunate prince rushed headlong upon his fate. It is said, too, that some of his officers had been bought over by the enemy, and treacherously labored to confirm him in his fatal resolution.

The ill-fated army was encamped on the plains of Cullo-den. The weather was piercing cold; they had no beds but the heather, which served them also as fuel for their fires. Part were still dispersed among the mountains in search of provisions, and others were engaged in parcelling out a few cattle that had been brought in for food, when the columns of the enemy appeared upon the opposite border of the plain. Charles Edward had just taken his seat at table; but instead of continuing his repast, though he had been for hours without food, he sprang instantly to his horse, and gave orders to range the troops for battle. The drum beat to arms, the bagpipes breathed forth, for the last time, the shrill gathering-call of the clans; alarm-guns were fired to call in the stragglers. Soon they came pouring in, for it was a welcome sound, and, forgetful of their hunger and careless of their inferiority, they ranged themselves joyously in their ranks, each under the chief and the banner he had so often followed to victory. One good omen came to cheer them at the last moment; the Frazers and MacDonalds, who were supposed to be still many miles distant, came up in time to take their posts before the battle began. But the MacPhersons and the MacGregors, and half of the Glengarys, and nearly the whole clan of the MacKenzies, were still absent, and six thousand men were all that could be brought together for this last and decisive struggle.

The army was drawn up in two lines, the Highlanders in the first, the Lowlanders and foreign regiments in the second. Four pieces of cannon were placed at each extremity of the first line, and four in the centre. On the right of the first

line was a squadron of the horse-guards; and on the left of the second, Fitz-James's light horse. The remainder of the cavalry was stationed with the reserve under Lord Kilmarnock. The prince took his stand on the right of the second line, on an eminence which commanded the field.

The Duke of Cumberland, profiting by the disasters of Hawley and Cope, had drawn up his men in three parallel divisions, with his cannon on one flank, and his cavalry on the other. Each division being composed of four regiments, each regiment came in this manner to serve as a support for the other, so that, if the impetuous onset of the Highlanders should break through one, there would still be three more to overcome before they could complete their victory. And in order to deprive the enemy of the defence of their targets, the men were ordered to present their bayonets obliquely, so as to aim their blow, not at the man immediately before them, but at the one at his side. As a record of Preston and Falkirk, free permission was granted, by the order of the day, to every one that was willing to confess himself a coward, to withdraw before the battle began; and certain death was denounced as the punishment of those who dared to desert their posts after the signal had been given. "Flanders! Flanders!" was the reply, for there, at least, these men had won the name of veterans.

The plain of Culloden is a vast heath, extending from east to west, between the mountains and the sea, with nearly a level surface. There was nothing in the nature of the ground to favor the tactics of the mountaineers, no strong position in which to make a stand, no elevation from which to rush down

upon their enemy. On their right, but not near enough to rest upon, were the river Nairn and the mountains; on their left, the sea and the parks of Culloden-house. The only elevation was on the opposite side of the plain, and that was in the hands of the enemy. The advantage of position, as well as of number, was against them.

It was one in the afternoon when the two armies drew nigh to one another. The morning had been clear, but now the sky was suddenly overcast, and thick volumes of murky clouds began to darken the air. A violent wind arose from the north-east, accompanied with snow and rain, which it dashed in the faces of the Scotch, as it had done in those of their enemies on the plain of Falkirk. An indefinite dread, a superstitious horror, seized the minds of the Highlanders, for it was on their own heath and among their native mountains that the elements had declared against them.

The battle began by a cannonade, which, on the part of the Highlanders, did but little execution, for their artillerists had miscalculated the distance, and nearly all their shot fell short. But when the enemy came to fire in turn, their balls fell like hailstones on the Highland line, ploughing deep furrows wherever they struck the plain, and carrying death and confusion through the ranks. It was a fearful trial for those undisciplined mountaineers, accustomed as they always had been to come at once to close quarters, and decide every thing by the impetuosity of their onset. At length the order was given to advance, and again their war-cry rang loud and shrill, and each man, drawing his cap tight over his brow, firmly grasping his claymore in his right hand, and throwing

out his dirk and target with his left, sprang forward with tiger fury to grapple with his foe. The English line stood firm to receive them, and, presenting their bayonets obliquely, met the shock without wavering. The targets glanced harmlessly along the polished barrels of the muskets, but the point of the bayonet went true to its mark, and with every thrust a Highlander fell. Another struggle, and still another, and the mangled bodies of the dead and the dying, of friend and foe, were heaped up like a bulwark in front of the line. The first rank of the English was crushed, but a terrific cross-fire from the second came to support the bristling wall of bayonets, at whose feet the second rank of the Scotch fell, one upon another, before they could aim a blow in return. A few still pressed onward with the recklessness of despair, but it was only to swell the bloody pile of victims, and Wolfe's regiment, formed *en potence*, now prepared with the reserve and the extreme right to envelop the survivors. The MacDonalds, dissatisfied at not having received their usual post on the right, refused to charge with the rest of the line, and, after a short scattering fire, retired from the field. Their chief alone rushed forward, with his shield-bearer and his nephew. "The children of my tribe abandon me!" was his melancholy cry, and a few moments afterwards he fell, pierced with wounds.

The rout of the first line was complete, but the second remained entire, and with this Charles Edward still hoped to win the day. His horse had checked the English cavalry, and could the Highlanders have been rallied, and induced to try their terrific charge once more, it might have been thrown

back upon the infantry, and opened the way for the advance of the second line. "Courage!" cried the prince, riding in among them to place himself at their head; "we can yet make the day our own." But their discouragement had struck too deep, and his officers, gathering around him, forced him from the field. A part of the vanquished army fled towards Inverness, and part, crossing the Nairn, dispersed themselves among the mountains.

Resistance had ceased, but still the work of death went on. Cumberland lingered upon the plain to count his victims. "Wolfe, blow out that insolent fellow's brains," said he to the future hero of Quebec, pointing out to him a wounded Highlander, who had raised his head upon his hand, and lay gazing upon his conqueror with a bitter smile. "I am no executioner," replied Wolfe, and the noble rebuke was long treasured up with the unerring tenacity of revenge.

The soldiers, animated by the example and approbation of their leader, gave full play to their thirst of blood. They mangled the wounded; they mutilated the dead; they dipped their hands in the blood, and threw it at one another with shouts and laughter, as children play with water. Those whom they did not see fit to despatch at once, they stripped of their clothes, and, reserving them for a longer torture, left them naked upon the field, exposed to all the horrors of a tempest and a night among the mountains. Next day they returned, and renewed their fiendlike sports. A few unhappy wretches, less severely wounded, or stronger than their fellows, had survived the horrors of the night, and were still breathing. They were instantly despatched, and this might

almost be called a deed of mercy. But on counting their victims anew, the third day after the battle, it was found that some had either escaped, or been carried away by their friends. A strict search was immediately instituted through all the cottages of the neighborhood, and wherever a wounded soldier was found, he was mercilessly butchered. There was one small party which had taken refuge in a shed, where the shepherds had kindly sheltered them, and dressed their wounds. The shed was instantly set on fire, and the wounded men and their protectors were consumed in the flames, while a strong body kept guard around it, that none might escape. Nineteen officers, after wandering two days and two nights in a wood, had been admitted into a courtyard of one of the Culloden-house farms. The moment that they were discovered, they were seized, tightly bound with cords that tore open their wounds, dragged upon a cart to a neighboring inclosure, and shot; and the murderers, as if doubting the effects of their bullets, rushed in upon them as they lay stretched upon the ground, and completed the work of death, by beating out their brains with their musket-stocks. The imagination shrinks appalled from such wanton barbarity, and one is almost tempted to deny that deeds like these could have been perpetrated in a civilized country, and under the eyes of a son of the king of England. But the narratives which record them are of unquestionable authenticity, and, revolting as the picture is, we have not hesitated to sketch it, as a record for our countrymen of the ideas which, only thirty years before the outbreak of our own revo-

lution, the king of England and his soldiers attached to the name of rebel. *

Meanwhile, weary, wounded, and disheartened, Charles Edward had directed his flight towards Gorthleek, a seat of Lord Lovat, the chief of the Frazers. His horse had been shot under him, and when he presented himself in the hall, with his garments soiled with mire and stained with blood, the vaunted courage of the wily old chief seemed to abandon him at the sight, and, instead of receiving his prince with words of consolation and respect, he broke out into exclamations of despair at the ruin of his house, and the bloody fate which awaited his own gray hairs. After a few hours of repose, the prince resumed his flight, with only seven companions, part of whom he was soon compelled to separate from; for the alarm had been spread, and numerous parties, allured by the price that had been set upon his head, were searching for him in every direction. Soon, the country became so rugged that he could no longer continue his way on horseback. The mountains rose on every side wild and broken, separated only by deep glens, where torrents, swollen and chilled by the rain and snow, were to be forded at every step. A straggling sheep-path that he found from time to time was his only relief from climbing precipices, and letting himself down the sides of worn and slippery crags. In this

*Four hundred English officers had been released by Charles Edward upon parole. When the Duke of Cumberland came to take the command, he sent a circular to them, ordering them to join their regiments under pain of disobedience. All obeyed but four, who alone had the courage to reply to this insulting order, — "that the duke was master of their commissions, but not of their honor."

way, after four days, he reached the little village of Glenbeisdale, in the canton of Moidart, where, but a few months before, he had landed so full of confidence and hope. Here he received a letter from Lord George Murray, begging him to come and put himself at the head of the relics of his army, a little over a thousand men, who were assembled at Badenoch, and make one effort more. But he was now convinced that nothing could be done without the succors of France, which, if they had been withheld at a moment when everything seemed to promise success, would hardly be ventured after so fatal a reverse. His own presence at Versailles seemed to offer the only chance of bringing that hesitating and reluctant court to a decision, while the utmost that he could hope to accomplish by remaining in Scotland would be to keep up for a few weeks longer a destructive partisan warfare, which, even if successful, could lead to no decisive results. This reasoning, so plausible in itself, was supported by the advice of Clanranald and the other chiefs who had joined him; and although, upon a cooler examination, there appear many grounds for calling its correctness in doubt, yet it can hardly be considered surprising that it should have been adopted as the wisest course, at a moment of such deep depression. Sorrow has its intoxication as well as joy, and few men have received from nature, or won by education, a texture of mind firm enough to justify that inconsiderate condemnation, which is lavished so freely upon the errors into which dependency sometimes leads the wisest and the best.

The whole country was now on the alarm; English cruisers hovering on the coast, and guarding the passes of the islands,

and strong bands of soldiers scattered in patrols along the shore and through the valleys, following like bloodhounds upon every track, and subjecting every nook and corner to the most rigorous examination. Charles Edward was not suffered to remain long in tranquillity at his little asylum of Airsaig. His traces had been discovered, and a party was approaching to seize him. His companions fled in different directions, and he took refuge in a wood. As he was wandering here alone, at a loss which way to direct his steps, he met the pilot whom he had sent for to the isle of Skye. It was a cheering omen, and seemed to say that all had not abandoned him in this hour of need. The weather was upon the point of changing, and the heavens were lowering with the well known signs of an approaching tempest. It seemed like courting destruction to embark at such a moment upon that stormy sea; but to remain on shore was captivity or death. The tempest burst upon them in all its fury. The rain fell in torrents upon their unprotected heads. The waves tossed their little barque like foam, seeming at times as if they would engulf it in their abysses, or dash it in fragments upon the rock-bound coast, where the breakers broke with that hollow, ominous sound which makes the stoutest seaman quail. Night came on, and they had no compass to steer by. In ten hours, they had run a hundred miles, and at length they landed on the little island of Benbecula. It was almost a desert. A few crabs which they caught among the rocks, and a little barley-meal mixed with water, was their only food; an old cow-house was their shelter. Next day they found the cow, and made a better meal.

The tempest still continued to rage with unabated violence, and it was not till the 29th that they were enabled to embark once more, and direct their course towards Lewis island, when they hoped to find a French cruiser. But they had hardly put off when another tempest came up, which drove them to the islet of Glass. Here they gave themselves out for shipwrecked merchants, O'Sullivan taking the name of St. Clair, and passing the prince for his son. A farmer gave them shelter, and lent his boat to MacLeod, the pilot, to go upon the lookout as far as Stornoway, the port of Lewis island, which they looked to as the end of their wanderings. He soon sent back word to the prince to follow him, but the wind again drove the wanderer from his course, and he was compelled to land at Loch Seaforth, and continue his journey on foot. The guide missed his way, and it was not till the evening of the second day that he reached Point Ayrniah, a mile from Stornoway. Here he stopped, while one of the party went forward to reconnoitre. MacLeod soon joined him, not with the cheering tidings that the vessel he had hoped to find was ready to receive him, but to tell him that the population, warned of his approach, were upon the point of rising to repel him or make him prisoner, unless he consented to retrace his steps without delay. Burke was for returning at once. "My good friend," said Charles Edward, "if you are afraid, you will spoil our supper. If it is so that you are alarmed for, be under no uneasiness, for nobody will ever take me alive; and woe to the first man that comes near me with any such intention! But there is a time for every thing, and the most important question at this moment, is how to get supper."

They remained there all that night and started again at day-break, and now a new danger presented itself; for a few hours after they had left the shore, four cruisers hove in sight, and they were compelled to take shelter in the little island of Is-surt, where they passed four days in a hut without a roof. At length they ventured out again, creeping under the shore of that long chain of islands which are comprised under the general name of Long Island, being supposed to have been originally all united in one. The cruisers continued to hang upon their track, and pursue them from point to point, so that it was only by slipping in between the rocks and islets, where they were hidden from view, that they succeeded in escaping. In this manner they came back again to Benbecula, closely pursued by an English cruiser, which was happily driven off by a sudden squall, just as they came to shore. Here, while they lived on shell-fish, hiding themselves during the day in a little hut, the entrance of which was so low that they were obliged to crawl into it on hands and knees, one of the party was sent to invite the old chief of Clanranald, who lived on Long Island, to an interview, and another with letters to Lochiel and Murray of Broughton, the prince's secretary. Clanranald came in the night, attended by his children's tutor, MacDonald, or, as he was commonly called, MacEachen, who from that time attached himself to the prince's person. The old chief was deeply moved to find the son of his sovereign in this miserable little hovel, with his clothes falling off in shreds, and his whole frame extenuated by hunger and fatigue. It would have been dangerous to both, to have carried him to his own dwelling; but MacEachen was ordered to

conduct him to a little country-house at Corodale, a valley in the centre of South Uist. After the huts and caverns in which he had been living, this seemed to Charles like a palace. Here he remained for several weeks. Nearly all the inhabitants of the island were partisans of his family, and none would be likely to betray him, even if they had known that he was among them. Game was plenty, and he amused himself with fishing and shooting, and was sometimes not a little surprised to find himself as happy at a good shot as he had ever been after a victory. From time to time Lady MacDonald sent him the newspapers, bringing him back again to the world, which he had lost sight of during his flight.

One evening, as his faithful companion, Burke, was preparing for supper part of a deer, the fruit of that day's hunt, a young beggar, allured by the savory odor, came and seated himself at Charles Edward's side, to claim his share in the feast. Burke, more attentive than his master to the distinctions of etiquette, was upon the point of driving him away. "Remember, my friend," said the prince, "that the Scripture bids us feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Let this man eat, and after he has done, you will give him a coat to cover himself with."

Never was charity worse bestowed, for the wretch had no sooner swallowed his meal, and drawn his new garment around him, than he hastened to give information to the agents of government against the suspicious stranger, who was thus secreted in the heart of the island. Charles Edward was compelled to abandon his quiet asylum, and trust himself

once more to the chances of the winds and the waves. For awhile he wandered about from island to island, shifting his abode as the danger drew nigh, and returning again when it was passed. At last he came back to Benbecula. He had been obliged to separate from O'Sullivan, Burke, and MacLeod; O'Niel and MacEachen were the only ones that he had kept with him, and so closely was the net now drawn around him that it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could save him from the hands of his pursuers.

In this extremity, a young girl of about his own age, whose heart had been touched by the melancholy tale of his perils, undertook to become his guide. Her name was Flora MacDonald. She was daughter of a petty laird of South Uist, who had been dead several years, and her mother was now married to another MacDonald of the isle of Skye. Her education had been that of a simple country-girl of good family, but her beauty, and her strong natural sense, accompanied by deep feeling and heart-sprung enthusiasm, had made her a favorite of the Clanranalds, and other noble families of the neighborhood, in which she was a frequent and welcome visiter.

When Flora took this adventurous resolution, she had never seen the prince, and knew him only by the songs which recorded his early triumphs, and the tales which were whispered from mouth to mouth, of his subsequent disasters and dangers. O'Niel and MacEachen accompanied her to the first interview, for nobody else knew the secret of his hiding-place. She found him in a little cavern formed by a crevice in the rocks, his garments soiled, his cheeks pale, his eyes

hollow and sunken, his hands covered with a cutaneous disorder, which he had contracted in shifting about among hovels and caverns, and his whole aspect so care-worn and haggard, that she burst into tears at the sight. But his cheerfulness soon dried her tears, and the gaiety with which he spoke of his own appearance and situation made her laugh in despite of her melancholy. After staying as long as she dared, she gave him a basket of provisions and a change of linen, which she had brought for his use, and took her leave, with the promise of a speedy return. If before she had seen him, she had felt disposed to make an effort in his favor, she was now resolved to save him at every hazard. Her mother was at the isle of Skye, which would afford a sufficient pretext for a journey thither; and as she was in the habit of making these little excursions frequently, either by herself or with a single attendant, there was every reason to hope that this too might pass off without attracting attention. The chief difficulty lay in framing a suitable disguise for the prince; for at this moment everybody was closely watched, and there was no such thing as travelling in security, without a passport that covered the whole party. The habits of the country suggested an expedient. Mrs. MacDonald was a thrifty housewife, and would be glad to have an able-bodied maid to assist her in her spinning. This would be a sufficient reason for introducing another name upon the passport, and, the first step made sure, fortune would decide the rest. The prince was informed of the character that he was to assume, and Lady Clanranald and Lady MacDonald assisted Flora in preparing his disguise.

While these preparations were going on, she continued

from time to time to visit the prince in his cavern, sometimes with Lady Clanranald, and sometimes with MacEachen, but always at intervals and with the utmost precaution, in order to avoid exciting suspicion by going too often in the same direction. This was the sole relief that Charles Edward enjoyed from the monotony and anxiety of his situation; and when, as sometimes happened, three or four days passed away without a visit from Flora, it was with difficulty that he could curb his impatience. And well may his impatience be excused, for it would be hard to conceive of a situation more trying. The spot in which he had taken shelter was rather a crevice in the rocks than a cavern. With every shower,—and in that climate there are many,—the water penetrated through the fissures, dropping upon his head, and collecting in the folds of the tartan with which he vainly endeavored to protect himself. All that his companion, a hardy islander, could do to assist him, was to shake out the water when the folds were filled. To complete his sufferings, the flies would gather around him in swarms, biting his hands and face so sharply that sometimes, with all his self-control, it would wring from him a shriek of agony. His food was brought him by a little milk-girl, who also stood on the watch to keep him informed of the movements of the soldiery. At length, after many a day of anxious expectation, and many a hair-breadth escape, the preparations were all completed; and on the evening of the 28th of June, after one more narrow escape from a party of soldiers that were prowling along the coast, he embarked with Flora and MacEachen in an open boat for the isle of Skye.

They had hardly been aboard an hour, when the wind began to rise, and the sea with it. The oarsmen shook their heads ominously as they gazed at the rising billows, for their frail bark was but ill fitted to stand the shock of a tempest. To distract their attention from the danger, Charles Edward sang them the songs, which he had learned around the Highland watch-fires, and rehearsed those wild legends of the olden time which have such a charm in that land of mist and storm. Calm returned with day-light, and after wandering for a while at venture, they found themselves near the western point of the isle of Skye. As they were rowing along under the shore, a platoon of soldiers suddenly appeared on the rocks and ordered them to land. They were within gunshot, and before the boatmen could put about, the soldiers fired. Flora would not consent to stoop her head until the prince did so too, but fortunately, though the balls fell all around them, nobody was hurt.

At last, they landed at the north end of the island, and Charles Edward remained with MacEachen, while Flora went forward to MacDonald Castle to consult about their future movements. She found the castle full of officers and soldiers. It was decided that the prince should take refuge in the little island of Raasay. Lady MacDonald sent Kingsbury, her steward, to attend him and conduct him to his own house, where he was to pass the night. Flora rejoined them on the road. It was long after nightfall when they reached the house, and all the family were abed. Mrs. Kingsbury hastened down to receive her husband and guests, and was not a little terrified, upon saluting the supposed Betty, to find

a rough beard instead of the smooth cheek of a woman. "It is an outlaw, then, that you have brought home with you!" said she to her husband. "It is the prince himself," replied Kingsbury. "The prince! alas! then we are all undone!" "We can die but once," said the faithful islander, "and where could we find a nobler cause to die in? But make haste and get some supper for his Royal Highness; give us some eggs, and butter, and cheese." "Eggs, butter, and cheese for a prince's supper!" cried the good woman in astonishment. "If you knew what kind of suppers he has been eating of late, you would call that a feast. Besides, if you were to make any unusual preparation, it might excite suspicion; so make haste, and come and take your place at table." "At table with a prince!" "To be sure. He would not eat without you, and his gracious manners will soon put you at your ease." The supper was indeed a feast for Charles Edward, and when the ladies had retired, he remained at table to keep his host company, as gay, and apparently as unconcerned, as though he had never seen a day of sorrow. It was only in his slumbers that he betrayed the real state of his mind, and then no selfish complaint, no lament for his own sufferings, was ever heard to escape him; but "Alas, my poor Scotland!" was the exclamation that broke from his lips.

Next morning he was again on his way; but not till after a hearty breakfast, and after leaving a lock of his hair for Flora and his hostess, which, with the worn-out shoes that he had exchanged for a new pair of Kingsbury's, and the sheets in which he had slept, were carefully treasured up as precious relics of those days of trial. A circuitous route brought

them down to the shore, where he was to embark for Raasay. The blood gushed from his nostrils in a copious stream as he bade adieu to Kingsbury and to the noble-hearted Flora, who were soon to atone by a long captivity for this act of self-devotion.

Malcolm MacLeod, a cousin of the laird of Raasay, and who had served in the prince's army as a captain, now became his guide, and with him, after passing several days in a little hut on the island, he again returned through another tempest to the isle of Skye, and roamed for a while among the mountains, till his provisions were all exhausted. In this extremity, Malcolm resolved to carry him to the house of his sister, who had married the laird of MacKinnon. His brother-in-law was absent, but his sister received him with open arms, and went out herself to keep watch, while her guests reposed within. The old nurse came to wash Malcolm's feet, and when she had done, he asked her to wash the prince's, who passed for his servant. "I have washed the feet of your father's son," said she; "but why should I wash the feet of his father's son?" "But my good mother," replied Malcolm, "it will be an act of Christian charity. He, too, is weary as well as I." "And a great deal dirtier, too;" which was true, for the prince had fallen into a quagmire, and was covered with mud. However, the old woman complied, though not without murmuring, and when she came to wipe his legs, she handled her towel so roughly as to extort a slight expression of suffering from her patient. "In sooth," cried she with great indignation, "it well becomes your father's son to complain of my father's daughter!"

The wanderers slept a few hours. Charles Edward was the first to wake, and, seeing the little boy of his hostess near him, took the child upon his knees and began to sing to him. While he was thus engaged, Malcolm came in with the nurse, not a little surprised to see how he was occupied. "Who knows," said the prince, "but that this boy may some day or other become a captain in my service?" "Say, rather," cried the indignant old woman, "that you may perhaps get to be a sergeant in his company." Mrs. MacKinnon now came to announce her husband's return, and Malcolm went out to meet him. "What would you do," said he to his brother-in-law, "if the prince were to come to you for an asylum?" "I would give my life to save him." "Come, then, for he waits you at your house."

Despairing of meeting a vessel among the islands, which, moreover, could no longer be relied upon as a shelter, Charles Edward resolved to return to the main land. MacKinnon furnished him with a boat, and, bidding adieu to Malcolm, he embarked in the height of a gale, and under the guns of two cruisers, confidently assuring his companions that the weather would quickly change, and deliver him both from the tempest and his enemies. Months of peril and daily familiarity with danger had given him a confidence in his good fortune, which could not easily be shaken. His prediction was verified. The horizon cleared, and a sudden change in the wind drove the cruisers off the coast. In embarking for Raasay, Charles Edward had quitted his disguise for the dress of an islander, and this he now exchanged for the costume of a mountaineer. The passage was quick, and the MacKinnons moored their

little boat at the southern extremity of Loch Nevis. The first three nights they slept in the open air, the fourth in a cavern, and then wandered from one to another of the miserable little huts, which the inhabitants had hastily erected upon the ruins of their houses ; for the vengeance of the Hanoverians had swept over the country, and blood and ashes were the records it had left behind. In this way the MacKinnons brought him in safety to the lands of MacDonald of Boisdale. "We have performed our duty," said they, "to the son of our king ; it is now your turn." "And I am happy to have the opportunity," was the noble reply.

Great as Charles's sufferings and privations had been, the hardest were yet to come. The passes of the mountains had been occupied by two corps of troops, of five hundred men each, who, like skilful hunters, were every day drawing closer and closer the circle which they had formed around their prey. After three days, which he passed in a cave, he was joined by his new guide, MacDonald of Glenaladale, and began his life of wandering once more. Sometimes a glass of milk was his only food for twenty-four hours, and then again two whole days would pass before he could find even that. His pursuers were so close upon him, that the light of their watchfires was often his only guide in escaping them, and more than once he had cause to bless the tempest and the mist, which came to screen him when every other shelter had failed. Once he forgot his purse, and while Glenaladale went back to look for it, a party of soldiers passed directly under the rock behind which the prince was secreted. Another time, after walking all night he came out upon a point from where he could see the

kind of chase, in which the soldiers pursued the mountaineers, driving them before them and keeping up a constant fire with their muskets, as if the poor wretches had been beasts of prey enveloped in the toils. He laid his hand upon his sword, and would have rushed forward to their defence, if his companions had not forcibly prevented him from this rash exposure of his person. Yielding reluctantly to their remonstrances, he continued his march all day, and at night took shelter in a crevice among the rocks, so narrow that he could not lie down in it, and so exposed that the wind and rain came in on every side. At first, his companions tried to kindle a fire, but found it impossible. "Never mind," said he, "let us content ourselves with the sparks."

The next day brought them to the canton of the "seven men of Glenmoriston," a band of outlaws, who had taken refuge among the wildest passes of the mountains, every foot of which they were familiar with, and where they lived at the sword's point, setting the English at defiance, while all the rest of the country, was a prey to the outrages of the soldiery. It was from these men that Charles Edward resolved to ask shelter. Glenaladale went forward to treat with them, hoping to pass off the prince for Clanranald. "Clanranald is welcome," said they; but no sooner did they see the pretended chieftain, than one of them hastened forward, crying aloud, with a significant air, — you are come, then, at last, Dougal Maccolony?" He had recognized the prince under his coarse tartan, all soiled and ragged as he was, and Charles Edward perceiving his intention, answered readily to the name. The chief now proposed the robber's oath:—"May

we turn our backs to God and our faces to the Devil, may all the curses of the Bible fall upon us and our children, if ever we betray those who confide in us." When it came to the prince's turn, they told him that an oath from him was needless, for they knew who he was, and, falling on their knees, swore to stand by him to the last drop of their blood.

To procure him a change of linen, they waylaid an English officer; to supply his table, they laid the sheepcots of the surrounding country under contribution; and, hearing him express a wish for a newspaper, one of them ventured into Fort Augustus in disguise, and brought away the papers of the commander. Sometimes Charles Edward would reprove them for their profanity, and they listened respectfully to his rebukes; for, wherever he went, he was sure to win the affections of his companions, and when, in after years, those iron-hearted men told the story of his sojourn among them, it was always with a tremulous voice and eyes dimmed with tears.

After three weeks of this wild life, he joined the Camerons in the little hut where Lochiel had taken refuge. Glenaladale was despatched to the coast, to try if he could hear tidings of a vessel. In a few days the prince was obliged to flee again to another shelter, which he now found in a cavern among the rocks of Letternilich, called the Cage, so high in the air and of a form so peculiar, that it looks as if a giant's hand had suspended it there. Here he remained eleven days, from the 2d to the 13th of September, when Glenaladale came back with the joyful tidings that two French ships of war had cast anchor in Lochnanaugh bay. The five months of wandering and peril were at length at a close.

On the 19th of September, Charles Edward descended to the shore, attended by Lochiel and his brother, and a numerous train of their friends and adherents, who preferred exile in a foreign land, to the persecutions which awaited them at home. A large crowd, brothers, sisters, and friends, were gathered on the beach to bid them an adieu, which, whatever might be the caprices of fortune, must for so many of them be the last. A gleam of hope seemed to light up their dejected countenances, when the prince spoke to them of happy days yet in store, and, drawing his sword, promised that he would again come back to them, with a more powerful army and for a surer triumph. But when they looked upon his haggard features, and tattered garments, and saw in the melancholy train of exiles that surrounded him, the bravest and most beloved of their chiefs, their hearts sank within them, and their farewell was uttered in sighs and tears.

Another danger awaited the prince on the coast of France, from an English fleet which was cruising there, and which he was fortunate enough to pass through under cover of a fog. At length, on the 10th of October, after a tedious and anxious passage of twenty days, he landed at Roscoff, near Morlaix, on the coast of Brittany. The moment that his arrival became known, the noblemen of the province hastened to bid him welcome, vying with each other in supplying his wants and those of his companions. After two days' repose, he set out for Paris, whither he had already despatched one of his attendants with letters to his brother, the Duke of York, who came out to meet him and accompany him to the castle of St. Antoine, which had been fitted up for his reception by order

of the court. This time, the king could not refuse to admit him to his presence; and accordingly, a few days after his arrival at Paris, he proceeded with a splendid train to Fontainebleau, where the court was then residing, in order to receive his audience. The story of his gallantry and his romantic adventures had excited a strong interest in the Parisian circles, and he was everywhere received with the most unequivocal marks of enthusiasm and sympathy. But the ministry still continued to meet all his proposals with doubts and objections, and he was not long in perceiving that there was nothing to hope from a government frivolously false, and a court sunk in debauchery. He went to Madrid, and was equally unsuccessful. Soon after his return, the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed, and he was driven from his asylum in France, under circumstances of the utmost indignity and humiliation. Avignon, which was then under the dominion of the church, proved an insecure refuge, and Venice refused to receive him.

All at once he disappeared from the world; all traces of him were lost, his letters were without date, and nobody knew whither he had gone. Meanwhile, his partisans in London were preparing for a new outbreak, and, could their reports be trusted, everything was ripe for a revolution. All of a sudden he appeared in the midst of them, at a large assembly which had been called in London, in order to receive some important communications from France. "Here I am," said he, "ready to raise my banner; give me four thousand men, and I will instantly put myself at their head." This was a test for which the conspirators were not prepared; and,

after passing a few days in London, he returned to the continent.

The remainder of his life is a melancholy tissue of public and private sorrows; of disappointed hopes, unrequited affection, trust misplaced, and confidence betrayed, and a mind so bruised and saddened by its struggles with the world, that self-oblivion became its sole relief. We know of nothing more melancholy than the contrast which the following little sketch, which we translate from the autobiography of Domenico Corzi, offers with the scenes that we have attempted to trace in the first pages of the present paper.

"I lived two years," says he, "with the Prince Charles Edward. All this time he led a very retired life, and saw nobody. It was under the last Pope, who had refused to acknowledge his title. In this retirement, he passed the greater part of his time in practising music, of which he was enthusiastically fond. I passed the evenings with him; he played the violoncello, and I the harp, and we used to compose little pieces together. But these *tête-à-tête* were far from being cheerful. The apartment was hung with old red damask, and lighted by only two tapers. Upon the table was a brace of pistols, instruments very little to my taste, which he would take up from time to time to examine, and then lay them down again. His manners, however, were always mild, affable, and agreeable."

In this manner he passed the last years of his life, dividing his time between Rome and Florence, sometimes mixing in society, and at others living in absolute seclusion, but preserving to the end so grateful a remembrance of the fidelity, of which he had received such striking proofs in Scotland, that a Scottish song or an allusion to those scenes, never failed to

call forth his tears, and often threw him into fits. And thus he sank by a gradual though a premature decay, till at length, abandoned by the world and forgotten of all, save a few devoted followers, whose truth held out to the last, he expired at Rome, on the 31st of January, 1788.

We can hardly venture to draw a portrait of this unhappy prince, or to weigh his qualities in an accurate balance. His public career was too brief to afford room for the full development of his character, and his private life so much embittered by sorrow, and parts of it are still enveloped in a veil of such impenetrable mystery, that it is hardly possible to come to any conclusion which shall not be open to serious objections. His courage, his magnanimity, his generosity, his fortitude, his humanity, his patience in the hour of suffering, and his promptitude and self-command in the midst of danger, are qualities which none can dispute, and all must admire. But the liberality of his principles was never brought to the test of a practical application, and the generous sentiments which he professed towards his political adversaries were never subjected to the perilous trial of long-continued prosperity. If compared with his immediate opponent, the Duke of Cumberland, the qualities of his heart appear to the greatest advantage; if with George, his enlightened views and elevated sentiments shine out with the purest lustre. On a throne he might have lost somewhat of the vigor, and perhaps, too, something of the amiability of his character; at the head of his troops, his energy and self-control commanded the respect of all, and his kindness and affability made him the idol of his soldiers.

Why should we seek to go farther, or darken the shadows upon so bright a picture? There are minds to which success is a necessity, which go on firmly, brightly, purely, with a constantly increasing elevation, to the full maturity of their development; flowerets which expand their leaves and breathe out their odors to the sun, but shrink withering and scentless from the tempest. And do those who love to dwell upon faults rather than virtues know what it is to miss your destiny;—to cherish a hope through long years, to dream of it by night, to bless the returning daylight which brings you nearer to its accomplishment, to direct all your efforts, train all your faculties, for this, and this alone, until your whole existence is absorbed by it, and, like the atmosphere you breathe, it becomes a part of you with every respiration; and then, whether prepared or unprepared, whether by slow degrees or by a sudden blow, be deprived of it forever;—to look around you and see all desolate and dark; to turn within and find a pulseless, rayless void; to live, because life is a necessity, and continues to have its duties, even when it has ceased to have its charms; but to protract it with loathing, when you remember that it might have been a blessing? Every man has his mission. Upon some it weighs so lightly, and they march on so easily and unconsciously towards the fulfilment of it, that you would almost accuse them of living for themselves alone. But there are beings of a more earnest nature, upon whose hearts the responsibilities of existence weigh like sorrow; and if you ever see them smile, it is only when they feel that every day is bringing them nearer to the accomplishment of their destiny.

We cannot conclude our article without a few words upon the work to which we are indebted for the greater part of the facts upon which it is founded. M. Amédée Pichot has long been known in continental literature, as the editor of one of those clever periodicals which reflect with so much truth and vivacity the movement of French intellect in the various realms of thought. But to American readers he brings a still higher claim, as the translator of Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*. It was during a tour in Scotland, and with Waverly for his guide-book, that he first formed the idea of a life of Charles Edward, as an episode of Scottish history. The canvas grew under his hands as he wrote, and he was gradually led to draw a full picture of the long rivalry between Scotland and England. The first edition of his work appeared in 1830; that which we have cited at the head of our article is the fourth, a sufficient proof of the favor with which it has been received. Each new edition contains important additions, new documents, drawn from their resting-places in public or in private archives, where they had lain for years unregarded, and, but for his untiring perseverance, might have lain there still. During this interval, other writers have followed him into the field which he had opened; Brown and Lord Mahon in England, and two in Germany. But as he was the first, so he continues to be the best; and the enthusiasm which he brought to the beginning of his task seems, at the end of twenty years, to be as bright as ever.

A work composed under such circumstances must, necessarily, be original. M. Pichot's idea and plan are his own, and the execution of them is accurate and able. The state of par-

ties, the popular mind as manifested in the popular literature of the day, all the great questions which were then in agitation, and many of those often neglected accessories which throw so strong a collateral light upon historical events, have found a place in his volumes, many of them being treated with skill, and all with great apparent fidelity. Though far from believing in the doctrine of divine right, he is a warm admirer of his hero; but we cannot perceive that his sympathies have anywhere given a false coloring to his narrative; and that man must be cold-hearted indeed, who should have no other feeling than that of common interest for a friend of twenty years' standing. If we were disposed to look for faults in a work of so much merit, we should say, that here and there we could have wished for greater fulness of detail, somewhat more of earnestness and warmth in the narrative, and of vigor and compression in the style; but it is none the less the fullest and most satisfactory history that has yet appeared of this interesting period.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE HOPES OF ITALY.

Es hofft auf die gerechte Sache,
Hofft dasz sein treues volk erwache,
Hofft auf des groessen Gottes Rache
Und hat den Racher nicht verkannt.

Koerner.

I' veggio
Là surger nuovo fiammo dal sabbione.

Divina Commedia.

Periculosae plenum opus aleae
Tractus, et incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

Horace.

It is but little more than two years since the preceding pages were written, and yet, during that short interval, almost every assertion which they contain has been subjected to the severe test of experience. Every throne in Italy has been shaken, every feeling that could agitate an Italian heart has been called into action, and events have been crowded together so thickly, that we are still dazzled and bewildered by their rapid succession. A momentary calm has succeeded this fearful troubling of the waters — a forced and unnatural calm, for the Angel still hovers above them, yet while the crowd stands waiting his return, we may venture to look around us and see

what wounds have been healed and what hearts are still throbbing with anxious expectation.

Short as the period which comprises the recent events in Italy is, it must, in order to understand it, be divided into three distinct parts. The first is the period of reform by government. The second, of the war of independence. The third, of reform by the governed.

There is something, perhaps, in the first period which reminds us of Pietro Leopoldo and Tanucci and Dutillet. Reform begins at the top, with the sovereign, and moves downwards towards the people. Public sentiment reaches the throne, making sovereigns feel how dangerous it is to let their age outrun them. They look around them and see what a feeble basis their power rests upon, how small the chances are that one will can long control the many, without the aid of some other principle than that of man's instinct to obey; how impossible it is to close up all the avenues of light; and that what man knows to be his birthright, he will sooner or later claim. But it furnishes us with something stronger than a mere historical paralellism, which, after all, would be far from exact. For Pietro Leopoldo was as noble in heart as in mind, while history has not yet wiped away the "yellow tinge of remorse" from the brow of Charles Albert,* or confirmed the bright promise of Pius the IX. The movement of 1847 was the legacy of 1814, and the sovereign only began when he saw that there was no other way of preventing the people from beginning for him.

Literature is the exponent of the public mind, and the

* Il savoyardo dai rimorsi giallo. — *Giusti*.

greatest genius, as has been often said, is always more or less in harmony with the spirit of his age. Now if this be true of an age, it is still more so of a nation; and if the great mind is more or less made up of the general influences that surround it, it must be still more subject to those special influences which are developed in the daily contact of the particular world in which it lives. Hence the healthy action of thought and all its efficiency depend upon its harmonizing in its internal developments with its external manifestations; and when the thinking men of a nation look one way and its rulers another, it is easy to foresee that they will soon wander into very different paths.

The arbitrary divisions of the Congress of Vienna and its high-handed suppression of everything which bore the mark of individual or national liberty, were not more at variance with the hearts of the Italians than with their minds. What their feelings told them to be insulting, their reason taught them to be unjust, and the day was passed when time could consecrate an injustice, and when men judged power by its duration rather than by its fitness to fulfil the conditions of its acceptance. The longer it lasted the more hateful it became. The mark of Cain had been set upon it at its origin, and nothing but a frank and unreserved adoption of the national will could wipe that mark away.

But the sovereign had no such intention. His power was independent of public sentiment. He had never acknowledged the rights of the people. They were not a people for him, but the subjects whom the divine will, manifested in the bayonet, had placed at his disposal. Every attempt to in-

fluence the sovereign, was rebellion; every relaxation of power, a gracious concession. Rights were privileges that might be conceded or withdrawn, and law an emanation of the sovereign will. And as freedom is founded upon the individual's responsibility to his Maker, so these rulers, with a rigorous and undeniable logic, claimed the thoughts of the subject as the natural vassals of his earthly sovereign.

Thus the political and the intellectual condition of Italy, the internal and the external world, were at variance. Philosophy analyzed, the historian narrated, the poet embellished, and all concurred to show that far the greater part of what was, was not what ought to be. But government went on in its old routine as though all that was, was not only right, but was to last forever. And thus things continued till the death of Gregory XVI.

There have been many solemn moments in the history of the papal power, but never was there one more solemn than the twenty-first of June, 1846. The conclave had been short, yet the contest had been severe; and the world rejoiced at the tidings that a liberal pope had been raised to the throne. We all remember the first months of his reign. The eagerness with which each day's news was received, as one by one old abuses were daily swept away. We all remember with what hopes we began; how hope became promise, and promise ripened into reality. We remember, too, with what a cordial confidence all sects joined in applauding the papal reformer, and with what a thrill of rapture men turned their eyes once more to the consecrated city. We all remember, too, how hope was turned to doubt, and doubt to

fear, as one by one the clouds rose up before us, and each bright promise faded away.

It can hardly be necessary to enlarge upon the reforms at Naples and Turin. The first were drowned in blood, the second are still an unsolved problem. But in these, and in all, we must recognize the tardy concessions, which the spirit of a progressive age wrings from a short-sighted and reluctant government. That they came at last, as a spontaneous concession, matters nothing. It was but the fulfilment, in 1846 and 1847, of the promises of 1814 and 1821 and 1831, and a promise deferred, becomes a right, whose violation is always atoned for by blood.

Thus while the movement began from above, it was but in obedience to an impulse from below. Much was given, but little was acknowledged. Many privileges were conceded, but few rights were recognized. The nation was called upon to participate in the acts of its government, but that government was neither the creation, nor the will of the nation. Where, then, was the guarantee? Where the pledge that what one will had made, would not be unmade by another?

But there was one power in Italy which could not make concessions.

In Piedmont, in Tuscany, in Naples, at Rome, there were at least national associations — common recollections, a common history, and in many things, a common interest. The sovereign and the people spoke the same language, were nourished in the same literature, their minds and their bodies were formed under the same sky and shared, in some degree, its magic influences. But there was one throne which had

been founded in treachery, and baptized with blood, and sustained by every art and every refinement of oppression, which spoke in the harsh accents of an uncongenial tongue, filled every street and square with the repulsive features of a hostile race, and crowded the pages of its history with a record of its own violence. Romagnosi and Gioja, and the generous hearted Confalonieri, and the gentle Pellico! What names to inscribe upon the roll of a prison! How many a noble resolve has been formed amid the clanking of fetters! How many an overcharged heart has sought an outlet for its bitterness in pages, written, like the Margherita Pusterla, by the dim and vapory light of the dungeon!

Dark as this picture may appear, there is no exaggeration in it. I speak of what I have seen, and of what I know. I have heard the tale of suffering from the lips of the sufferer, and read in his pallid features and sunken eye the traces of that iron which enters into the soul. For mere physical suffering there may be something like a compensation. If a ruler violates the laws of property there are a thousand ways of atonement, however gross the violation; but for the violated rights of the mind, there is no atonement and no compensation. A tax may be removed, or a confiscated estate restored. But what years and what labor does it not require to remove from the mind the benumbing weight of oppression, or, who, when its vigor has withered in unnatural repose, can give back to it the elasticity and the hopes of youth? It is easy for men who have never borne the burden to talk of the advantages of order and the blessings of peace; but what advantages can outweigh the rights of the mind, or what

blessing is there that does not become a curse when it is founded upon the suppression of every noble thought, every generous aspiration, condemning the father to torpid inaction, and the son to an etherization of conscience and of intellect, which deadens the sense of his own wrongs, and leaves him no perception of the wrongs of others? O no! if patriotism be not an idle name, if hope and love have not been given to us in vain, if that beautiful law which educes happiness from duty and admits of no enjoyment so pure as that which we share with others, be not a mockery of our Creator, there can be no language too strong for those who trifle thus wantonly with holy things, and deride their Maker by debasing his image.

In Austrian Lombardy there could be no sincere reform; but could there be any in Piedmont, or Tuscany, or Naples, or Rome, so long as nearly five million Italians received their laws from Vienna? Could Italy be free without being independent, or could there be any guarantee for a freedom that was parcelled out among separate states, without any common centre or common policy? This question had long been foreseen and discussed warmly. The first step in reform brought it out in all its force. Every liberal act of Pius the IX. was a tacit condemnation of the Austrian administration of Lombardy, an eloquent appeal to the heart of every Lombard. Thus the two powers were brought into a kind of moral collision, which could not but lead sooner or later to an open rupture. But would the pioneer of Italian reform become the advocate of Italian independence?

The connection between liberty and independence seems,

at a first glance, so intimate, that we are almost disposed to look upon them as synonymous. For independence holds the same relation to the nation which liberty does to the individual. It is the power of national development in whatever manner the national will may direct, just as liberty is the individual's right of developing all his faculties to the utmost extent to which that development can be carried without infringing upon the equal rights of others. Hence a dependent nation in order to become independent must possess a certain degree of liberty, for it is only by the concurrence of individual wills that its independence can be won. And this once secured, the very impulse of this concurrent action directed to a great object, surviving, by a deep-rooted law of our nature, the accomplishment of its immediate purpose will, sooner or later, lead to liberty.

And liberty must, in the same manner, sooner or later, lead to independence. For the development of the individual will must soon expand beyond merely conventional bounds, and claim for itself, when acting in concurrence with the will of others, the same freedom of developing itself as part of a great body, for all the purposes which the healthy development of that body may require, which it enjoyed as an individual for all the purposes of healthy individual development.

But the degree of liberty required for the attainment of independence is small. It may extend to a very few objects and exclude all others. It may be confined to a particular class, or even to a limited portion of it. For it is as much the interest of the sovereign as of his subjects, and in some

stages of social progress, more so. And yet so delusive is human vanity, that men often fight as hard for a name as for a reality, and feel as much pride in the triumph of a prince as of a nation. Though I am wrong, perhaps, in calling this a delusion of vanity, and not rather one of those great principles which move men and masses, and bring about, by our weakness, in the fulness of time, what our strength could never have accomplished.

But in Italy the two questions were necessarily and inextricably mingled. Sound ideas of freedom had been spread so widely that the Italians could not look upon their actual condition without indignation, and they felt the curse of their divisions too deeply not to be convinced that their only hope of permanent freedom must be placed in union. The war of Lombardy was a war of independence, and the very first stroke of the tocsin in Milan sent a thrill through the veins of every true-hearted Italian. From Calabria to the Alps, from the crowded city to the quiet valleys of the Apennines, from Turin and Florence and Bologna and Rome and Naples, the signal spread like the gleams of a watch-fire. Forth came the volunteers of Rome and those devoted students of Pisa, who were never to return again to its classic halls, and Pepe yet fresh from his exile, and Garibaldi from his wild and adventurous career. There were ardent youths there, with all the fervor of youthful hope in their bosoms, and young martyrs of liberty who gave with willing hearts to duty, what they had once given to hope, and earnest men who had eaten in sickness and in sorrow the bitter bread of exile. There was but one heart amongst them and but one will ;

and when that banner, which they had so often worshipped in their dreams, spread its broad folds above them, with "Italy and Union" inscribed on every fold, they felt that they were still men, and their country once more a nation. Why then did they fail?

I have said that the question of national independence had long been foreseen and discussed warmly. All parties had agreed in making it the starting point for their future hopes, and recognized it as the inevitable prelude to the regeneration of Italy. But where was the contest to begin? Under what auspices was it to be carried on?

The position of the king of Sardinia seemed to point him out as the natural guardian of Italian independence. Three of the great passages of the Alps were under his command, and one of the great seaports of the Peninsula. His rich and compact kingdom on the left flank of Lombardy, and within a short march of Pavia and Milan, seemed to offer him every advantage for concentrated and vigorous action. The old traditions of his race had taught him the importance of living on his guard, and his army was one of the best appointed in Europe. Hence northern Italy naturally looked towards Piedmont for a leader in the contest of which Lombardy would necessarily be the theatre, and perhaps the victim.

But there were many things in Charles Albert's character to check enthusiasm, even where they did not awaken mistrust. The remembrance of his early career was still fresh in every mind, and his blind submission to the church was far from effacing the stain of treachery to his youthful com-

panions. He had fostered literature and rewarded literary men, but nowhere was the rigor of censorship carried farther than in his dominions, and on no frontier were books scrutinized more cautiously. Generous impulses, some sudden effervescence of Italian feeling, no one could deny him. But what proofs had he given of that unbending will, which moulds the discordant elements of revolution to harmonious action, or of that calm and sound judgment, which knows when to act and when to wait?

In northern Italy, these considerations, though not without their weight, were overborne by the nature and the nearness of the danger. But south of the Apennine they spread wider and took deeper root. There the question of independence seemed a question of union. Tuscany, Rome and Naples formed three great states, neither of which could willingly merge its individuality in the supremacy of the other, while two of them were too feeble, and the third too far off, to lead in a general movement against Austria. Tradition, reason, geographical position, every consideration which could move the statesman or the mass, seemed to point to a confederacy as the only way of uniting this scattered strength for one great and effectual effort. And here a beautiful conception was allowed, (in despite of history,) to take in many minds the place of the sterner lessons of reason.

It is well known that the continental literature of the last century was deeply tinctured with infidelity, and that many, if not most, of the leaders of the French revolution were infidels. Eloquent voices were raised from time to time in defence of Christianity, and even those who opposed the theo-

logical tenets of the Bible with most acrimony, acknowledged the purity of its moral doctrines. But the process of decomposition was still too active, and that body, which had called itself the representative of those doctrines, was too closely allied with the crying abuses of social organization, to allow men to distinguish calmly between the principle and its abuse. With the "*Génie du Christianisme*" a new era began. A vigorous mind, a rich and vivid imagination, a heart open to all tender emotions and generous impulses, had boldly assumed a task which had been entrusted, till then, to dry learning and unimpassioned dissertation. The effects of Chateaubriand's eloquent appeal were not apparent at first, but when the Bourbons came back with the traditions of the old hierarchy, and a new literature sprang up under the influence of new feelings, it was seen how strong a hold it had taken of the public mind. The reaction was communicated to Italy. The great lights of the age were fading. Foscolo was in exile. Monti had never found again the inspiration of the *Basville* and the *Mascheroniana*. Giordani was wasting his eloquence in high wrought panegyrics and elaborate trifles. But a new race had grown up amid the wars and revolutions of the last twenty years, and were standing ready to take their places. They had never shared the hopes of their predecessors, and could not enter into the bitterness of their disappointment. The past, from which they were separated by the gulf of revolution, was not a stern remembrance for them, and their hopes sprang from their own present, so different from that of their fathers. The romantic literature of Germany had half supplanted the classic traditions of their

own school. A new world seemed to open before them with new feelings and new influences; and that chord, which, though often long silent in the human heart, is never wholly unstrung, was all ready to vibrate to the first hand that should touch it aright.

And the hand was there. Among the writers whose youth had been passed under the republic and kingdom of Italy, was Alexander Manzoni, a grandson of the great publicist Beccaria. In his youth he had published two short poems which, although they were far from giving any indications of the course that he was one day to pursue, were still of decided merit. But his delicate and sensitive nature soon revolted from the uncongenial world in which it had first been thrown, and seeking its inspiration in a purer source, produced those five lyrics which have raised the sacred hymn to so high a rank in Italian literature. Three of these are scarcely more than simply beautiful; but in the "*Nome di Maria*" there is an earnest tenderness which goes directly to the heart, and the grandeur of the fourth, the Pentecost, is sustained perfectly from beginning to end, in imagery and thought and language, and, in parts, becomes truly sublime. Twenty years earlier these poems, with all their beauty, would hardly have awakened an echo; but now they came like a spring shower, calling forth freshness and sweet odors wherever it falls. Thus placed, from the very first, at the head of a new school, Manzoni girded himself manfully to the task. In an elaborate dissertation he defended the ethics of catholicism against the severe charges which Sismondi had brought against them in the concluding chapter of his *Italian republics*. In a tragedy

of great beauty, he consecrated the temporal power of the Holy See, and prepared the way for a wider diffusion of its spiritual supremacy. In the *Promessi Sposi*, a work for every eye and every heart, he drew a new ideal of self-denial and penance and devotion, and surrounded the mitre and the cowl with a halo so pure, that the hardest heart would soften in its glow. And confirming by argument the doctrines which he had already embellished by the charms of verse, he attacked, in a disquisition of great learning and vigor, all those views concerning the real nature of the Frankish invasion, and the fall of the kingdom of the Lombards, which had been accepted as established facts by almost every historian, from the skeptical Florentine, to the patient and devout Muratori.

In all of these works, whether directly or indirectly, whether as an avowed object or an ingenious deduction; the peculiar tenets of catholicism are set forth under the most alluring colors. The ceremonies of the Holy week, so solemn and impressive in themselves, become doubly so when associated with the solemn and impressive verses of "the sacred hymns." If any one doubt it, let him repeat the opening stanzas of the "Passion," or one of those Friday mornings, when such an unearthly calm seems to sink down on the crowded city—when every gay sight and sound are suppressed—when the crowd moves on silently towards the church to which no bell calls them—while the undecked altar and silent organ, the subdued tones of the priest, and that deep lugubrious chant, carry you back with such irresistible force to the awful scenes of which they are the symbol,

The monastic virtues, which you might laugh at in a common man, rise into sublimity in the pure and noble-hearted Padre Cristoforo. How beautiful does religion seem in Frederic Borromeo—how natural the dependence of the untaught layman upon the devoted servant of the altar—how just that control, which he, whose life is dedicated to God, claims over the heart overburthened and bewildered by the cares and passions of the world! The pope, too, who had so long been regarded as the chief cause of the divisions of Italy, comes forward as the natural protector of the native Italian, against the oppression of his foreign invader. It was as protector of the purity of the Catholic faith that he had opposed so firmly the aggressions of the heretic Lombards; and nowhere does he appear with so becoming a majesty, as when he rises thus boldly as the champion of the united interests of Italy and of the Church. Never had catholicism been painted in more enticing forms.

Manzoni's life, too, was a beautiful illustration of the doctrines which he taught—pure, earnest, gentle, and true. It was natural that his influence should spread widely. Catholicism has taken a deep hold of the Italian mind. It is written on every page of Italian history. It has furnished poetry with its choicest images, and art with its noblest inspirations. You find it inextricably interwoven with the *Divina Commedia*, and imprinted in indelible characters upon the canvas of Raphael. It holds out to you its hospitable hand from the wild passes of the mountain, and sweetly greets your bewildered footsteps with its silent shrine amid the deep recesses of the forest. Day would dawn upon

you unhallowed without its matin-bell, and twilight lose half its glow with the evening hymn to the virgin. Had Manzoni's aim been no higher than mere literary fame, the path that he chose was the surest and best; but much as I differ from him in doctrine, I could not for a moment call in doubt the sincerity of his convictions and the purity of his motives.

The doctrines so forcibly illustrated, and embellished with so much beauty by Manzoni, were adopted by Cantù in his universal history, and interwoven with the broadest views of human destiny. But the severe Muse of history tore away with an unsparing hand, the veil that hung so gracefully around her gentler sister, and the exclusive tendencies which are lost in the poet, come out in all their force in the historian. The middle ages was the brilliant period of the history of the church, for there she appears as the advocate of humanity, opening with one hand an asylum to the oppressed, and with the other, sternly repelling the oppressor. It is in this contest between brute force and moral power, that the Catholic historian finds his favorite scenes, and the deep interest which the study of that once neglected period has awakened in our day, is closely connected with the great Catholic reaction.

Yet both history and poetry might still have left somewhat too vague and indefinite in their lessons, had they not found an ally and an exponent in philosophy. There is certainly something very grand in the Catholic's conception of the church. Wherever we turn in the physical world, we are struck with the varied and ever changing aspect of things,

and yet each new step in science brings to light some simple law which explains the most glaring contradictions, and reveals in their discordant elements a deep-rooted and comprehensive unity. And in human action it is the same. Men start from the same point and go to a common end, but by means as various as the minds that devise them. And the life of nations is but a multiplied life of the individual. Each chasing its own phantom, buoyed by its own hopes, struggling against its own sorrows, and it is only when some great phase has been completed, that we can see how each and all, with their varied hopes and ambitions and contrasts of individual will, have been working for the accomplishment of some single end, the development of some great principle, which comprises in a simple law the results of their own lives, and serves as a starting point for their posterity. Now this law of unity, which both the moral and the physical world obey, and the one often as unconsciously as the other, is a direct consequence of the unity of the divine will. There are no oppositions, no contrasts in God. His wisdom is unity of perception. His omnipotence is unity of thought; and whatever flows from him, bears with it the indelible impress of his unifying power. But it is only by indistinct glimpses that man can see this unity, and the proudest discoveries of science are but an imperfect revelation of subordinate laws, from which we are ascending, by slow and painful steps, towards a fuller perception of the great law on which they all repose. Thus is opened to us in the physical world the exhaustless field of natural science, where man may task his skill to the utmost without any other guide than the results

of his own discoveries. There is ample room, too, in many of the social sciences for ingenious speculation, which, from the ready test which is always at hand to prove them, can never lead us far astray. But there is a science in which indifference is a crime and doubt a blasphemy, and whose unguided speculation, however ingenious, or however sincere, may lead to fatal errors. The same power which made the laws of the physical world a revelation of science, made these laws of our moral nature the revelation of his will. Would he then leave us entangled by our own doubt, and hesitating from our own shortsightedness, without some visible representation of that will to reprove our errors and encourage us when right?

This visible representation is the church, our guide and our judge, divine by institution, though human in form, unchangeable and unchanged, while all around it is a prey to never ceasing revolution, and preserving, amid this endless conflict of opinion, the same doctrines, the same promise, the same will. Therefore, nothing can be true which does not harmonize with the teachings of the church, and nothing just, which opposes her will. Raised, by the nature of her office, above all worldly concerns, she only takes note of them in their connection with those spiritual interests which are her special care. Human will cannot prevail against her. Human passion falls powerless before her; born amid persecution, nourished by martyrdom, sole refuge of civilization in its day of trial, its only guide in the days of its brightest promise, sublime manifestation of the divine unity, her blessing is peace, and her pardon eternal life.

Such, in theory, at least, is the Catholic conception of the church, and nothing could be more natural than that men, who entertained these exalted views, should consider it as one of the greatest privileges of Italy that its residence should have been fixed there. This transformation of the temporal sovereignty of the Caesars, to the spiritual supremacy of the popes, has been a favorite theme with the Guelphs of all ages, and often even at the sacrifice of national independence. When, therefore, the progress of national feeling had gone so far as to suppress in many minds those old local animosities, which had been the greatest obstacle to the concentration of the whole strength of the Peninsula for one great object, the partisans of the church naturally turned to Rome for that guidance which men, who had read the past more thoughtfully, sought in Piedmont, or in a general confederation. And thus arose the party of the new Guelphs, of which Manzoni was the poet, and Gioberti the philosopher.

It is seldom that a philosophical writer obtains such sudden and brilliant success as Gioberti. He wrote in exile, and no one could suspect him of servility. He took Catholic unity for his starting-point, and yet no voice has been raised more firmly against arbitrary power. He met boldly the most intricate and painful questions of human destiny, and yet never faltered in his submission and faith. He had pages of glowing eloquence for the young enthusiast of liberty, and thoughts of deep devotion for the humble worshipper at the altar. His style, too, was firm and manly, and always pure, rigorously Italian, and often rising to the highest eloquence.

Nothing could have been more favorable to the views of the new Guelphs, than the early reforms of Pius IX., which seemed to confirm all that they had said of the real nature of the papal power. But his example was promptly followed by Charles Albert, who gave even stronger guaranties of his liberal intentions than the pope had ventured to give in the outset. Thus, when the contest began, the two champions were nearly on an equal footing, and each party could appeal with equal confidence to the acts as well as to the promises of its leader.

But no sooner was the standard of independence raised in Lombardy, than it became evident that Charles Albert expected the crown of Lombardy as his reward. He was willing to fight for Italian nationality, but only as the acknowledged head of the nation; and while the negotiations, which were to put the crown upon his brow, were pending, the enthusiastic impulse which had driven the Austrians from Milan to Verona was allowed to die away, and the golden moment was lost.

The pope, too, came forward boldly at the first signal of resistance. His feelings as an Italian had been wounded deeply by Austrian arrogance, and the disapprobation with which his liberalism had been met by the court of Vienna, had stung to the quick his pride as a leader of reform. When the Austrian soldiers and half-armed citizens first met in deadly strife in the streets of Pavia, "You should have clad yourself in your holy vestments," said he, in a letter to the bishop, "and, putting yourself at the head of your clergy, have taken your stand between your flock and their destroy-

ers." But when the revolt became an open revolution, and the temporal sovereign of Rome was called upon to declare war against the first of his spiritual subjects, the old lesson of history was repeated anew, and Italy was told again, what she had often been told before, that the conscience of a pope and a prince cannot lodge in the same bosom. Charles Albert failed from his eagerness to stipulate his reward before he had won it; the pope, because the spiritual sovereign, did not dare to perform the duties of an Italian prince.

And now another party appeared, which, though numerous from the beginning and well organized, had hitherto kept itself in the shade. While kings and princes were foremost on the scene, there was little else for them to do but to follow the movement of events and bide their time. But when royalty, with all the resources of an organized government at its command, had failed so signally, it was natural that they should turn from a selfish prince and a tottering throne, to the only true source of legitimate power. The day has not yet come when the history of republicanism in Italy can be written in full. There are still too many personal feelings connected with it, too many interests at stake.

Had Charles Albert succeeded, it would probably have accepted independence and a constitution as sufficient for the times, and have contented itself in Piedmont and Lombardy with its natural guardianship of the rights of the people. Had Pius the IX. joined frankly and sincerely in the war of independence, it would scarcely have asked for anything in Rome beyond a liberal constitution and the secularization of

government. But there was something more than incompetency in Charles Albert's abandonment of the Milanese, and a deeper motive in the ministry of Rossi, than a simple consolidation of power. It is sad, indeed, to think of what might have been, if the king of Sardinia had acted with singleness of purpose, and then to look on what is. There would have been but one banner from the Alps to the Adriatic. There would have been constitutional governments in every state — there would have been education for every class — there would have been a free field for every species of talent, and abundant reward for every form of industry. With these, republicanism, confident of the future, would, for the present, have been satisfied; and, meanwhile, the work of political education would have gone on, silently preparing those results, which human passion may retard for a time, but can never wholly prevent.

I have already said, that, at the first appearance of the troubles in Lombardy, the pope had openly taken the part of his countrymen. Surprise was the feeling naturally excited by his subsequent hesitations, and it was long before men could convince themselves, that he, who had been the first to give the signal of reform, should be the first also to shrink from its inevitable consequences. But this state of things could not last long. [Hesitation soon excited suspicions, which were strengthened by an injudicious word and some ill-conceived attempts at reaction, and fully confirmed, when the appointment of Rossi placed at the head of affairs an acknowledged disciple of the doctrinal school of France. The new minister entered boldly upon his course of reaction, laughed at the

popular expressions of discontent, openly condemned the war of independence, told his countrymen with imperturbable effrontery that the time to take their place among the nations was not yet come, and diligently prepared himself to suppress by cannon and bayonet the slightest manifestation of the popular will. The indignation of the Romans could be restrained no longer. In a moment of desperate resolve, the minister was slain—a crime, which, but for the bitterness of the provocation, and the greater personal risk of the criminal, would deserve to be classed with the legal assassination of Blum, and the cold-blooded murder of Bathiany. There was still a chance of safety for the pope. His strength lay in his weakness. A frank acceptance of the consequences of the movement which he himself had provoked, would have still preserved him a controlling influence; or, a martyrlike resignation would have awakened the sympathies of the whole Christian world. Alexander VI. would have temporized and conquered. Pius VII. would have folded his arms and sought council and resignation at the foot of the cross. Too little of a statesman to use his temporal arms with efficiency, too little of an ecclesiastic to employ his natural arms of patience and resignation, Pius IX. fled from his palace in the disguise of a servant, took refuge with a king, yet reeking from the slaughter of his own subjects, and with a pen scarcely dry from tracing that blind refusal to join in the war against the enemy of his native land, drew up an appeal to the bayonets of Catholic Europe. And they came, Austria and Naples and Spain from beyond the sea, and, worse than all, the sullied banners of France. Many a long year had passed since Eu-

rope had witnessed a spectacle so degrading as the French invasion of Rome. Austria was pledged, by the instinct of self-preservation, to support, at every hazard, the divine rights of the sovereign. Contradiction and treachery could excite no surprise in the king of Naples. Spain, long excluded by her own troubles from a part in foreign affairs, would naturally embrace so favorable an opportunity for resuming her place in the general concerns of Europe. But that the government of republican France should thus basely repudiate the principle to which it owed its own existence, was a crime which no plea of expediency could palliate, no pretext of promise or of treaties could justify, and of which no errors of its antagonist and no success of its own could wipe away the stain.

The sequel is well known. In spite of the firmness of the Triumvirs, and the heroic defence of the Romans, Rome was taken, the republican government forcibly suppressed, the restoration of the pope unconditionally proclaimed. Tuscany had already fallen under Austrian bayonets, Venice, after unexampled sacrifices, was compelled to open her gates to her detested masters, and the blindest reaction was triumphant in Sicily and Naples. Where, then, after this long array of sufferings and sacrifice, of all that the heart has of noblest and the human mind of most powerful, where are the hopes of Italy?

First of all, a definite line has been drawn between progress and reaction, with the people on one side, and despotism on the other. All the hopes of civilization are to be found with the one, with the other all that it dreads. The question of the future has been simplified, reducing the claims of power

to a single standard of legitimacy—the fulfilment of all the conditions of a progressive civilization. Peasants have sat in the halls of princes, and the prestige of royalty is gone. Every capital in Europe has been in the hands of the people, and during their dominion scarcely an excess was committed. Every capital has fallen again into the hands of the sovereign, and prison and exile and the gibbet have marked their return. Whenever a new convulsion comes, and come it must, there will be but one question—the will of the many—and but one test—their good.

And next, we have seen that, at the beginning of the war of independence, there were two prominent parties in Italy and one in the shade. The king of Piedmont was the first to test his strength and failed, whether from incompetence or from treachery, posterity will decide. A failure equally signal, though from a less dubious cause, showed how little reliance could be placed in the pope as the leader of a great national enterprize. Last came the republicans with no reliance but their enthusiasm and their faith. Under a republican government Rome resisted for four weeks every effort of a well-appointed army and a skilful general, and never had the administration been conducted more calmly, with greater order, or so equal a distribution of justice. If such calmness and energy and equal justice could be displayed by unexperienced republicans in such a moment of trial, what might not be hoped from them when greater experience should have perfected their science, and better days have given them time to test and develop their designs? Let who will tax republicanism with incompetence, history is there with her

stern realities to show that of all the governments which attempted to lead the great movement of Italian regeneration, the republican was the only one that proved itself equal to the task. Despotism appealed to interest, republicanism to conscience. The one to present enjoyment, the other to future good. The former addressed itself to that cold spirit of calculation, which weighs all the chances of personal hazard, the other to that expansive love of humanity, which looks hopefully to the happiness of the son as an ample compensation for the sacrifices of the father.

And finally, the question of religious freedom has become indissolubly connected with that of Italian independence.

When the war of independence broke out, the court of Rome might have taken the lead and kept it, and that purely by the force of its moral power. But from the day in which Pius IX. signed his appeal to the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, he renounced the position which he had held as the leader of Italian reform, and made himself the dependent of the absolute principles of his protectors. After a declaration so precise, it is mockery to talk of paternal love, or a conscientious abhorrence of war. Every drop of blood that was shed before the walls of Rome, has risen up in testimony against him. Foreign bayonets may force him again upon his unwilling people, and an appeal to old associations, and base flattery of the baser feelings of our nature, may keep him there for a time; but nothing can ever restore to the Vatican that force of opinion which it has wielded so fatally and so long.

Therefore, the events of the last two years have shown

that every liberal movement of an Italian prince, will necessarily lead to a war of independence. They have shown that the means for conducting this war are greater than they ever were before, and the spirit of the people better prepared to meet the sacrifices which it will inevitably impose.

They have shown that there is no single banner which the people can follow; that the personal ambition of princes is a serious obstacle to the success of such a contest; that to win it with their guidance, they must pay the full price of victory, and submit to all the penalties of defeat.

They have shown that it is not in palaces that they are to look for the genius and the energy which so arduous a task requires.

They have shown that the concessions of the sovereign are no sure basis of reform; that what terror or caprice or even a sense of justice may wrest from him to-day, may be given back to him to-morrow by the bayonet.

They have shown that in the day of trial the real strength of a country is to be found in the energetic will of the people, combined and directed by the men of their own choice.

They have shown that the strength of absolute power is founded on money or on credit and on the hirelings that these can command.

They have shown that for the leaders of great movements there is no compromise between victory and defeat.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE POPE.

(JUNE, 1849.) ✓

WE confess that we cannot look without deep regret upon the efforts which are now making in different parts of the country to raise money for the pope. We would wish to speak with all proper respect of the head of the Catholic Church, and as citizens of Rhode Island we are bound to acknowledge every man's right to choose his own altar. But it seems to us that Bishop Hughes has selected a very unfortunate moment for his appeal to the Catholic citizens of a republic which has founded its greatness upon a people's right to choose their own government. If the pope were actually in want, we should be the first to say that his spiritual subjects ought to contribute something towards his support. But the guest of the King of Naples can hardly be at a loss for a roof or a dinner, and the contributions of Ferrara, whether they ever reached Gaeta or not, were levied by his Austrian allies, for the use of Pius IX. Bologna, too, has been reconquered in his name, and Spain, as well as Naples, is devoted to his service. The wants of a bishop under such circumstances cannot be very great, and yet this is the title under which the appeal is made. We

fear that Bishop Hughes, in his Catholic loyalty, has allowed his recollections of the Vatican and the Quirinal to give somewhat too strong a coloring to his picture of a sovereign pontiff.

We regret this the more, from the feelings of respect which we have always been accustomed to cherish for Pius IX. Europe owes him much, and we sincerely believe that he came to the throne with a pure heart and upright intentions. The good that he has done will live after him, and we would be the last to cast a doubt upon the motives which led him to do it. But there is a point in his reign in which some doubts must arise, or where, at least, we must acknowledge that his history is but a new proof added to hundreds of others, which history had long since recorded, how impossible it is for a good pope to make a good king. It was with the reforms at Rome, that the revolutions in upper Italy began, and Pius IX. must have known too well how deep-rooted an Italian's hatred of the Austrians is, not to have foreseen what hopes his ready acceptance of liberalism would awaken. We can easily conceive, that when the decisive moment came, he would feel that it was a painful effort to forget all but his duty as an Italian prince, and draw the sword against men who looked up to him as their spiritual father. We can understand to a certain degree and appreciate his scruples. But they only prove how utterly irreconcilable the two characters are.

Thus much for the past. But here the shadows begin to deepen. The Romans, resolved to be Italians, rise against the minister who had announced his intentions of separating

the cause of Italy and Rome. A new ministry is formed. The Pope accepts the programme, and after a few days, steals away in disguise and flies to Gaeta. A republic is established on the ruins of the most absolute of monarchies. The people rally around its banner with transport. It justifies its birth by wise laws and a firm and equal administration. The pope's spiritual power is fully recognized. Not a stain reaches the altar. But the men who have proved that they know how to govern themselves, declare before God and man, that they will henceforth obey no rulers but those of their own choice. Meanwhile the pope appeals to the monarchs of Europe, who were waiting but the first word of his voice to let loose their hordes upon the devoted land. Bologna is taken after an heroic defence, and the victorious Austrians hasten to lay siege to Ancona. The Neapolitan, fresh from the massacre of his own subjects, rushes to a new feast of blood. But a spirit he little dreamed of meets him on his way and forces him back.

Catholic Spain, too, still trembling to her very centre from her own intestine commotions, finds a moment of respite to send her tribute of the descendants of the army of Bourbon to the sixth sack of Rome. And France, republican France, under the presidency of a nephew of one who, amid all the instincts of despotism, still felt and acknowledged that the only basis of his power was the free will of the people, sends an army of men, each of whom claims the right to give his vote in the choice of his own rulers, to act in concert with men who acknowledge no right, but that of the prince and his bayonets. A first assault fails. Menaces and intrigues, and

deceitful negotiations, are tried in vain. Rome stands firm, and three men are found who can purify even the name of Triumvir. At length the mask is raised. Under the cover of negotiations, the old camp of Bourbon, the strong position of Monte Mario is seized. And then Rome sees once more, after an almost unbroken repose of centuries, a hostile army gathering around her consecrated walls. And who can tell what fearful record shall be inscribed upon this new page of history. Bloodshed and death and the insolence of the strong man and the agony of the noble-hearted and orphans' curses and widows' tears are already written there—and even while we write, the page perhaps is full. From those green hills, where the sunlight slept so sweetly on the olive and the vine, the cannon and the bomb have poured down destruction upon the devoted city. Some chance shot may have fallen upon the dome of St. Peter's, or a shell have burst in that quiet court, shut in from all but the deep blue sky, where the soothing atmosphere of art breathed around the Laocoon and the Apollo. Never more, perhaps, shall we gaze on the canvas which Raphael painted, or see the forms which started forth with more than human grandeur from the pencil of Michael Angelo. And those pages, traced by the hand of a Petrarch, a Boccacio, a Tasso; and those still undeciphered scrolls where so many secrets of the past lie hidden; and those calm seats of studious meditation; and those venerable walls, so large a portion of which Goth and time had spared, and which, in the soft moonbeam or in the mysterious glow of the setting sun, spoke to you so thrillingly of Horace and Cicero and Virgil; in whose shadows so many a pilgrim has

soothed his aching heart, and so many a noble spirit drank inspiration! alas for the holy city! alas for the mighty one! alas for humanity itself, when such a cloud can come over it, in what we had fondly deemed its noon-day splendor!

And is it at such a moment and amid such scenes that Americans are called upon to prove their sympathy with the man in whose name all this is done? Wait yet but a little and we shall know how far he deserves it. Stay your hands for a moment; the curtain is rising—look, if you dare, on what it reveals, and remember, that the least which a republican can give to a people crushed in defence of their liberties, is a garland for their grave and detestation for all who shared in their destruction.

NOTE TO PAGE 454.

I have spoken of the Catholic theory of the church as a beautiful theory, and such indeed it is, filling the imagination and harmonizing with many very natural feelings. But it is none the less at variance with the fundamental principle of modern civilization, which itself is derived from the spirit and the letter of Christ's teachings. These teachings tell us that whatever may be our situation in this world, we must all answer for ourselves in the next as independent and responsible individuals. Now, individual responsibility is, of course, personal, and precludes the possibility of any intermediate agency. For, if there were any such agency invested with the power of interpreting the master's will and enforcing its interpretations, then the primary responsibility of the individual to the master would become a responsibility of the individual to the agent, who alone would be responsible to the master. Or, in other words, man would be responsible to the church and the church to God; which is the same as to say, that Christ came and lived with man to cut him off from his immediate dependence upon his Creator. Christ's own words tell us how irreconcilable this is with the spirit of his mission, and history warns us on every page how fatal the snare is which it spreads for human passion.

THE END.

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